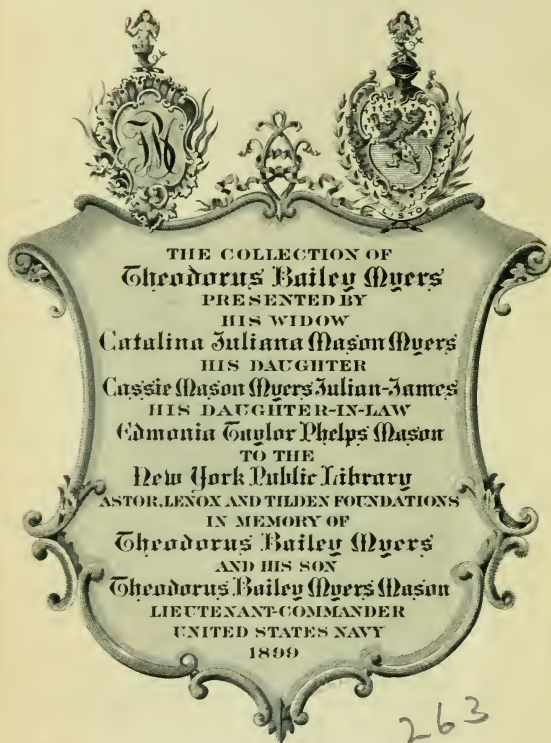



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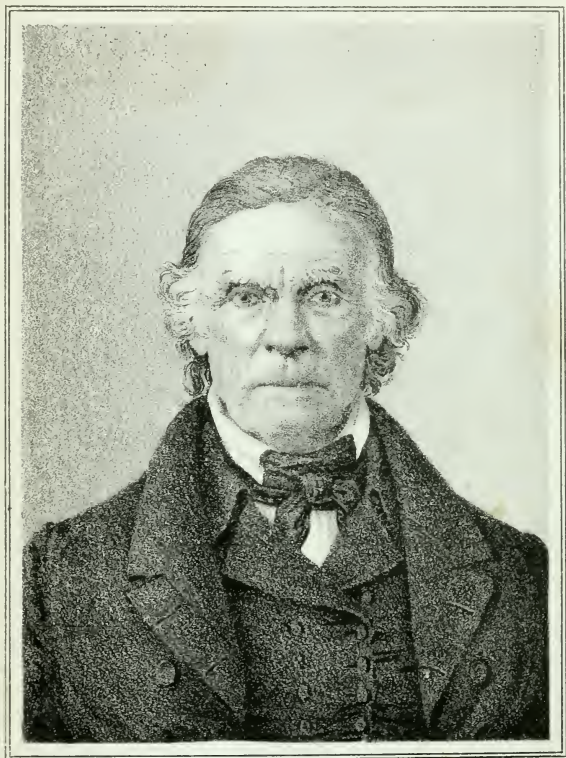


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Samuel DeWees.

CAPT SAML DEWEES.

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A
HISTORY
OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES
OF

CAPTAIN SAMUEL DEWEES,

A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND

SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY AND LAST WARS.

ALSO,

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

Revolutionary Struggle (Indian War, Western Expedition, Liberty Insurrection in Northampton County, Pa.) and Late War with Great Britain,

IN ALL OF WHICH HE WAS PATRIOTICALLY ENGAGED.

The whole written (in part from manuscript in the hand writing of Captain Dewees,) and compiled

BY JOHN SMITH HANNA,

Embellished with a lithographic likeness of Captain Dewees, and with eight wood-cut engravings, illustrative of portions of the work.

Joy there is in contemplating noble worth,
Worth often neglected and despised,
Worth that oft in hours dark stood forth,
As thunderbolts of war,—yea eagle eyed.

Baltimore:

PRINTED BY ROBERT NEILSON,

No. 6, South Charles street.

1844.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the Year 1843, by CAPTAIN
SAMUEL DEWEES, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, Maryland.



14968

P R E F A C E .

THE author when he commenced the compilation of the following work in June last marked out in a general outline the pathway which he has travelled in the field of his great labors.

That he has filled the measure entirely of his own first fond intentions cannot be expected when it is known to his readers that but a short period had elapsed after his commencement ere he was made to labor under a painful and distressing affection of the heart. In the midst of his severest afflictions he has persevered however until he has produced the work in the shape in which it is now presented to a discerning public.

He has been induced in part to enter upon his task with the view of securing a greater degree of comfort to the subject of this memoir for the balance of his life—partly with the view of making a provision for his wife after his decease. In its compilation he has also contemplated with ambitious pleasure the great service which such a history and its appendages would be of to the citizens of his country, particularly to the youth thereof, expressing now a regret which he has often possessed and often expressed, this, that so little has been preserved from the great wreck of human life (by time) of the lofty continental pyramid of his country's exalted glory—revolutionary and late war heroes—a regret that so many reminiscences which might have been obtained at the hands of the veteran soldiers of the revolutionary and last wars have been lost to his country.

The great Apostle of the gentiles has declared that there are various kinds of glory. It is true one star differeth from another star in glory; there is not however that great shade of difference as regards will and

action between those that plan and order the affairs of a battle and those that execute the orders of a superior and bear the burthen and heat of the day, as some people are pleased to create. Were this great difference to exist where would he place a bold and chivalrous Champ, a Jasper, a Newton and a McDonald that constituted patriotic warring hosts in themselves—a McComas, a Wells, patriotic life-sacrificing Defenders of Baltimore, and many others that were subordinates and privates in the armies of his country. It is true that where officers brave and meritorious have led, soldiers have followed into the most imminent danger and to death; but as true it is, that, without bravery in men, officers would not, could not dare to rush single-handed and alone to the combat against thousands. True it is that brave and daring officers are necessary in any army to inspire a soldiery with bravery and to make brave men to act with a still greater degree of fearlessness of spirit in the hour of greatest dangers.

For his own part he can state, that he feels as all other persons in his country ought to feel (and as very many do feel) in relation to a revolutionary and last war soldiery—disposed to respect, honor and aid them as far as abilities will permit at all times; and this, on account of their suffering services rendered their country in a glorious struggle for Liberty, Independence and Right. Many officers in both wars fared little, if any better than did the privates themselves, but the opportunities of many to fare much better were vastly greater than privates in general.

Having (when a small boy) had a camp residence of four months with his father in the *tented field*—on the frontiers of his country during the last war, he has had a much better opportunity of knowing something of the hardships, privations and sufferings of an American soldiery than many of his readers, and could give many relations, but as he is necessarily bounded by the limits of a preface let two or three statements suffice.

Let his readers accompany him to the almost insup-

portable wintry cold climate in which is situated the town of Erie (on the margin of lake Erie) in Pa., and there picture to themselves thousands of soldiers standing mid-leg in snow and water and enduring a northern or north-western wind that had swept the surface of that body of inland water for the distance of from 50 to 70 or 80 miles, winds more cold than very many of his readers ever felt, thousands of soldiers engaged in felling huge hemlock and other large timber that grew there, and after lopping off the limbs or branches, piling them into great "*brush heaps*" and then behold them pitching their linen tents upon these for the purpose of keeping themselves out of water, and in order that they might sleep by night with some degree of security against its encroachments. To the lovers of winter comforts arising out of comfortable homes and warm cloathing these would seem cold habitations indeed.

There stood the Volunteer shivering Sentinel bold,
 Battling for his Columbia's weal and not for gold,
 Pierced by old Winter's keen and cutting frosts,
 A monument of triumph truly, in justice emboss'd,
 "In memory of th' illustrious dead,
 Th' immortal heroes, who have bled,
 Their country to defend ;
 Let greatful toasts re-echo round,
 And let their fame's eternal sound,
 From earth to heaven ascend."

What would our modern fastidious and squeamish dandy lordlings of insignificance and empiric emptiness say to such a life as this. How would they set themselves about to contend for the prize—to endeavor to bear away the *palm* by entering the *lists* with such veteran sons of herculean strength and hardihood as the (too often) despised soldiers of my country. How would they relish a *cut of surloin steak* or *standing rib* of a miserably poor, aged and infirm worn out old work ox, such as the author seen slaughtered with his iron *shoes* on, near to the bank of saw-mill run, adjoining Garrison Hill at Erie, the more especially if they had beheld a butcher with an ox goad wand and heard his "*wo whaw come around here*" expression in his conducting him as it

were by the *talismanic* power of his *wand* and the authoritative charm of his "*wo whaw come around here*" musical *chant* until he brought him to the very identical spot where he was to be knocked down, and where he was knocked down, skinned and dressed in the presence of the author. Recollect readers that this was soldier's *meat*. Worse than this surely was *that* meat offered and refused afterwards that would cause Col. Fenton's Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers and Militia through their brave and much lamented Col. Bull, to refuse its acceptance and prompt them to live *nine* days upon bread and water, ere they would receive it. The above fell out under the author's own notice, and many other facts of a similar kind might be adduced to prove the life of a soldier in time of war, to have been an extremely hard one, and with the recollections of these hardships and starving privations, his recollections also serve him with that which casts no imputation upon his Government. The necessity of drawing such rations was attributable altogether at this time to the avaricious and unfeeling conduct of *tory* contractors.

The endurance of far less than these ought to call forth a much greater degree of gratitude, aid and general respect towards our gallant old relicks of revolutionary yore than is generally meted out to them—a much more bright and *all hail* countenance of welcome towards our last war heroes than is generally extended to them.

To his readers he must state that Captain Dewees' recollections of many events is quite remarkable, and of given names and the names of places not less so. His recollections of particular dates with regard to months, or days of months is quite imperfect, the author has squared all his statements made to him with correct histories of the events of both wars. His recollections of particular years is very good considering his advanced age. His recollection of the seasons of the year in which certain events transpired has been of signal service to him also in his labors. He was young when he enlisted in the army, and as will be perceived from a perusal of

the first few pages of his history that the opportunities of being an apt and close observer at his age were very limited, and the circumstance of his being much more the creature of the will of others than many of his soldier companions, it is not to be expected that he could be so full in his details as he might have otherwise been, still, had his history been drawn from him many years ago, or when he was much younger than he is now, many very good and choice facts or relations might have been obtained. The author intends however to gather from him all additional relations that his memory will enable him to bestow upon him preparatory to his issuing a second edition of the work, for experience had upon his part since he has been engaged in reducing his statements to writing convinces him that much *cream* of his history as reminiscences of the past, are locked up in the age-bound lodgments of forgetfulness.

With regard to statements made by the old gentleman relative to his own personal performances in running, jumping, shooting, &c., it must be observed that no charge of extravagance or exaggeration will be preferred against him by those that have known him during his past life; as a marksman of the first order, he is known by many inhabiting the section of country in which he now resides.

The author does not pretend to state that the work will be void of inaccuracies. By some he may be chargeable with using cant words and phrases, these it will at once appear are in common use, and as they have been words or phrases that were often used in a jocular way by soldiers and retained by Mr. Dewees, in the manuscript he has at times furnished, the author has retained them also. This being the case he is the more inclined to indulge in their use, giving them to his readers as used by himself, and affixing to them generally the mark of quotation and italicising them. With regard to these, I have nothing more to state except this, that their use is nothing like as unpardonable as many vulgar, no meaning expressions uttered daily by many persons, fe-

males among them too, whose chances for the recovery of chaste words and expressions (if ever they were so unfortunate as to lose so valuable an acquisition or gem of brilliancy) have been very great—opportunities offering themselves, yes and daily, and all sufficient to work wonders in the very laudable art of refining the mind, and cultivating a refined taste when in the use of their conversational powers, should such a course be persevered in there would not be any necessity for turning often away disgusted from female company, otherwise respectable.

As the work is afforded at a very low rate, he has possessed a very great desire to make it not only an interesting but an instructive volume. The causes of the revolutionary and last wars are not printed in general in such books as are plentifully disseminated. With the view of greatly benefitting very many he has therefore drawn up at length a succinct account of many of the circumstances that were the procuring causes of the revolutionary struggle, and appended to it the declaration of American Independence. He has also inserted at some length the causes of the late war, with a general outline of the course of procedure upon the part of the United States' government in conducting the war with Great Britain.

An apology perhaps is due for the free use he has made of poetical effusions. Prose writings interspersed with poetry from the pens of gifted authors he looks upon as he does upon a verdant landscape, on whose face rises prominently into view the beautiful laurel evergreen, and its God formed and finished flowers of the most exquisite loveliness, or verdant ever flowering aromatic magnolia of rich and sublime grandeur. He has endeavored to enrich the present volume with some very elegant pieces of poetry. That they possess the true flame of an exalted and undying patriotism, brilliancy, sublimity and morality of sentiment, chasteness of thought, flowing in strains of the *free*, he leaves his readers to judge. He wishes in their use to establish a

kind of court of the graces at the levee of which he desires our patriotic youth of both sexes to be in attendance for the purpose of cultivating and polishing the taste, enriching the understanding, animating and warming their bosoms with the glow of patriotic fervor, binding more closely thereto, the principles of a true, intrinsic and lasting patriotism; and lastly, of bettering the heart? I wish in catering deep to open up a fountain at which our patriotic youth may drink in large draughts of satisfying waters of poetic purity. Those pieces that are original, he hopes will also meet with the approbation of his readers.

In the prose part of the work the author has been somewhat indifferent as to system. He wishes to convey distinctly his meaning to his readers at all times.—Plain and candid people will most certainly be satisfied with unadorned, unaffected and unvarnished relations and illustrations.

The moral admonitions which the author has seen proper to indulge in from time to time for the lasting good of others he hopes will be countenanced by the good, and that his laying the foundation occasionally for a hearty laugh he hopes will not incur their displeasure.

That his patriotic councils to the youth of his Columbia may be as well received upon the part of children, as he hopes they will be upon the part of parents is a high ambition pleasurably possessed by himself. If parents shall be pleased to hail them to their habitations as a valuable acquisition to be used as a right hand of aidance in the mental culture of their children, impressing their doctrines in a sedulous manner upon their minds, shall contribute largely towards remunerating him for his trouble in the fields of his labor had upon their account.

As there cannot be a too frequent use made of biographical sketches of the illustrious patriotic dead, and noble and brave hearted living, he has made honorable mention of many of the patriotic revolutionary and late war worthies. Our youth and (he may add) many that are now settled in life and that have become heads of fami-

lies, betray a shockingly ignorant state of mind and imperfect knowledge at the present day, with regard to the great pillars of our glorious republic, civilians and soldiers of the revolutionary and last wars. Added to the remissness of parents and teachers, many are the causes which are calculated to bring about such a state of barrenness or sterility of intellectual soil.

The eulogy and extracts from eulogies pronounced upon the death of the great and good Washington it is hoped will not be looked upon as a fulsome intrusion.

The remarks, extracts, &c. upon the character of Washington, and other extracts—reminiscences of the past as contained in the work the author flatters himself will too be acceptable with his readers.

With Thos. Paine's production, his *Age of Reason* which strikes at the divinity of a Saviour and endeavors to sap the foundation of the christian religion, the author of this present work cannot be said to have claimed an acquaintance. With this folly attached to NOBLE PATRIOTIC GREATNESS, and the sin of committing that folly he has nothing to do, and with regard to this he leaves the author thereof in the hands of that Just Being who recompenseth aright, not daring further

To "draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

The extracts he has made from the pen of Thomas Paine, and his observations upon him in the work, he conceives to be highly due to him as a particularly strong and bright patriotic star of his Columbia, "in the days that tried men's souls." These he hopes will be altogether acceptable with his patriotic, just and charitable readers.

I have taken the liberty of inserting some paragraphs drawn from Hale's *United States*, Cobb's *Sequel* and from Frost's *United States*, three excellent works designed chiefly for the use of common Schools and Academies; to place them in the hands of youth, will cer-

tainly be bestowing a rich treat. It would be quite unnecessary perhaps for the author to state that in a work of the kind as is here proposed much is looked for at the hands of an author. With regard to himself he can state he raises no claims to being a scholastic author. He is one of your self-taught men, having had the advantages of but *one month* and *five day's* schooling since in the *eleventh* year of his age. In making this statement he is not to be viewed as casting a single reflection upon his parents, by whom he was respectably reared and provided for in his youth. He was alone deprived of a classical education, through a father's losing by misfortune the earnings of twenty-five years of his life. If the work is not in itself calculated to meet with a general approval, allowances undoubtedly can and will be made for the author by the reasonable and well disposed among his readers.

Your preface already too long—now let it cease,
 Leave war awhile and contemplate sweet peace;
 Peace that passeth understanding, and that gives,
 A glorious zest of life to him that rightly lives.
 “No trumpets” now “with martial clangor sound,
 No prostrate heroes strew the crimson'd ground;
 No groves of lances glitter in the air,
 Nor thundering drums provoke the sanguine war;
 But white-robed peace, and universal love
 Smile in the field and brighten every grove.
 There all the beauties of the circling year,
 In native ornamental pride appear;
 Gay rosy-bosom'd SPRING and April showers,
 Wake from the tomb of earth the rising flowers;
 In deeper verdure SUMMER clothes the plain,
 And AUTUMN bends beneath the golden grain;
 The trees weep amber, and the whispering gales
 Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales;
 The flowery tribes in gay confusion bloom,
 Profuse of sweets, and fragrant with perfume;
 On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
 And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
 In these fair seats” we'd “pass the joyous day,
 Where meadows flourish and where fields look gay;
 From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
 Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
 Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields or shades,
 Aerial mountains or subjacent glades;”
 Alternately, our fond attentions shall claim,
 Better our hearts and swell Grace's inspiring flame,
 Grace, that points the soul to yonder heavenly bright sphere,
 Where HAPPINESS and PEACE shall reign unceasing, in one eternal
 year.

With many good wishes for the readers of this volume—that they may be pleased, benefitted, happy and blessed in their perusal of it, a work not faultless, yet compiled with great labor and care, a prefatory adieu is bade them by the

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

TO THE READERS OF THE FOLLOWING WORK.

As a first remark I would state to my readers that I have from advisement been induced to offer, instead of an ordinary introduction, an introductory address—a synopsis (as it were) of the services of Captain Dewees, his father, mother, brothers, sister and of his own son.

Although this course is somewhat of a departure from the established order of other authors, yet, I can rejoice that whilst I make the departure I still remain within the pale of truth, and look not so much to method or the routine of empty forms as I do to utility arising out of my design.

Believing that such an address will operate as a key to usher the reader into the more interesting departments of the work itself—that it will sharpen the taste of my readers and enable them to relish the history itself, proportionate to the increased anxieties created within them for a perusal thereof.

With this belief then, I offer it to the candid reader.

*Ladies, Gentlemen and Volunteer Citizen Soldiers
of my Columbia:*

“When in the course of human events” it becomes necessary to arise to duty in a good cause, it is not unnatural to look for countenance and aid to those who do always approbate a laudable undertaking. It becomes necessary to give countenance and aid—to foster with a tender hand, one who has trudged the dark and stormy path of peril in the past, in defence of the Declaration of American Independence—American Independence, the offspring of that assembled band of patriotic

and sworn brothers, who constituted in 1776, the Columbian galaxy of nobleness, wisdom, patriotism, firmness, bravery, boldness, and high wrought heavenly magnanimity.

I have written, compiled and published a history of the life and services of CAPTAIN SAMUEL DEWEES, a soldier of the Revolution—a soldier of the last war. Capt. Samuel Dewees, a venerable patriot who has trudged the dark and stormy path of peril in the past, in defence of home, country and friends.

The frosts of nearly 84 winters have cast their blighting influences upon and around his patriotic brow of manhood and of bravery. His family, the family with which he was connected in the capacity of son and brother, were with himself, so patriotically identified with the well fought for and signally obtained liberty, peace, prosperity and lasting independence of my country, that father and mother, sister and brothers, daughter and sons might well have been denominated the patriotic warrior family.

The thirteen colonies, borne down by a long series of the most tyrannical and blighting usurpations, oppressive measures the most weighty were exercised in continuance toward them, and cruelty most demoniac and unreasonable of all, declared, you shall do that, which you cannot do. The things that are impossible, shall be your tasks to accomplish.

In this deplorable condition of things what did our fathers do? Did they lie down and tamely suffer that British myrmidons should trample upon and over their already borne down necks? Did they cringingly submit to these wanton abuses so profusely heaped upon them? No! God be thanked, they arose FREEMEN in their might, they flung the motto of "*Don't tread upon me,*" to the wild breezes of Heaven, they called upon God as their WITNESS, JUDGE, PROTECTOR, HELPER AND FRIEND—sounded boldly the loud noted clarion of defensive violence; and with a strong, well nerved and matchless arm of innocence, they rolled back the tide of

war with an unexampled success upon the heads of their guilty, lawless, infuriated and unmerciful enemies. They hurled them in the display and exercise of a mighty and glorious military prowess—they hurled them in the exercise of an onward colonial strength gigantic, as enemies of freedom, from off LIBERTY'S soil.

Among those that nobly assisted in this bold strike for freedom and for freeman's rights, was the family to which the aged sire belonged, whom I am now bringing to your notice. A father embossed in the heaven-bound and sacred vessel of stern justice—a vessel containing the heaven-born and all glorious principles of Republicanism—a father, first of all, clasped a bleeding country, and her dearest interests, close to his courageous heart. Next followed in the wake of a patriotic sire, two young, vigorous, manly and patriotic sons. Sons? Yes! Sons whose patriotic conduct was tantamount to this,

“We swear to keep thee great and free,
Columbia—land of liberty.”

One of these passed unhurt through the fiery ordeal of a scathful war; whilst of the other no doubt remains of his having fallen a victim to the horrors of a long and a bloody conflict and perished among others, whose fates are unknown, upon the battle-fields of their country.

Who followed next in the stately steppings of bold and magnanimous patriotism?—Woman! Woman! A wife! A mother! A wife, a mother, when a husband, a father, fell covered with wounds and with glory at the siege of Fort Washington, in November, 1776; and was captured by a British foe, and she heard the sad news thereof, did she sit down and brood over the dark side of things? No! She was up and doing. No! She exhibited herself a woman among a thousand. No! She unscaredly laid hold of what she deemed the most favorable (although hazardous indeed) horn of the dilemma. She who combined the tenderness of woman, the faithfulness of wife, and the courage of a man in her nature. What did she do? She trusted to the strong

arm of the God of battles—to the Lord God of Hosts, took her life in her hands and went forth and threw herself into—into what? Into a British camp, without having first procured the protection of an American flag to secure her person from insults and injuries that might have been offered to, or inflicted upon her person in her passage thither by the lawless sons of Belial.* There! Yes, there in a British camp, she demanded a permit of the British officers to visit a loathsome prisonship—a high road of and to speedy death. Demanded a permit to visit the pestilential prisonship, in which laid bleeding and suffering the object of her early attachment,—the object of her first love,—the partner of her joys—the partner of her sorrows,—a husband to whom as his wife she had sworn allegiance to as her lord, at the sacred altar in marriage. She sought him that she might minister to his comforts and soothe him in his gloomy hospital. Sought him that she might with a tender hand alleviate his sufferings in the long and dark, dark hours of his painful extremity. The favor she demanded, and that her sex was entitled to receive, was not granted. She next implored and for a while, even her begging for God's sake was vain, and what the sacred name of the Deity and all her waste of words could not affect, her persevering spirit of importunity at length accomplished for her. She was permitted to visit the prisonship and was admitted into that horrible abode of human misery. This trial was a severe one, the sacrifice was too great, nature shrunk back from the task and this revolutionary mother sunk down under the weight of her accumulated sorrows—under this burden altogether too weighty to be borne. From these and the pestilential staunch arising within this crowded and sickly abode of sufferers, she fell sick, and as a reward for her own un-

*It is not to be understood that the writer conceives that the British army was made up of a lawless material in the main, nor yet that he conceives that the armies of his own country were composed of angels, but humanity and justice to a fallen foe was ever the lovely characteristic in the bosoms of an American soldiery, officers and men, and for which my countrymen stand gloriously unrivalled upon the pages of history ancient and modern.

ceasing importunities (which reward she should have received as a reward for her fidelity to her husband, for she plead in the midst of her illness for the release of that husband) she received liberty upon a condition for him. What was the condition upon which she received liberty for him? The condition was, that he should not be found fighting again against the crown of Great Britain. She received liberty for him upon *parole of honor*. From whom did she receive it? From those that should have blushed when they were called men—when they were called the offspring of Christians.—Savages act nobly because it is nature within them prompting them to do so, but a mock nobleness was here exhibited, a nobleness artificially wrought up in the bosoms of hardened cruelty upon the one hand, by a most brilliant display of persevering and unyielding importunity, courage, faithful and exemplary virtuous actions upon the other. Where do we find this revolutionary heroine—this revolutionary mother to whose bosom was often clasped in fondness Capt. Samuel Dewees, (the subject of this address) in his early infancy—this relick of revolutionary times, before whom I am bold to assert I am proud to rise up and do him honors. Where do we find her after the release of her husband? Where do we find her that endeared herself to that husband by the sacred appellation of wife in truth? On her way homeward accompanied by that husband for whom she had made such a lofty sacrifice, and next upon a bed of death in the first FREE, INDEPENDENT, AND DIGNIFIED city of LIBERTY upon all earth—in Philadelphia, where she died ere she reached her home.

Well might that husband then have hung his harp in sorrow upon the willows and have exclaimed in the sad and bitter anguish of a deeply wounded and crushed heart.

“We came with war and want with wo,
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the cruel foe,
Can aught” on this cold earth “atone,
My fields made waste, my cots laid low,”
The spirit of a faithful wife in ’th is flown,
And I, sorrowing I, am left a

Did that father suffer even the separating power of the king of terrors to pluck the sacred cause of a bleeding country from his patriotic and steel true heart—that heart which had but just drank so deeply of the imbibtered fountains of sorrow? No. He followed her destinies with his bosom bared to the storms—followed her destinies until he fell a vietim himself to disease, in the hands of the stern monarch of the grave within the camp of that country.

Who followed next in the patriotic wake of father, mother and brothers? Who? Our now aged veteran father Capt. Samuel Dewees. Capt. Dewees, then a boy, a stripling, but like to a David of old, a stripling, with a lion's heart and an eagle's eye. Who bound the all hallowed cause of a bleeding Columbia upon the front tablet of his young but patriotic heart? Captain Dewees; and time it is well known has not yet obliterated it. Where do we find him sometime after the decease of a country loving father? Next akin to barefoot, trudging the pathway alone to Valley Forge encampment. There to join the patriotic army a second time under the now immortal but then God-led father of his country—the ever to be venerated WASHINGTON—"Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Where is that youthful sister? She that repaired to the camp of her country to nurse Capt. Dewees, her then youthful brother, when laid upon a bed of languishing with small pox. Where is that youthful sister who was left an unbefriended and friendless orphan with Capt. Dewees, her then youthful brother in the camp of her country by the decease of a brave, bold and fearless father? Where? In the tomb, to where her body was consigned in less than two months after the decease of her father. Her body. Yes! But where is the immortal part? Her pure, hallowed and innocent spirit of patriotism rests doubtless in the glorified bosom of her triumphant and redeeming God. Where do we behold our patriotic and now aged father, this paragon of bravery during the Revolutionary struggle? We find

him in the army of his country at Valley Forge, Brandywine, Easton, Lebanon, Germantown, Allentown, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Lancaster, Carlisle, York and Chester in Pa., Wilmington and New Castle in Delaware, Baltimore in Maryland, Trenton, Princeton, Morristown, Somerset Court House and Elizabethtown Point in Jersey, and at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, West Point, White Plains, Fishkill, Long Island, Saratoga, Fort Schuyler, and Stoney Point in New York, and at other military posts then established within the colonies. The hardships which he endured in common with portions of the American soldiers at some of the above posts were of a cast sufficient to startle luxury and prompt her to ask on what was life sustained? For what did an American soldiery fight? She would doubtless be satisfied with any thing else in the form of an answer than sovereign truth as contained in the following: Sustained? On a biscuit and a herring per day for days and days together and these after starving for the space of two and three days at a time. For home, for country, for liberty, precious liberty, and for the eternal rights natural and acquired of men—of Freemen.

To the praise of Captain Dewees be it stated, that no emergency has at any time arisen in the United States since the ever memorable year of 1776, up to the year 1814, that our country's aged friend has not voluntarily stepped forth, patriotically participated in and borne a conspicuous part. He was one of a detachment that marched in 1782 into the then wilderness interior of Pennsylvania, above where Lewistown now stands, on the Juniata river. This expedition was ordered from Carlisle Barracks, against the Indians then engaged in butchering the inhabitants of that region of country. In that expedition a drummer was shot down near to where he (Capt. Dewees) stood.

He was commissioned a Captain in 1784—sometime after which he embraced the opportunity that offered to pay military respect and honors to Columbia's noble chieftain George Washington, when President of the

United States, and in a manner that reflects the greatest credit upon him as the commander of a company—doing that, which perhaps none other commissioned officer but himself would have done, by way of sacrifice, to have honored the illustrious Washington.

He marched a volunteer from Harrisburg, and was under the immediate command of Gen. Washington, (then President of the United States,) at Carlisle, and then under Governor Lee, of Virginia, in the “Western Expedition;” or, as it was also termed, the “Whiskey Insurrection,” in the western parts of Pennsylvania—was one of the 15,000 troops that marched in that expedition in 1794 to Pittsburg, to put down this insurrectionary spirit, and sustain the Constitution and laws of his country.

He was one of the great body of Pennsylvania troops called out in 1798 to put down what was called the Liberty Insurrection, in Northampton county, Pa., and remained in the field until the Constitution and laws of his country were again sustained and made triumphant.

When the difficulties originated between the American republic and the republic of France, in 1799, and the government of the United States ordered twelve new regiments to be raised for the purpose of being in readiness to repel the expected attacks of France—at this critical posture in the affairs of our country, where do we find Captain Dewees, whose aged heart still burns with patriotic love for his country? Where do we find him? We find him out in service again! We find him out upon a recruiting expedition in a town in Wayne county, Pa., and situated towards the head of the Delaware river, at Easton, Pa., and at Elizabethtown Point in Jersey.

Is it futile to put the language of the poet into the mouth of him who has so faithfully aided in gaining our Independence, and as faithfully assisted at all times in sustaining the Constitution and laws of our country?

“Cursed be the mad wretch that shall dare to destroy,
Our Rights which from Heaven’s high God we enjoy,

And blasted their schemes whosoever shall strive,
The COMPACT of UNION asunder to rive.
'Tis ours undaunted to defend
The dear bought rich inheritance,
And spite of each invading hand,
We'll fight, bleed, die ! in its defence;
Pursue our father's paths of fame,
And emulate their 'glorious flame !'
The foe shall fly, when the brave are lead on,
By Freedom's pure and noble " Washington."

Ladies, Gentlemen and Volunteer Citizen Soldiers :

Am I done? No! The old unbroken spirit and spirited soldier of '76 hears once more the bold noted clarion of war sounded aloud. The lion that long had slept has awoke, has aroused, is upon his feet and has shaken his mane and stands ready again for the combat. Captain Dewees at an advanced age in life buckled on his armor, and in 1813 and 1814, during the second war of Columbian Independence, made three trips or expeditions to Baltimore, one under Captain Hively, one under Captain Kerlinger, and one under Captain Showers. What? Captain Dewees a soldier of the last war? Yes! At the time of the invasion of the Chesapeake bay, by the British squadron, he was on his way to the State of Ohio. The news reached him when at Bloody Run, below Bedford, and he immediately turned him about and hastened him to Baltimore, where he stood one of the defenders of the city, at the advanced age of 55. Although I am a native of Pennsylvania, the KEY STONE State in the GRAND ARCH of a NATION's exalted TRIUMPH, yet proud I am to name Captain Dewees as one of the DEFENDERS of Baltimore to you, the Ladies, Gentlemen and Volunteer Citizen Soldiers, of GOOD OLD PATRIOTIC MARYLAND and her sister States of our GLORIOUS UNION.

At the advanced age of 55, Captain Dewees performed the part of a musician to two regiments, and stood with musket in hand in the entrenchments at or near

Chinquepin Hill, on the nights of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of September, 1814.

And now should the bold noted trumpet of war be sounded aloud—now would our aged revolutionary worthy step forth and home in the tented fields of his country—and should he fall wounded there in defence of LIBERTY AND RIGHT, his animating language to his brother soldiers would be: **HOLD UP YOUR STAR SPANGLED EAGLE BANNER OF GLORY.** And should he but survive a conquest over his country's foes, his last words would be:

“Content I die—for thou art free,
Columbia—land of LIBERTY.”

The same spirit possessed by Capt. Dewees we perceive was infused by his example into his son, who had scarcely gotten clear of the appellation of “Apprentice” when he volunteered at Lancaster in Pa. as one of the brave Pennsylvanians that threw themselves between the invader and invadored at Baltimore in Sept. 1814, to protect their country's rights from the powers of a ruthless foe, and to shield their country's eagle, stars and stripes from an ungodly desecration.

Here we behold the soldier merging from boyhood to manhood and the aged warrior far on the journey of life towards decrepitude and old age meeting upon the same common threshold of glory—upon the same common altar of their country's safety—upon the same common rampart of Columbia's unbroken and unyielding strength all potent.

Yes! here we find father and son meeting in the same intrenchments, as DEFENDERS of Baltimore, the son receiving counsels and the father by imparted counsels inciting that son to deeds of bravery in the dark hour of trial, exhorting him as he valued life to stand firm at his post and to yield nothing that by the sacrifice of his life he could maintain for his country's safety and preservation against a despoiling foe.

Reader could you wish to have witnessed the first meeting and first parting of father and son thus upon the

battle-field of their country—upon so high and impregnable an ALTAR and rampart of LIBERTY—upon such high and holy ground as this. Glad, yes, extremely so would I have been to have witnessed such interviews and at such a fearful crisis in the affairs of my country as that which existed at the time of the invasion by the British at Baltimore.

After peace was proclaimed that son met as one the emergency which arose in our country, the Indian war in Florida, he joined the standing army and marched to protect the frontier settlements of his country and at a moment when his human bosom swelled with high but reasonable and honorable hopes of preferment in the army of his country, based upon his own good and soldier-like conduct and manly bearings, he fell a victim to the ravages of fell disease, which event threw a sable pall of gloomy sorrow over the camp of his mourning companions in arms, and overwhelmed an aged father with sadness and grief insupportable when he first learned his irreparable loss, by the announcement to him of the death of that son.

“What’s hallowed ground? where heroes sleep,
 ’Tis not the sculptured piles you heap,
 In dews that heavens far distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom;
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

Is’t death to fall for Freedom’s right?
 He’s dead alone that lacks her light!
 And murder sullies in heaven’s sight
 The sword he draws:—
 What can alone ennoble fight?
 A nobler cause!

What’s hallowed ground? ’Tis what gives birth,
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
 PEACE, “LOVE,” INDEPENDENCE, Truth go forth
 Earth’s compass round;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.”

In producing a history of the life and services of this venerable patriot, one of the few remaining revolutionary arks of Republican principles, I have poverty to contend with—poverty which is a barrier in the way of accomplishing properly many laudable undertakings. Poverty, all will admit, is hard to be borne, but he that has the measure of a chosen motto filled to himself, *a crust and peaceful feelings therewith* is happier than the ‘happiest.’ I am well aware that the public is constantly pestered with applications for aid to frothy and unprofitable publications of ephemeral existence, and to consent to trouble the public in calls for the purpose of selling, such, I could not be prevailed upon for any amount as a remuneration; and whilst I know that the public is thus chafed in feeling, I have the consolation that I have embarked in a laudable enterprise, one in which I have the good countenance, best wishes and aid of patriotic citizens and just lovers of their country,—one that requires neither the *hardening* of the *cheek*, nor searing of the feelings, in order to progress with. Civility is a gem that burnishes itself, and shines brightest when set in contrast with that mushroom superiority and brilliancy so boldly delineated upon the pages of a false etiquette. Civility has its offspring in an established law of the heart. We do not expect to find civility every where, but we often find it where some would least expect it. I am a witness to the fact that it has not deserted many of those belonging to the various departments of men and women within my country. The Jack Tar, the Collier, the Butcher, the Wagoner, the laboring and weary limbed Peasant, the bone and sinew—Mechanics of various branches, nor those whose good fortunes have placed them above the reach of want. Gruffness uncalled for, is often found in men and women, who ought to hold every other principle by profession, rather than RELIGION and PATRIOTISM—for be it said boldly, they have neither—and they ought rather to claim kindred with *mewing* cats and *snapping* dogs, than dare to insult the dignity of human nature, in presuming to put

themselves upon an equality with the URBANE, SENSIBLE, RESPECTFUL and truly RELIGIOUS of their species. I have already met with persons whom I am ashamed of, and for proud and patriotic COLUMBIA's sake, and for the sake of friends whose feelings I would not dare to wound, I shall suffer such to lie down and rise up "the greatest among the great," unmolested by me, and will only exclaim: O pitiful, poor fallen nature, how high and estimable under the guidance of a well cultivated and well regulated mind and heart. Thou man, thou woman, thou mightest have ranked in the estimation of your species. Where is the consciousness of being so far at home within yourselves, in the possession of peace and harmlessness to mankind's peace, as to make you companions for the Prince of Peace at his august and all-glorious coming? Where? Eternally lost to you.

I am coming, through the instrumentality of this introductory address, to set forth by the aid of truth and reason, the just claims of a PATRIOTIC FATHER of the REVOLUTIONARY and LAST WARS—a revolutionary father who has aided by hardships, privations, sufferings and dangers, in the establishment of the precious liberties I enjoy, in common with my country's SONS and DAUGHTERS of FREEDOM, and to whose agency, as an assistant in a glorious work, the rearing of a Republican light of eternal brilliancy, as the BEACON LIGHT of LIBERTY, FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE to and among the benighted nations of the earth, I feel bound with them to exhibit gratitude in the faithfulness of my friendship.

Since the time I commenced writing the life of Captain Dewees I have "not left a stone unturned." I have labored, I have done all I have been able to do in truth, and by its aid in bringing him to the notice of those that I hope do love their country and that cherish the exalted principles of Republicanism. Beyond truth no man shall know me to go in the publication of his life. I have visited the old gentleman often since May last, walking out to his residence (a distance of two miles)

in the morning and returning in the evening. I have always found his mind hale and his memory of an extraordinary cast for one of his years, and a virtuous and faithful regard for truth has been exhibited in a remarkable degree by him from the first visit up to the present. When in health he is yet quite vigorous in body. His conduct is unobjectionable. I have sometimes when visiting him found him seated under an apple tree engaged in perusing the Bible (of which he has a large copy) it lying spread open upon a temporary stand erected by himself expressly for its reception. I am not in possession of means within myself to accomplish his designs. If I were, I would not labor, weary and fret myself in writing to individuals (as some of the citizens of my country can testify) and in hoping as I have done upon his account. Who shall dare to say that I am prompted to this by possessing an interest in the work. As yet I possess no more interest in it than my readers. I have made it a labor of love from the beginning, and I am proud to do so. I have a spirit of patriotism, justice and gratitude that can engender loftier motives than those of interest. A spirit of patriotism, justice and gratitude that can bear me leagues aloft—above and beyond regarding pecuniary motives or interest. I have motives of a higher and a holier order. I wish to bless the old man in his latter days with comforts, peace, respect and honors—I wish to cause his past hardships, privations, and sufferings to be the instruments to rock the cradle of his declining years and as regards earthly things, I wish to aid his declining sun of life to set in peace. As a wife's entire support will cease with his life, I wish to fill the measure of the old man's strong and ardent desire that a home and a support may be afforded to her (after his decease) out of the proceeds of the publication of his life. The old gentleman draws two small pensions, yearly, one from the United States' government and one from the government of Pennsylvania. These it will at once be perceived by my readers will cease at his death. I have wished to preserve the re-

miniscences in the past history of my country's wrongs, struggles, conquests and glories—that they may not lie buried and lost in the silence of the grave with their possessor. I wish to bless my Columbia by aiding in firing the hearts of the youth of that Columbia with the flow, fire, and flame of an exalted, undying and imperishable patriotism, in order that, should an emergency happen within my country—in order that, should a foreign foe, a high-handed aggressor dare to pollute our beloved soil by his foul footsteps, the youth of that country may be better prepared in heart to step forth undauntedly as did Captain Dewees (in boyhood) and go and do like him; follow the destinies of their country barefooted (if necessary) through evil and through good report—in order that they may be better prepared in heart to make a bold stand and become not only the formidable but conquering foes of tyrants, and pursue them with the indomitable spirit of the unconquered and unconquerable soldier truly, but pursue them until the dove of heaven shall be seen to wend her way mid the battle's din—the heart piercing shrieks of wounded and dying—the ocean of tears and high wrought anguish of survivors, and the petrifying horrors of a bloody and a desolating war, on her return with JEHOVAH'S blessing in her mouth—ready to spread it, the OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE and its healing balm over the face of a bleeding country. The olive branch of peace in which shall be enwrapped the still erect and full waving Star Spangled Eagle Banner of my country's exalted glory. These by the publication of the life, services, hardships, privations and sufferings of this aged veteran of the Revolutionary and last wars.

How far I have been able to accomplish my fond intentions relative to the latter, let the work speak for me.

A few glasses more and the sand of his patriotic life will have run out, and in all probability beyond the period of his exit from life, there will be few (if any) of that class, revolutionary heroes, left to us as worthy objects of our highest respect and honors. I pronounce

his plaudit by stating emphatically. He is altogether worthy of a sacrifice being made in efforts to befriend him and do him honor. What you can do for this your country's aged son, in making friends in his cause—in aiding in the sale of the work, do it and receive the reversional payment at an after day in beholding his influences and counsels operating upon the hearts of your children—daughters as well as sons—schooling them in the patriotic way in which they should go—in every other way than in the evils, *hatred* of country, *cowardice* and *meanness*. In beholding the effects of these influences tending them and others to the side of their country at all times—tending them and others to the side of her FREE INSTITUTIONS, her INDEPENDENCE, PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS and PEACE.

Ladies, Gentlemen and Volunteer Citizen Soldiers of my Columbia:

I now make known to you that I have written and published the following history, of the life and services of this *aged* veteran FATHER of the revolution relying upon you, in the sale thereof, to assist me in my designs, as above stated for his benefit. Shall I turn away from my task disappointed and disheartened? I answer, I hope not. Shall I state, reader I have done my part—*do thine*. GRATITUDE; GRATITUDE, GRATITUDE.

In sounding the sacred name of gratitude, methinks she responds faithfully, softly and silently, and says: I hold the helm and guide the feeling, patriotic burning hearts of justice. I preside in the midst as the reigning star of brilliancy over the PATRIOTIC, GENEROUS and FREE of Columbia, and as far as circumstances will permit, the WILL which is GOOD, PATRIOTIC and FREE, shall be backed by NOBLENES in ACTION.

Will you help me in this my laudable enterprise? Who of the LAND OVERSHADOWING with EAGLE'S WINGS? the Land of gratitude to the founder of a glorious Republic, is prepared to disregard this aged companion in arms with a WASHINGTON? Who is prepared to disregard the just claims of this patriotic worthy?

Who are they that are prepared to deny him the free boon of a patriotic and generous nature, patronage to the amount of ONE DOLLAR? None, methinks, that are enlightened, civil, patriotic, generous, free, and that are in circumstances to befriend him; for the joy-lit and proudly animated, patriotic smiling countenances exhibited by the young daughters as well as sons, as they hang their ears faithfully in an ecstasy of patriotic delight upon the veteran's recital of his country's arduous struggles and descriptions of the scenes of war—and the rejoicing countenances of the patriotic grave and just estimating old, when informed of the old soldier's rugged pathway of glory; these furnish a sufficient guarantee to me that,

He who has stood a defence, a tri-noble shield
For Columbia's GLORY and FLAG in the tented field,
When he knocks at your hearts admission to gain,
Shall not be repulsed, shall not knock in vain.

In accordance with the hopes expressed, this address is respectfully submitted.

JOHN SMITH HANNA.

Baltimore, Md.

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL DEWEES.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in 1760 at Patton's Furnace situated about ten miles from the town of Reading, in Berk's County Pennsylvania. My father's name was Samuel Dewees, and was by trade a leather breeches maker. At the time of my birth however my father was master collier at the above named furnace. My father's family consisted of six sons and one daughter,—I was the fourth child. John was the eldest, the rest with myself, were born in the order following: William, Elizabeth, Samuel, Powell, Thomas and David; all are dead, with the exception of myself and my brother Thomas, who now lives in Wayne County, Ohio.

Owing to difficulties always attendant upon poverty, my father sought places for all of his children; places where he had good reason to believe we would have been treated with kindness or else he would not have placed us there. This seems to be a hard and sad alternative in any instance, but those having had the trials of poverty; who having had to contend with every species of poverty with which they have been rifely beset; who having had to struggle against the tides of ill fortune in a cold, oppressive and unfriendly world, when rearing a large family of small children, can best tell what a painful trial it is to break the family ties of kindred feeling

and hourly intercourse by a separation thus, at a tender age. My father was a stern unyielding patriot, and although a soldier by nature,—a man whose courage neither the cannon's awful roar; the battle-field's bloody carnage nor yet the wounds received in battle could shake; was not cruel in his disposition, but upon the contrary very tender hearted, especially, when that heart's full flow of humanity was taxed with the objects of suffering at all times when falling within the sphere of its own consciousness.

I was nearly five years old when my father bound me to one Richard Lewis, a tory quaker who lived in what was then (and suppose is yet) called Poplar Neck in Berk's County, Pa., and who it will be seen possessed (contrary to the nature in general of that virtuous people denominated Friends,) but little of the milk of human kindness. He treated me not only with harshness and rigid severity but with the most brutal and wanton cruelty. Cruelty which has stigmatized him and made him to appear to couple himself with my earliest associations of thoughts within my own mind in recollections as a demon, throughout a long life with which I have been blest by Almighty God.

I was undoubtedly, as most children are that are not blest with a proper culturing hand in youth—inclined to be mischievous and Lewis was among the last of men (and his wife among the last of women) to make any allowance for the aberrations of juvenile nature. He kept a whip constantly laid up for me, and often, very often used it, more to gratify a savage or fiendish and ferocious disposition of heart than to correct a fault, many of which were very trivial in themselves. During the winter seasons whilst I was with him it was made my duty to tie up and fodder the neat cattle, to house the sheep, feed the hogs, cut fire wood, go to mill, &c. One winter night after having been in bed sometime, Lewis called out to me in a very surly tone "Sammy." I answered (as I was taught) "what." He then said aloud, did thee put in all the sheep? I replied I did. "Thee lies

thee dog, come down here.” I jumped out of bed and put on my little sheepskin breeches and came down stairs; it was a bitter cold night, the snow was fully knee deep to a grown person and had a crust upon it. After I came down stairs I was in the act of putting on my stockings and shoes when he bawled out, “No thee dog, thee shall go without thy shoes and stockings;” and with a *clout* along side of my head he drove me reeling out of the house into the snow barefooted. I found some of the sheep out. After penning them up which was as quickly done as possible, I returned to the house almost frozen, my feet particularly, and with the blood trickling down my shins. Lewis, with a blow on my head, had sent me out of the house, but his work was not finished until now, with another he sent me off crying to my bed, accompanying me on my passage thither with the epithets rascal, dog, &c.

At another time he called out at the top of his voice Sammy, Sammy. I answered, what? and then neared him. Go, said he, and draw a pitcher of cider. I took the pitcher out of his hand and went down to the cellar and drew it full of cider, or rather more than full, for I could not shut the spigot; knowing what I would get, I was very much scared and ran and left the cider running out of the barrel and pretty fast too. I was afraid to call or to run and tell him of the disaster, I ran up and left the pitcher in the room and took french leave for the moment. Lewis hearing the cider running longer than necessary to fill the pitcher repaired to the cellar in double quick time and stopped it. He had no sooner ascended the cellar steps than he bawled out in an unusually angry tone (which has often since brought Cowper’s priest to my mind.) Sammy, Sammy. I then knew the time of day and having no protector to fly to I had to obey the citation of this monster of cruelty who took down his whip and set to work deliberately to plat a *cracker* and affix to the *lash*. This cracker he tied full of knots ordering me at the same time to haul off my roundabout and jacket this done he set himself to work to beat me. He whipped me until he

became tired. He then stopped a short while. After having rested himself he then examined my back stripping up my shirt and seeing that it looked pretty well scarified already and yet not enough to glut his vengeance for he gave me a severe cut upon it when he had bared it and then bade me to begone for a rascal and do my work. Oh ye hellish guardians of orphans, poor and unbefriended children, what labor can you expect a child with a torn, bleeding back, and a broken and wounded spirit can perform for you? Thanks be to God the salutary laws of my country now a days can be brought to bear upon you, snug as you sometimes are in your nests of cruelty. This by some disinterested friend of ill used and shamefully abused servants and apprentices. Go hide your faces ye male and female monsters of cruelty with which the earth and innocence are so often cursed.

At the time there was a shoemaker by the name of Gideon Vore, a quaker who lived in Reading but who at this time was at work in the house of Lewis, he remonstrated sharply with Lewis against the cruel beating which he gave me. Lewis not taking it well, angry words ensued upon both sides. Vore being a pretty resolute fellow backed his just spirit, and told Lewis plainly that he would soon see whether there was not law to be had to protect me against such savage usage. He put on his coat immediately and started for Reading. Lewis seeing he was determined, followed him out of the house and prevailed upon him to come back. I did not know upon what ground he succeeded in diverting him from his purpose, but suppose that he promised to Vore that he would not flog me so severely again.

Among the cattle of Lewis there was one a steer, which had a white spot on his forehead, and I having found a nest full of rotten eggs in the stable conceived the idea (as I was letting the cattle out one morning) of target firing, and so setting to work, I blazed away at the white spot in the steer's forehead. I stood at some distance from him and was amusing myself very much and proud too, that I could hit so near to the white spot as I

did. Lewis being a looker on in Venice, beheld the sport, which it appeared, innocent and harmless as it was, he did not relish very well. Not having a hand in that frolic he thought it was best for him to have one in which he could, and where he could show himself off as principal actor and master of ceremonies too. After beholding my sport of egg-shooting, he provided himself with a *hickory weith* and bawled out Sammy in a lusty manner. I answered, what? He cried out, come here. I went to him. He then said, Sammy thee has had fine sport this morning, and I want a little too. He then ordered me to strip off my jacket—I did so, or rather he took it from off me. He then began to play away upon me, with the hickory weith and I began to dance to its all inspiring music of unmerciful harshness, and so we had it until both became tired. If he had promised to Vore that he would not again flog me so severely, he broke his promise now, for in consequence of my having to endure such an unmerciful flogging, at his hands, my back was well striped and exceedingly sore indeed.

There was a corn-husking one night at my master's brothers, all in the family were invited and went but myself; I wished to go, but the old man ordered me off to bed; the thing troubled me so much that it appeared it was the whole engrossing subject within my mind, when asleep. I at length arose out of my bed and started off undressed to go to the husking, and fortunately was met more than half way, as they were returning home again, which must have been well on towards daylight. They took hold of me and found I was asleep. This was the first knowledge I had of my having been asleep, after which I was very cold.

At another time when I was engaged in driving the cattle out of the stable, there was one that I was much plagued with, for I could not get it from the stable door, I picked up a piece of a knot of wood and let slip at it and knocked it down; my mistress seeing this took after me cudgel in hand and yelling like a savage, I off without the word go, and streaked it into a ryie field for shel-

ter. I heeled it through the rye which was then in blossom, and she tried to heel it too, but "couldnt come it;" once and a while I would pop my head above the rye in order to see where the old vixen was, and when I perceived that she in her course or tacking was likely to overhaul me I would slide into another point of the compass, and ensure the safety of my person thereby. I had my sport in fooling her until almost night, for I was determined not to surrender to petticoat government or authority in that instance. Not being willing to return to the house that night, I pushed off in search of quarters which I obtained, for I billeted that night in a neighbor's barn and was without a supper. Next morning my master's son came after me, the owner of the barn understanding that I was there talked with Lewis' son about me, and made him promise that I should not be whipped; upon this condition I capitulated and went home with him, but if I did, I went trembling every step of the road; this because I knew something of the characters I had to meet. When we arrived I was about to "catch it," but young Lewis plead with his mother for nearly an hour ere she waived her intention, she very reluctantly agreed to bury the hatchet for a time and so I escaped punishment at that time—she might have agreed sooner to have let me slip, for nothing was more easy than to have given me two whippings at one and the same time thereafter, a game which she could play and which I understood very well, but was satisfied with the armistice established on that occasion. This will not be wondered at, as it is natural for persons, particularly youths, to put off the evil day as far as possible in the future.

How admirably fitted are all the providences of God to emergencies falling out, unto us in life—one such a providential deliverance, I must here note; I was sent one day to carry dinner to my master's son where he was ploughing in one of the fields of the farm. When I had gone to the distance of two or three hundred yards from the house, I was met by a large boar belonging to Boston Murrier, who was one of our neighbors. The

boar advanced towards me with bristles erect, and running, sideways as is the attitude of battle among hogs; when I would stop, he would stop and champ and froth like a prancing charger would his bridle-bit. When I would endeavor to go on (for I had a hope, that I could have reached a fence not very far off) he would run sideways after me. I contended with him in this way for some time, but found it impossible to reach the fence; I then dropped my basket, containing the dinner, and had the hope that as I would run towards the house, he would have stopped to devour the contents thereof, and let me go. I started at full speed for the house and seeing my master's daughter at the wood-pile, I called aloud to her. The boar however did not stop to taste its contents but ran after me, overtook and threw me down.—Mrs. ——— called to my master who was then in the house. They both ran accompanied by a large dog and succeeded in taking him off me, but not until he had sunk his tusks into my back so that a finger might have been thrust through into my inside. They succeeded with the help of the dog in catching him, which when they did my master, with a large stone broke off his tusks and some of his teeth and then let him run. The belief was that had not help been thus afforded me, he would have torn me to pieces, and had it not been that my master's daughter was at the time at the wood-pile, I might have cried in vain, ere help would have been extended to me. This woman was married and lived in Reading, but was on a visit to her father's at the time—she was quite another kind of woman when compared with her mother—she was always very kind to me when on visits to her father's, and upon this occasion manifested her joy in my rescue, and was very tender to me in my then injured and helpless state. Lewis sent Murrier word that if he still would permit the boar to run at large, he would shoot him wherever found. Murrier put him up to fatten, which no doubt secured the person of others from his fierce attacks thereafter.

Whilst I remained in the family of Lewis another ac-

cident befel me which came near ending my life; it happened in hay harvest; we were engaged in hauling hay and whilst taking in the last load into the barn, a son-in-law of Lewis' drove the wagon wheels over a stump, which pitched me off head-foremost against a rock and with such violence as to crack my skull. I was much injured by this accident for a time and must attribute it in a great measure to my own carelessness and contempt of danger, for, after I had finished building the hay upon the wagon, I laid me down upon my back on the top of the load, an act that no persons in their senses should at any time be guilty of. It is fair and not unreasonable to state, that a great proportion of accidents fatal and otherwise are the results of carelessness, which is to say in other words, not exercising the rational powers of mind possessed, in order to obtain a forecast as to what is really prudent and right or what is imprudent, wrong and most profoundly ignorant and foolish in the extreme.

Servitude with these cruel-hearted people was very irksome to me. When I look back upon the scenes of hardships I was made to endure, the continual scoldings meted out to me, and the unmerciful corrections I received at their hands, I can but liken myself to a person in the midst of a den of rattlesnakes, afraid to move in any one direction for fear of encountering the venomous fangs or *bite* of those having the power over me. My cloathing was of the coarsest cast. I recollect, that when linen collars and wristbands were put upon my coarse tow-linen shirts, I was very proud indeed. In eating I was often the subject of *pot luck*. Lewis had a nephew that lived with him some time and his victuals like mine were often "begrudged," as the saying is. This lad was perhaps eighteen years old, I remember that the old man lectured him occasionally upon the art of eating. One day the old man was lecturing his nephew upon eating, trying perhaps, to break my back over the shoulders of the nephew, said he to his nephew, "thee should always quit eating and rise from the table hungry." Indeed uncle (said the nephew) I always eat until I am full and

then I like to take a good chunk of pie with me in my fist, to eat after that again, by way of a finish to my meal as a topper out.

CHAPTER II.

“In 1773, committees of correspondence were organized in Massachusetts, and at the instance of the Virginia House of Burgesses, “standing committees” were chosen throughout the colonies, and by means of a frequent conference, each colony was put in possession of the determinations of the whole. Meetings of the people were frequently held and the “SONS of LIBERTY” every where were alive to the interests of the colonies and were up, active and doing.

The duty imposed by the King and Parliament of Great Britain upon the colonies with reference to the article of tea, the people regarded as a flagrant and wanton assumption of power upon the part of the Ministers, Parliament and King of Great Britain.

The people owned themselves subjects of the Crown, but, subjects with constitutional rights; and they could not concede to any body, the right of infringing upon those rights, without their own unqualified assent thereto.

Large quantities of tea had been consigned to different points in the colonies. The people of Philadelphia and New York refused to purchase or to accept of it, on any terms. They “sent the ships back to London and they sailed up the Thames, to proclaim to all the nation that New York and Pennsylvania would not be enslaved. The people of Charleston unloaded the tea and stored it in cellars where it perished.”

The people of Boston acted differently, they utterly refused to receive it, and a large number of the citizens habited as “Mohawk Indians” went aboard of the ves-

sels, broke open the whole number of chests containing the tea and cast it overboard. The surface of the waters in the vicinity of the wharves and for some distance out was literally coated with drifting tea.

In September of the next year, 1774, the meeting of the first Continental Congress took place at Philadelphia, in order to concert measures for the better protection of the colonies against the arbitrary encroachments of the King, Ministers and Parliament of Great Britain and the governors of the crown in each of the colonies.

General Washington (then styled Colonel) sat in that first Congress when it assembled, as a deputy from the colony of Virginia.

This choice concentration of much of the best intellectual powers and deep wisdom of the colonies, it would seem aimed not firstly at Independence. That body, with that humbleness which still characterized the members thereof and the people of the colonies whom they represented as loyal subjects of his Majesty the King of England, voted a series of resolutions touching the grievances they were enduring. It voted a declaration or Bill of Rights, exhibiting the causes that led to the stand which the colonies had took from the beginning of the difficulties, and set forth in a lucid and unsophisticated manner their rights as colonies, and the protection that those rights claimed for them as citizens at the hands of their sovereign. It voted a number of addresses by way of appeals. It also petitioned the King for a redress of grievances, and whilst those resolutions, declaration of rights, addresses, petitions, &c. &c., were "pronounced by competent authority," to have been "master pieces" of the age in "wisdom, dignity," lofty, patriotic strength and sublimity of language and "moral courage," the Ministers and Parliament, with the King at their head, blinded by their avariciousness and rage, looked upon and conceived them to be nought but tirades of insult, impudence and the sheerest nonsense.

Mr. Frost states that the determination upon the part of the people of New England was that their course

should be such that in the event of hostilities breaking out, the royal party should be the aggressors. But in the event of such a disastrous state of things existing their determinations were to act as one, upon the defensive, and repel in the strength of their might any hostile attack that might be made by the royal forces against them.

The colonists had collected some military stores at Concord (a place situated 18 or 20 miles from Boston,) to destroy which a detachment of royal forces had been despatched by the royal Governor and were under the command of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn. This royal force was met and opposed by the aroused citizens at Lexington, and a number killed and wounded on both sides. This battle, denominated the "battle of Lexington," was the first battle of the revolution.

The British forces after the continental militia gave way, (the militia constituting a small body compared with "800 grenadiers and infantry" whom they opposed) pursued their design, and moved on to Concord for the purpose of destroying the military stores.

The continental militia rallied again, joined by others of the citizens that flew to the assistance of their continental brothers and marched to Concord. The loyalists opened a fire upon the colonists and a general engagement took place. The royalists were beaten and put to the route. This engagement constituted the second battle of the revolution. The royalists were pursued by an annoying fire and whilst enduring this, three regiments under the command of General Lord Percy came to their aid; reinforced thus they plundered and fired the town of Lexington and a number of houses were consumed.

At West Cambridge the colonists were joined by the noble Warren, and also by General Heath, and the militia encouraged by their presence poured in upon the royalists a very destructive fire and continued to dog them, hanging on their sides and rear in their flight. The reinforcement under Lord Percy formed itself into a hollow

square. The fugitives, says a British historian, when they were received into it, lay down on the ground with their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase.

It would appear there was neither skill nor judgment thrown away by the colonists in their use of fire arms. Their just anger in their willing forbearance was long under the curb, but when it burst its fetters asunder, it descended like a mighty torrent upon the guilty heads of their inhuman oppressors. Their aim in the field was a deadly one.

“ Liberty, from whose imperial eye,
Unfettered limb, and step of majesty,
Perpetual sunshine brightens all the air,
When undisturbed by man—in wrath is there !
And prostrate armies now, are kneeling round,
They see the rolling clouds ! they hear the sound
Of pealing thunders ! while her martial form
Lightens tremendous in the gathering storm !
They breathe that buoyant mountain atmosphere,
And kindling in their eyes those lights appear,—
Those quenchless lights !—that despots, tyrants dread,
When man comes forth in might, and lifts his head
Sublime in desperation ; when they hear
The song of trumpets bursting on their ear !
The shock of armies ! and, afar, behold
Rebellion’s crimson standard all unrolled !
When slaves are men—are monarchs—and their tread
Comes like the resurrection of the dead !
Man bursts his fetters ! shakes his sheathless sword—
Stands on his grave, and battles with his lord
For sepulture or freedom—eye to eye—
And swears to live his equal, or to die,
In glorious martyrdom—to glorious LIBERTY.
Then let the trumpet of the battle sound !
Then let the shuddering challenge peal around !
'Till all our ruffled eaglets start and wake—
And scream aloud—and whet their beaks—and shake
Their guardian wings, o’er mountain, wood, and lake !
The blast will but disturb the spirit there ;
But rouse the she wolf from her bloody lair ;

But wake the fiery—harnessed multitudes :
The dark battalions of untrodden woods ;
Whose viewless chiefs shall gird their armor on,
And lighten o'er the fields their valor won ;
'Twill waken echoes in that solitude,
Less welcome than the panther's cry for food ;
Less earthly—than the voices heard, when night
Collects her angels on some stormy height,
And airy trumps are blown ! and o'er the heaven
Ten thousand fearful challenges are given !"—*John Neal.*

These successful movements at once placed both parties in a posture of open war, the bravery of the colonial troops on these occasions gave great promise of efficient usefulness, in the expected future operations of the colonists in the battlefields of their country. The first step of the colonial Congress was to view with a scrutinizing eye, the conduct of the colonial troops in these battles, by an examination of the whole affair. Their conclusions were that the colonists had acted strictly upon the defensive,—that intrenching themselves behind their own natural and acquired rights—rights, that no law, upon the principles of justice could in any way interfere with, should be faithfully supported at all hazards. Congress at once gave to these latter movements upon the part of the unorganized provincial troops, the stamp of their most hearty approval, and set itself about to devise means whereby they could back their whole course by bringing the whole strength of the country to a speedy operation in their favor.

The second step of Congress was to raise an army by making a levy for 30,000 men on the colony of New England. A great part of these levies speedily repaired to camp in order to join in besieging Boston. The battles of Lexington and Concord had the effect to arouse the spirit of the people to avenge the death of their unoffending and slaughtered brethren. Troops in a scattering manner were constantly pouring in from all quarters. Truly, the motto of, *dont tread upon me* was not urged upon the sons of Liberty in vain. "*God and our*

country” could be heard uttered with determined pathos by many who possessed undaunted spirits, but heaving bosoms. “Wife, children and friends,” and that dear hut our home.

“There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy’s visits when most brief;
There eyes in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart.
Then dost thou sigh for pleasures !”
Or fear on battle fields to “roam,”
Go guard thy country’s treasures,
Liberty ! Friends and Home.
Go, Soldier, and battle nobly
For God, for country and thy home,
Go bless time’s latest posterity,
Nor fear, on battle fields to roam.

J. S. Hanna.

The brave Colonel Ethan Allen with a detachment of “Green Mountain boys,” was joined by a detachment of Connecticut troops at Castleton. A portion of these troops under Allen immediately marched to invest Fort Ticonderoga. Allen with an unprecedented celerity of action, made himself master of that fortress without firing a gun. When the continental troops advanced to the entrance a sentinel snapped his piece at Allen, who, followed by his brave troops, drove him in from his post, and so quickly did Allen and his men enter the fortress that time was not allowed to the commander of the garrison to get out of his bed. Colonel Allen in a peremptory manner demanded of him a surrender of the fortress. The commander in quailing accents asked Allen by what authority he demanded it? Allen replied, “in the name of the GREAT JEHOVAH and the continental Congress.”

The British officer believing that it would be the height of folly and madness to attempt to oppose such a determined and commanding a man as Allen, under existing

circumstances, thought it but an act of great prudence to surrender quietly, and install the inexorable Allen in to his new office of commander of the garrison.

As soon as the balance of the detachment arrived which had been unable to join in its capture, for want of a sufficient number of boats to transport them across the lake, Colonel Allen immediately placed it under the command of Colonel Seth Warner, and ordered it on to an attack of Crown Point. This post was captured also without firing a gun. To these successes were added the capture of a sloop of war on Lake Champlain, by Captain Benedict Arnold, in command of a small schooner which he had rigged and fitted out for the purpose.

By these daring descents upon their enemies the continental troops became possessed of upwards of "one hundred pieces of ordnance," and other "munitions of war," these brilliant achievements inspired the colonial troops, the Congress of the colonies and the people with the most profound courage. Yes! truly, did they in their all potent magistracy become the terror of evil doers and the praise of them that did well.

The continentals and royalists had frequent skirmishing engagements, in which the former were generally victorious.

Among the most illustrious of that day were those two eminent patriots and able statesmen, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, the proscribed "Sons of Liberty."—Governor Gage by proclamation constituted martial law the supreme law of the land, and offered a free pardon to all, except the two gentlemen above named, who would evince their former predilections for and allegiance to the crown of Great Britain.

Whilst New England was made the theatre of monarchical depredations and vengeance, other colonies were not exempt from the destructive strides of despotism.—The people of the colony of Virginia, upon governor Dunmore's arbitrary enactments and actions, arose in the patriotic strength of their might, and kicked the royal civil government in the colony into the SHADE. Which

government never was again resumed within the limits of her territory.

South Carolina and North Carolina, took the same patriotically noble and successful steps, and produced the same glorious results, by hurling in their majestic omnipotence, the royal authority from the pedestal of liberty and trampled it under their sovereign feet within their respective provinces. Others of the colonies were fast preparing for the contest—for the issue, they waited for a favorable moment when they could depose a monarch so unprincipled,—so cruel and deaf to the sweet and captivating voice of humanity—to the supreme dictates and mandates loud of sovereign justice; waited in anxious suspense for that auspicious moment, when they could dethrone him forever in America.”

Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

“Events occurring this year, in the southern colonies, still farther weakened the attachment of the people to Great Britain. In Virginia, Lord Dunmore, the Governor, seized by night some powder belonging to the colony, and conveyed it on board a British ship in James river. Intelligence of this transaction reaching Patrick Henry, he placed himself at the head of the independent companies in his vicinity, and marched towards the seat of government with the avowed purpose of obtaining, by force, restitution of the powder, or its value. He was met by a messenger, who paid him the value of the powder, when he and the militia returned to their homes.”

Hales' United States.

“A fearful crisis was approaching. No! It was already existing; accompanied with all the fearful forebodings of the future darkness, thick darkness brooded over the face of the land. Already, were they a people scattered and peeled and trodden down under the unhallowed feet of tyranny. Thick as was that darkness and unhappy as were the sorrows that it occasioned, still, there was a vista, all hallowed and glorious, as the bright rainbow of promise in this impenetrable cloud of black and bloody hue. A rainbow that illuminated the storm—that light-

ed up the pathway of the virtuously brave—that braced and cheered the hearts of the Sons of Liberty in midst of the melting scenes of unparalleled horror.

Through that vista of glory beamed the beacon-star of republican brilliancy. The lofty light set upon an hill, Heaven's guide to the benighted nations of earth—the lofty full blazing fire of an imperishable and everlasting patriotism, planted, full waving upon the high dome of the Grand Temple of Liberty, whose immoveable basis eternal, was the immutable Throne of the Most High God.

Although at first the colonies were for a redress of grievances by petitioning the king of Great Britain.—They with a becoming humility sent petition after petition until hope sickened and turned aside to weep at the ingratitude and inhumanity of man—until peace within the colonies was sacrificed upon the infernal altars of injustice, which had been reared by the persecuting oppressors of the innocent for her desecration and destruction. Had the things petitioned for by the colonists been granted to them, they would have then returned, as they had all along determined to do, to their first love—they would have possessed that strong attachment to the person of the king, which they had so repeatedly manifested, and their allegiance would not have been less, than they had always paid to him, as their acknowledged sovereign. Still their petitions having been set at nought, they were now prepared to seek a redress of all their endured wrongs by a spirited, determined and noble appeal to arms. Fear in the bosoms of many of the patriotically brave provincials became dethroned. War's loud clarion had already taken her stand upon the high summit of the mountain of wounded honor, and loud had she blown the bold notes of freedom, and the issues of war had no terrors for them. Already had the Goddess of Liberty commanded the tocksin to sound to arms, to arms, your country calls. Already had the bright and swift angelic heralds of true liberty began to descend from the immaculate Throne of Jehovah, chaunting Co-

lumbia's mighty pæans until the heavens resounded aloud and the echo thereof had become lost in illimitable fields of that Jehovah's eternity of space. Already had the angelic heralds of freedom taken their stand, ready to burst forth from the throne of glory in heaven, to descend to earth, to sing in lofty and sweetest strains, the grand jubilee of Columbian Freedom. On every hill could be heard the spirit-stirring fife and drum, playing and beating an appeal to arms.

Many of the colonists done early homage to the immaculate God of the illustrious republican city of true liberty, set upon a lofty eminence, and began to speak aloud what before had been breathed in the secret chambers of republicanism's earliest dawn. They began to speak forth boldly their (then) speculative views upon the propriety and practicability of establishing an independent government upon the principles of self-government—a government whose basis should be, an equal and just representation in its administration within the colonies.”

Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

“Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing.
To Arms! To Arms! ye brave!
Th’ avenging sword unsheath:
March on, March on, all hearts resolv’d
On victory or death.”

“Patrick Henry, deservedly styled the ‘Demosthenes of America,’ a patriot of the most sterling worth, became the advocate for resistance to the arbitrary enactments of the parliament and king of Great Britain. In every popular assembly he harangued the people on the propriety and justice of their resisting with arms in hand. This will be seen by the following extract.”

[An extract from Patrick Henry's speech in the convention of the Delegates of Virginia, March 1775, upon a resolution for organizing the militia.] "And it may be observed here, that Patrick Henry would have made the Hall of Independence in Philadelphia ring with the same strain of bold and native eloquence in the Congress of 1776, had he not been elected Governor of Virginia."

MR. PRESIDENT,—The gentlemen who are opposed to our resisting with arms the aggressions of Gréat Britain, tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But sir, when shall we be stronger? will it be the next week, or the next year? will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction: shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! our chains are forged! their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! the war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! it is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! the next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! our brethren are al-

ready in the field! why stand we here idle? what is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? forbid it heaven! I know not what course others may take: but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!”

“True, with many the language of the scriptures seemed literally verified, “men’s hearts failing them with fear.” Those that possessed noble daring had more to fear from the pusillanimous—the disaffected—from the tories, than they had to fear from their enemies. Tories, who aided and abetted the royalists in every possible shape, and in nothing did they betray a more reckless or hellish spirit than in their being the conductors of the British in their midnight descents upon the unsuspecting whig inhabitants, and upon a sleeping soldiery. These were the enemies they stood in most danger of, for they were their most implacable foes.

In this alarming state of affairs within the colonies, the provincial army, although headed by men of the most exalted bravery and acknowledged worth, was without a proper commanding head to superintend its operations.

The mighty men of valor, members of Columbia’s galaxy of superior talent assembled in Congress at Philadelphia, turned them about to look for one of noble daring, who might possess the qualifications necessary to lead the armies of America. A number of men of undaunted bravery and tried skill in the field, was spoken of in Congress and out of it, but no determined action was had upon the subject—because, no doubt the time of a superintending Providence had not yet arrived.

There was one, however, in whom many of the people of the colonies had the fullest confidence—one schooled in the army of his country—one well acquainted with arts of war, and the manner of traversing the wilderness wilds of America—one who afterwards proved that declaration to be altogether a true one, that, declared that he possessed not only in an eminent degree the necessary requisites for a general, but every qualification of

mind, heart and soul to enable him to take charge (as an instrument in the hands of the Great Supreme) of the future destiny of his country, and lead her by a succession of brilliant triumphs to the port of confederacy of states and to that of a republican empire. This great unknown, was none other than the heaven gifted, gallant, brave and virtuous Colonel George Washington of Virginia, then a delegate and member of the continental Congress—Colonel George Washington, in whose hearing was read (a number of years previous to the war) from a London newspaper, in a coffee house, in the city of New York, a paragraph predicting that if hostilities should break out between the mother country and the colonies, Colonel George Washington of Virginia would be chosen commander-in-chief of the armies of the colonies. This was the man and none other, that was designed as the leader, saviour and first Father of his country. A group of colossal figures occupied the front ground of the choice of many, but in the back ground—the ground of retiring modesty, there stood the lofty, beautiful and most stately tree of vernal bloom, within the wilderness of a nation's greatest and most painful perplexities. There stood the gallant, accomplished and experienced Washington.

Colonel George Washington was at length proposed in Congress, he was nominated by Mr. John Adams and seconded by his cousin Mr. Samuel Adams, the proscribed patriot friend of his country. Colonel Washington being fairly before that body his pre-eminent and superior qualifications and claims were pressed upon it with patriotic ardor, and chasteness, and richness of language by a number of the most gifted members of the different colonies. Among them, however, none occupied a loftier ground, or delivered his sentiments with more ardent zeal, strength, eloquence and beauty of language than did that sterling patriot Mr. John Adams. The patriotic John Adams, who made the Hall of Independence in the Statehouse at Philadelphia, ring with the eloquence of his appeals, as well upon this as upon a

subsequent occasion, when pleading in favor of a speedy declaration of American Independence."

From Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

"On the 14th of June, 1775," Colonel George Washington "was unanimously chosen general, and commander-in-chief of the armies of the united colonies, and all the forces now raised, or to be raised by them."*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The following account of the appointment of General Washington to the supreme command of the continental army, June 14th, 1775, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman in whose veracity we have full confidence. We cannot doubt the authenticity of the anecdotes he gives. This subject has of late years been brought before the public under various versions, and has in every shape attracted attention. The private journal is narrating a conversation with John Adams, senior, before that great and good man was called to his final rest. The relation is more in detail than that which has hitherto been made public, but it substantially corroborates the former versions of the causes which led to the appointment of Washington. Lest we should in any way affect the anecdote, we give it in the words of the narrator.

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Mass., under Gen. Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day, new applications in behalf of the army arrived. The country was urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army; as they had, what must be considered, only a mob, a band of armed rebels.—The country was placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger. The struggle had begun, and yet every thing was without order. The great trial now seemed to be in this question—Who shall be the commander-in-chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us.

*See Marshall's life of Washington.

The Southern and Middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal for the most part, were jealous of New England, because they felt the real physical force was here; what then was to be done? All New England adored Gen. Ward: he had been in the French war, and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a statesman. Every qualification seemed to cluster in him; and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any appointment over him. What then was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union, all was lost. The country and the whole country must come in. One pulsation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one, and the army must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken. At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of resolving it were somewhat singular, and nearly as follows: he was walking one morning before Congress hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin, Samuel Adams, came up to him and said—

‘What is the topic with you this morning?’

‘Oh the army,’ he replied. ‘I’m determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decisive step. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these united colonies of North America and then to hint an election of a Commander-in-Chief.’

‘Well,’ said Samuel Adams, ‘I like that, cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that Commander?’

‘I will tell you—George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this house.’

‘O,’ replied Samuel Adams quickly, ‘that will never do, never.’

‘It must do, it shall do,’ said John, ‘and for these reasons—the Southern and Middle States are about to enter heartily in the cause; and their arguments are potent! they say that New England holds the physical

power in their hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England commander, New England perseverance all united, appal them. For this cause they hang back. Now the only course is to allay their fears, and give them nothing to complain of; and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a Southern chief over this force, and then all will rush to the standard. This policy will bind us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless.'

At this, Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second the motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, and put forth all his strength, in the delineation he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army. He was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business. After his speech had been finished, some doubted, some objected, and some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations he replied—

'Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone—yes, with a strong arm, and a clean conscience, she will front the foe single handed.'

This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing, nor to be played with. They agreed to appoint a day. A day was fixed. It came. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, argued the measure, and after some debate, it passed.

The next thing was to get a commander for his army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on the occasion, and he was ready. He took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the encomiums which then belonged to no one else. At the end of the eulogy he said, 'But this is not the man I have chosen.' He then went into the delineation of the character of a Commander-in-Chief, such as was required by the peculiar situation

of the Colonies at this juncture. And after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and gave the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said—

‘Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply I have to say they are; reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate—

GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF VIRGINIA.’

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams’ right hand, was looking him intently in the face, to watch the name he was about to announce, and not expecting it would be his, sprang from his seat the minute he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Samuel to ask for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:

‘Did you ever doubt of the success of the conflict?’

‘No, no,’ said he, ‘not for a moment. I expected to be hung and quartered, if I was caught; but no matter for that—my country would be free; I knew George III. could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach round these United States.’

“Our Eagle shall rise, ’mid the whirlwinds of war,
And dart through the dim cloud of battle; his eye
Shall spread his wide wings o’er the tempest afar,
O’er spirits of valor that conquer or die.
And ne’er shall the rage of the conflict be o’er,
And ne’er shall the warm blood of life cease to flow,
And still ’mid the smoke of the battle shall soar
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.
When peace shall disarm war’s dark brow of its frown,
And roses shall bloom on the soldier’s rude grave,
Then honor shall weave of laurel a crown
That beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.”

“ Washington being specially commissioned by Congress, a resolution was unanimously adopted in that body pledging itself to maintain and adhere to him, throughout in the new relation in which he then stood, relative to the forces then raised or that might afterwards be raised for the expulsion of the British from their soil, or necessary to maintain, preserve and perpetuate the liberties of the “ United Colonies.” As a backing of this admirable pledge, they also pledged “ their lives and their fortunes.”

Washington lost no time in making preparation for entering upon a discharge of the “ arduous duties” of the weighty, and important trust conferred upon him by the continental Congress. He hastened to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, the then Head Quarters of the colonial army.

The colonial troops, a thousand strong, were lead “ on the evening of the 16th of June, to Breed’s instead of Bunker’s Hill. Colonels Stark and Preston, accompanied by Captain Knowlton were the conductors of this detachment—encouraged by the repeated presence and aid of that gallant old officer General Putnam, they succeeded in fortifying themselves behind entrenchments, which they threw up by the break of day. “ A ship of war and several floating batteries lying near” aided by a fortification, which had been erected on Copp’s Hill at Boston—began to pour their fires upon them, which, instead of intimidating them or causing them to desist therefrom, only served to redouble their exertions. This, with the addition of 500 men as a reinforcement, gave to them quite a formidable appearance.

This bold and unprecedented step of the colonial troops, not only astonished and terrified their invaders, but encouraged them so much that Governor Gage, immediately set him about to devise means by which he could dislodge them from so strong a position.

Towards noon, the British commander detached a body of upwards of 3000 grenadiers and light infantry, under Generals Howe and Pigot which were immediately

landed on a peninsula in Charlestown. General Gage ordered the town of Charlestown to be fired. The British marched up the hill for the purpose of destroying the American works, but the Americans reserved their fire until "within ten rods" of the works. They then commenced a destructive fire upon the assailants, mowing them down almost in companies. The British, who were at that moment moving up at a furious charge, quailed, recovered and fired, and then retreated under a galling fire from the works of the provincials.

The British officers by threats and persuasions succeeded in getting their troops to march up the hill again to the charge. The fire of the provincials was reserved until they arrived much nearer than before. They then "*let loose*" upon them and tumbled them over in greater numbers than in the preceding ascent. Scared by such an awful reception, they retreated down the hill agreeing better with "*a dog trot*" than a walk, leaving their commander Howe far up the hill and nearly alone—he thinking it bad policy to remain a single and unprotected target, scampered off after them.

General Clinton reinforced the assailants and succeeded in rallying the troops again. In this third trip up the hill it is asserted with confidence, (although the men were styled invincibles) that the British officers pushed them upward by going behind them with swords, to jag them forward with their points as ox-drivers often do their oxen, by means of a sharp nail drove into the butt end of the ox-goad.

The ammunition within the works becoming exhausted, nothing remained for the provincials but to "silently" await the nearing of the British columns. The provincials not having been provided with bayonets gave them the best reception in their power, which was the butt ends of their muskets. Being overpowered, however, by a superior force well provided with ammunition, bayonets &c., they effected a retreat to Charlestown Neck.

This contest was altogether an unequal one. The provincials did not exceed 1500, whilst that of the royalists

exceeded 3,000. The provincials lost between 4 and 500 killed and wounded, and the royalists nearly 1100. Here was exhibited the truth of the declaration, that thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, and leads to a repetition of the question,

“What is to be compar’d,
To the matchless sinew of a single ARM
That strikes for LIBERTY.”

In this conflict many valuable provincial officers and men perished, among them that deservedly popular, able and courageous patriot General Warren.

Mr. Marshall states that “for the purpose of a more distinct arrangement, the army” had been “thrown into three grand divisions.” “That part of it which lay about Roxbury, constituted the right wing, and was commanded by Major General Ward; the troops near Mystic or Medford River formed the left, which was placed under Major General Lee. The centre, including the reserve, was under the immediate command of General Washington, whose head quarters was at Cambridge.”

The British occupied Boston until the spring of —76. General Washington had fortified himself in a snug manner—so as to command the town of Boston, by erecting a fortification on the night of the 4th of March. General Howe endeavored to dislodge him, his design however failed, which rendered it imperative with him, that of the evacuation of Boston. Mr. Frost states, that the British were not annoyed in their slow embarkation and for this reason, that, they would have been provoked to burn the town, a “loss which would have required years of profitable industry to repair.” By the 17th of March, the embarkation was ended and “their fleet sailed for Halifax.” It appears that a threat had been made by the British commander to that effect. This being the case none could possibly censure Washington, especially when nothing could have been gained by an attack at that particular time.

An expedition was fitted out during the fall of 1775

against Canada, the command of the army engaged therein was given to Brigadier General Montgomery.

Col. Ethan Allen, aided by Major Brown, made a spirited attack on Montreal. With a small force they opposed a far greater number of British and "fought with desperate valor. Unable to cope with a force so much greater than his own, Allen was forced to surrender. Allen after his capture was loaded with chains, and sent to England there to undergo his trial as a "factious rebel."

Several victories were the offspring of this expedition to Canada. Fort Chamblee was captured and with it the Americans became possessed of a number of pieces of "cannon," and 120 barrels of powder."

In the main, however, the expedition was a failure; the lives of many valuable men and soldiers as well as officers were sacrificed. The brave and accomplished Richard Montgomery fell before Quebec. It was said that when Montgomery bade an adieu to his wife, he observed to her in the last words of his parting, "you never shall have cause to blush for your Montgomery." General Montgomery was a native of Ireland, he had settled in New York, where he "married an American lady."

In the spring of 1776, several of the colonies, by means of their assemblies, expressed their sentiments in favor of independence, and instructed their delegates in the general Congress, to propose to that respectable body to declare the united colonies free and independent states."

Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, one of the delegates from Virginia, brought the great question of Independence before the house, by submitting the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution was postponed until the next day, when it was debated in committee of the whole. On the 10th, it was adopted by a bare majority of the colonies."

[*Goodrich's Lives of Signers of Declaration of Independence.*]

About the beginning of June the British fleet under the command of Admiral Sir Peter Parker, appeared before Charleston in South Carolina; and on the 28th of June, "10 ships of war" on board of which were 3,000 troops under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, bore up and commenced bombarding Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. Col. Moultrie and General Marion, and their brave companions in arms, in all not more than 500 men, gallantly defended it, and drove the 10 sail of the line to the distance of two miles from the fort.

THE LAST BALL;

OR, THE SIEGE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

BY H. P. B.

On the forenoon of the 28th of June, 1776, during our struggle for independence, while Col. Moultrie and his regiment were engaged in completing the fort which they had been erecting on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of Charleston harbor, an officer on the island, wearing the American uniform, appeared to be intently scanning the distant horizon with his dark piercing eyes as if endeavoring to scrutinize the form of some object that loomed like a frog bank on the very verge of the vast expanse of waves which rolled at his feet, ever and anon, curling their rippling surf unheeded over his military boots, so deeply was his attention absorbed in the contemplation of the distant and obscure object. Shading his eye with his right hand, he darted a searching glance towards that point of the horizon, but so great was the distance that the naked eye could as yet, discern nothing distinctly—dazzled as it was with the light sunbeams dancing on the crest of the blue waves, creating a thousand mimic rainbows.

"Malvern my glass," exclaimed he to an orderly near him, who entering a tent returned almost immediately with a field telescope. The officer impatiently snatched it from him, and adjusting the focus, directing it towards the evidently approaching object. Scarcely however had he done so ere a joyous "Hurrah!" burst from his lips, and the glass fell upon the sand. "Sail, ho! sail, ho!" shouted the officer, and as the echo died away some three or four others, all bearing the American uniform, sprang to his side with the simultaneous exclamation of "where?" Hastily directing the attention of his companions, the drums immediately beat to quarters; silently each soldier took his post, and the heavy guns of Fort Moultrie loomed black and grim from their palmetto embrasures.

"Ha! Moultrie, 'tis as I thought," said an officer, addressing one who stood near him, with the familiarity of a brother soldier, "yonder come the British fleet, commanded by Parker and Clinton. Our palmetto fort will have its toughness well tried to day, for by the number and size of their vessels, this will be no boy's play."

"Yes, Marion, 'tis as you say," answered Moultrie, lowering his glass; "the banner of St. George waves proudly to the breeze, and I count near forty vessels in all. Heaven grant our stars and stripes may float as proudly from our little fort at the end of the contest as they do now; it will be a warm day's work, and many a brave fellow will sleep his last sleep ere 'tis over.—What say you, Sergeant Jasper? You're an old hand at all these things."

"Aye, sir, that 't will," replied Jasper, touching his cap with true military precision, "and Colonel, if I might ask a favor, it would be to command a gun near where the flag stands, for some of our green hands may be scared out of their senses by the noise and crashing, nor even think of sticking the flag up again if it's shot down; and if there's a panic among our recruits, the day's gone."

"He says well, Marion," said Moultrie; "my brave fellow, your request is granted and in delivering our ban-

ner to your care, I need not fear it will be sullied by hostile touch."

"No! Colonel Moultrie, I have not served under you so long to turn coward at last. Your flag must float in victory from Fort Moultrie, or serve as a winding sheet for Jasper," said the veteran, looking affectionately at the flag, and wiping a tear from his eye with the corner of the bunting.

"Nobly said, my brave Jasper, and a more glorious winding sheet you could'nt have," replied Marion, while his dark eye flashed fire as he cast a glance to the parapet where the stars and stripes were floating proudly to the same gale, which was bearing the Red Cross of St. George swiftly towards the shore.

Gallantly came on the hostile fleet, and as one vessel after another loomed into sight, their clouds of snow-white canvass, lofty tapering spars, and the huge black engines of destruction that lined their ports, surmounted by that haughty flag which "had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," raises even in the breasts of that band of devoted heroes, a feeling of alarm, not for themselves, but for Charleston, whose beauty and wealth were now committed to their charge. Onward came the hostile vessels, the sea-foam dashing from their bows, and every sail set to catch the breeze, till, as if by magic, gracefully and silently they fell into position; their sails were quickly furled, and their gloomy broadsides brought to bear point blank on the fort. The heavy guns of the fort at that moment launched forth a sheet of flame from the embrasures, and the iron storm hurled through the air, cracking and splintering the hostile ships, and destroying all that opposed its deadly path. As the smoke cleared away, the foretopmast of one of the enemy's vessels was observed to be shot away, and several seamen were engaged in clearing the wreck. Now ensued a moment of anxious suspense, as the defenders of the fort waited to receive the hostile broadside. A stream of fire burst from the port holes of the ships, and they poured in their tremendous broadsides on the fort. A

large forty-two pound shot entered one of the embrasures, dismounting a gun, killing two men who stood beside it, and struck the opposite wall of the fort. With this exception, the fire caused trifling damage, for the green palmetto, composing the outer wall of the fort, was not splintered by the shot, but the wood opening received the balls which buried themselves in the sand—filling up the space between the outer and inner palmetto walls of the fort, (about 18 feet.)

“At them again, my lads,” shouted Moultrie; “point your guns lower, and don’t throw a shot away.”

The guns of the fort were in an instant sponged, charged, and pointed; and again at the word “fire,” thundered forth their iron storm with more effect than at first. The guns being pointed lower, every shot told upon the hulls of the vessels, dashing through their bulwarks and knocking two port holes into one. The ball from the gun pointed by Sergeant Jasper, struck the foot of Sir Peter Parker’s bowsprit, shattering it to pieces, and throwing the splinters in every direction—one of which striking the second Lieutenant, killed him on the spot. The fight had now become general; the hostile ships were completely enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, from which almost incessantly a stream of lurid flame would burst forth succeeded by the crashing of the cannon balls against the palmetto walls, beyond which they did little injury, except such as entered the embrasures, or being fired over the sea-wall of the fort, struck against the inner sides of the opposite wall, wounding and killing our soldiers in the rebound.

The guns of the fort answered well; so long as the ammunition lasted, an incessant sheet of flame flashing from the embrasures, and the heavy forty-two pound shot of the Americans tore through the British vessels, destroying every thing in its course, and covering the decks with dead and dying. Sir Peter Parker’s vessel, the Bristol, was completely riddled by shot, and the blood poured from the scuppers in streams. During the hottest of the fight a twenty-four pound shot from the Bristol

carried away the American flag, and shattered the staff to pieces. A shout was set up by the British, but as the colors fell, Sergeant Jasper caught them in his arms—then fixing them on the point of his bayonet, he leaped upon the breastwork amid a volley of grape shot and driving the point of the bayonet into the palmetto wood, pinned the colors to the fort. A shout arose from the Americans at this daring feat, when Jasper, taking off his hat, waved it towards the enemy exclaiming “Liberty and my country forever.”

“Victory, my brave,” shouted Sergeant M'Donald, waving his sword, when at that moment a thirty-two pound shot entering one of the embrasures, dismounted a gun, and glancing, struck him in the breast, leaving him almost a mangled corpse, with the unfinished words yet upon his lips. “When about to expire” in a few moments after, “he lifted up his dying eyes and said “my brave countrymen, I die, but don't let the cause of Liberty die with me.”

“Marion,” said Moultrie, “the day is ours; if our ammunition only lasts, we shall sink every ship before the fort.”

“Yes,” replied the latter, “we shall do it, if our men only point their guns properly.”

Marion now went through the fort pointing every gun himself that he possibly could; not a shot was thrown away, and the British, finding they could make no impression on the fort, terrified by the number of their wounded and slain, and dreading the excellence of the American gunnery and the appalling effect of our heavy metal, just after sunset began to ship their cable and move off in a crippled and disordered state.

A shout of victory burst from the American troops, as the cheering intelligence was announced—doubly cheering indeed, from the fact that our ammunition was now almost exhausted, and it would have been impossible much longer to have held the fort against the tremendous broadsides which were continually poured in.

Marion and Moultrie met. No word was spoken, but

the silent and hearty pressure of the hand, and the look of joy which illumined their swarthy countenances, black with smoke, and begrimmed with powder, showed how responsible had been their trust, and how thankful they were for this happy result.

“And now for the last gun—a parting kiss to Sir Peter,” shouted Marion; “come, Jasper, your gun is just under our flag, and opposite the Bristol, load carefully with a ball, and let me have the honor of giving him our last weighty argument. I doubt not it will impress upon him, at any rate, a conviction that our metal is heavy, and our gunnery quite satisfactory for troops so inexperienced.”

Jasper now carefully loaded the huge forty-two pounder, which Marion as carefully pointed toward the Bristol; perceiving, however, that she was veering round, and that a few seconds would bring her stern in point-blank range with the gun, he determined to wait till that event took place, for the purpose of effectually raking her.

At this moment two midshipmen on board the Bristol, wearied with the fatigue of the engagement, and sickened by the horrid scene of slaughter around them, stood on the quarter deck.

“Come, Frank, the dance is over, and the ball finished, so let’s descend and see if there’s any wine in the locker, for this fighting’s confounded dry work,” exclaimed one to the other.

“With all my heart, Harry. I’m dry as a powder magazine—thirsty as a sponge and in the best possible humor for pouring out a libation to the god of battles, which, instead of wasting on the ground, according to the practice of the ancients, I shall pour down my throat pursuant to the more pleasant and economical practice of the moderns.”

The two friends descended; wine and glasses were produced, and bumpers filled. “Well, Harry, after all this hard fighting, being cooped up for some hours to be made the target of excellent ball practice, and our ship

riddled like a seive, to show the proficiency of rebel gunnery, here's a toast I give with right good will: God save the king, and confusion and defeat to the Yankee reb—"

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment the stern of the Bristol came in direct range with the gun pointed by Marion, who was waiting, port-fire in hand, for the proper moment of discharge. The match was applied, a sheet of flame burst from the embrasure followed by the deafening roar of the immense piece. The ball, true to its mark, sped forth on its destined path, crashing through the Bristol's stern, at the moment the toast was given by the midshipman, (and as their glasses were hobnobbing, preparatory to drinking it,) dashed the glasses into atoms, left the two friends ghastly and mutilated corpses, thence passing through the bulkheads and steerage, struck down two seamen and a lieutenant of marines who were standing by one of the forward guns, burst through the bows of the ship.

Such was the last shot fired at the siege of Fort Moultrie.

“Raise the flag of freedom high,
Loose its folds and let it fly,
Let it wave o'er land and sea,
Emblem of the BRAVE and FREE.
Let it wave o'er spire and dome
And o'er the freeman's happy home.
Although released from death they be,
In coral grave or cemetery.
Let it wave in peace and war,
O'er the soldier and the tar.
Although in peace they rest from harm,
Until the bugle sounds the alarm.
Let it wave o'er the smiling plain,
Wave it o'er the boundless main.
Wave it o'er blest COLUMBIA'S shore,
Until time shall be no more.”

Supposed speech of John Adams in favor of the Declaration of Independence.

“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give

my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at Independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone Independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must

go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us: it will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our Independence, than by yielding the controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire Independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolve to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see

it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunkerhill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so; if it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, that this Declaration shall stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and joy.

Sir, before God, I believe that the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER."

Reader, such were the men that laid the foundation of our mighty Republican Empire of Freedom, Liberty and Independence. Such were the men that battled, sustained, and maintained in an unparalleled manner the true lib-

erties of their country by the mighty exercise of moral, intellectual, patriotic and physical strength. Such men as these were the mighty men of valor. Do you love, cherish and laud their memories?

Great exertions were made by the friends of Liberty in Congress to proclaim Liberty to captives—to declare the colonies, Free and Independent.

Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Philip R. Livingston, members of the continental Congress, were appointed a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence. Each member of the committee agreed to draft a Declaration. They did so, but upon their next meeting, it being proposed that Thomas Jefferson should read his first, the other members so well satisfied with his, adopted it forthwith, and withheld their own. What a pity that such documents as those, although withheld at the time had not been preserved and handed down to posterity as original fac-similies, (which they in their bearings would have been in the main,) copies of the one presented to Congress and which that body finally adopted.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

As promulgated at the "Hall of Independence" in the State House at Philadelphia, on July the 4th, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men,

deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of governments. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governours to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise, the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of land.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has effected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences :

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms : our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.

A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British

brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here.— We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honours.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

New Hampshire.

Josiah Bartlett,
William Whipple,
Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay.

Samuel Adams,
John Adams,

Robert Treat Paine,
Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island, &c.

Stephen Hopkins,
William Ellery.

Connecticut.

Roger Sherman,

Samuel Huntington,
William Williams,
Oliver Wolcott.

New York.

William Lloyd,
Phillip Livingston,
Francis Lewis,
Lewis Morris.

New Jersey.

Richard Stockton,
John Witherspoon,
Francis Hopkinson,
John Hart,
Abraham Clark,

Pennsylvania.

Robert Morris,
Benjamin Rush,
Benjamin Franklin,
John Morton,
George Clymer,
James Smith,
George Taylor,
James Wilson,
George Ross.

Delaware.

Cesar Rodney,
George Read,
Thomas M'Kean.

Maryland.

Samuel Chase,
William Paca,
Thomas Stone,
C. Carroll, of Carrollton.

Virginia.

George Wythe,
Richard Henry Lee,
Thomas Jefferson,
Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Nelson, jr.

Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Carter Braxton.

North Carolina.

William Hooper,
Joseph Hewes,
John Penn.

South Carolina.

Edward Rutledge,
Thomas Hayward, jr.
Thomas Lynch, jr.
Arthur Middleton.

Georgia.

Burton Gwinnett.
Lyman Hall,
George Walton.

"The Declaration of American Independence was hailed on its delivery at Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776, with every demonstration of joy, and at every point, within the colonies the people received it gladly and pledged themselves to stand behind the acts of their delegates in Congress, and sustain them in the strength of their united might. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers hailed it as a glorious epoch in the history of their country.

"The mighty pæns of the free ascended upon the swift winged winds of Columbia towards the immutable throne of an eternally free God, and re-echoed in their assent the most lofty and happy gratitude of the military and other citizens of the infant Republic.

"This all-glorious and imperishable state paper, possessing the full flow and fire of an exalted, undying patriotism, as it does, constituted the holy fire with which the hearts of every freeman, was fired anew in their noble struggles in the sacred cause of freedom within the united colonies."—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia.*

- 1st. "To Liberty's enraptured sight,
When first Columbia's region shone;
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And smiling claim'd it as her own—

“Fair land, the GODDESS cried, be free!
 Soil of my choice! to fame arise!”
 She spoke, and heaven’s minstrelsy,
 Swell’d the loud chorus through the skies,
 All hail, forever great and free,
 Columbia—land of Liberty!

2d. Columbia’s genius heard the strain,
 And proudly raised his drooping crest;
 His sons impatient fill’d the plain,
 While panted high each patriot breast.
 Their fetters they indignant spurn’d;
 They waved their faulchions high in air,
 And where the Goddess’ altar burn’d,
 From kneeling warriors rose the prayer—
 To die be ours, if thou art free,
 Columbia—land of Liberty.

3d. War blew her clarion loud and long,
 Oppression led his legions on:
 To battle rushed the patriot throng,
 And soon the glorious day was won—
 Each bleeding freeman, smil’d in death;
 Flying he saw his country’s foes,
 And wafted by his latest breath,
 To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
 Content I die—for thou art free:
 Columbia—land of Liberty!

4th. And shall we ever dim the fires
 That flames on freedom’s hundred shrines?
 Shall glory’s children shame their sires?
 Shall cowards spring from heroes’ loins?
 No—by the blood our fathers shed,
 Oh freedom! to thy holy cause;
 When streaming from the martyred dead,
 It seal’d and sanctified the laws—
 We swear to keep thee great and free!
 Columbia—land of Liberty.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon the breaking out of the revolutionary war my father enlisted as a recruiting sergeant in the continental army. At the time of my father's enlistment he lived in Reading, Pa. Sometime after his enlistment, he enlisted my two oldest brothers, John and William, and when he had enlisted a pretty good company of soldiers, he moved on and joined his regiment. Shortly afterwards he fought at the battle of Long Island. My mother and my two brothers accompanied him in this expedition to the north. In this battle the American loss was very great. The American troops, however, fought as bravely as at any battle during the war of the revolution.

“In the beginning of July, Admiral and General Howe arrived in the harbor of New-York. They were accompanied by a powerful naval force, and by an army of twenty-four thousand men, abundantly supplied with military stores. The troops were landed on Staten Island, a position from which ulterior movements could most conveniently be made.

General Washington, presuming that the first attack would be made upon the posts at Brooklyn, strengthened it by a detachment of troops from the city, and gave the command of it to General Putnam. On the 22d of August, the British forces were landed on the opposite side of Long Island. The two armies were now about four miles asunder, and were separated by a range of hills, over which passed three main roads. Various circumstances led General Putnam to suspect that the enemy intended to approach him by the road leading to his right, which he therefore guarded with most care.

Very early in the morning of the 26th, his suspicions were strengthened by the approach, upon that road, of a column of British troops, and upon the centre road, of a column of Hessians. To oppose these, the American troops were mostly drawn from their camp, and in the

engagements which took place, evinced considerable bravery.

These movements of the enemy were but feints to divert the attention of Putnam from the road which led to his left, along which General Clinton was silently advancing with the main body of the British army. The report of cannon in that direction gave the first intimation of the danger which was approaching. The Americans endeavoured to escape it, by returning, with the utmost celerity, to their camp. They were not able to arrive there in time, but were intercepted by General Clinton, who drove them back upon the Hessians.

Attacked thus in front and rear, they fought a succession of skirmishes, in the course of which many were killed, many made prisoners, and several parties, seizing favourable opportunities, forced their way through the enemy, and regained the camp. A bold and vigorous charge, made by the American General, Lord Sterling, at the head of a Maryland regiment, enabled a large body to escape in this manner. This regiment, fighting with desperate bravery, kept a force greatly superior engaged, until their comrades had passed by, when the few who survived, ceasing to resist, surrendered to the enemy.

The loss of the Americans, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, considerably exceeded a thousand. Among the latter were Generals Sullivan, Sterling, and Woodhull. The total loss of the enemy was less than four hundred. They encamped at night before the American lines; and the next day began to erect batteries within six hundred yards of their left.

While the battle was raging, General Washington passed over to Brooklyn, where he witnessed, with inexpressible anguish, the destruction of his best troops, from which, such was the superiority of the enemy, it was impossible to save them. Finding the men dispirited by defeat, he determined to remove them to the city. The retreat was effected, on the night of the 28th, with such silence and despatch, that before the suspicions of

the enemy were excited, the last division of boats was beyond the reach of their fire.”—*Hale's United States.*

WASHINGTON AND THE YANKEE BOY.

[The following revolutionary story, while it exhibits the spirit of our young men in the war for independence, shows also the discrimination and prudence of Washington. It is copied from the *Olive Branch*, published in Boston, and edited with ability.]

When on a tour to the West, I met with the subject of this treatise at Utica, N. Y. The grateful remembrance of the soldier of the Revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Wahington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life:

“I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of fourteen was sent to Boston and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the Whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave the town. I then enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavoured to understand my duty in my new relation, and thought I was as proficient, at least as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached by the officer of the day among the guard. It so happened, that I was placed as sentinel before the General's quarters at nine o'clock. About ten o'clock, the General's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver:—

‘Who comes there?’

He answered, ‘Gen. Washington.’

‘Who is Gen. Washington!’

He replied. 'The Commander of the American army.'
'I don't know him; advance and give the countersign.'

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave me the countersign.

'The countersign is right,' I replied. 'Gen. Washington can now pass.'

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, 'Gen. Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at nine o'clock.'

'What does he want of me?'

'I do not know,' replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind was greatly harrassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door and the servant appeared.

'Inform Gen. Washington,' said I, 'that the person he ordered to his quarters at nine o'clock, is now at the door.'

The servant made the report and immediately came and bade me come in, and conducted me to the General's room. When I entered he addressed me—

'Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at nine o'clock last night?'

'Yes sir, and I endeavored to do my duty.'

'I wish all the army understood it as well as you do,' said the Gen. This relieved the burthen on my mind.

The Gen. then continued, 'Can you keep a secret?'

'I can try.'

'Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?'

'I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best.'

'Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instructions.'

I then retired, and precisely at seven o'clock, I returned. The Gen. presented me with a sealed letter with-

out any superscription. He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights. I told him I had, and at his request I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinel received it; and then told me to go to the heights, and on the way to converse with no one, and endeavour not to pass any person if possible, and if I should observe any person, who I observed to notice me particularly, not to go on the height until out of his sight. And when I had ascended to the height, I must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person I must keep at a distance from him and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared to be quiet, I must go on the west side of the plain, there I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put the hand under it; 'you must then feel under the rock,' said the Gen. 'till you find a small hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it to me and put this letter in the same place.'

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except I found the rock and stone as described, and in the hollow a letter, sealed without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the General's quarters and delivered the letter I found under the rock. The Gen. broke the seal and read it to himself—He then said,

'You may retire and appear here at seven o'clock to-morrow evening?'

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length, I observed a person at some small distance travelling the same way I was going and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descending the hill on the opposite side among the savins. I went even to the

savins to make discovery but could see no one. This I told the Gen. on my return.

He upbraided me for my presumption. He said 'they might have sprung on you and took you. Never do the like again.'

When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before. There was nothing occurred till I ascended the height, I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clear view on the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side in full run to me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me. I gave the countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel turned on his heels and fled. I went to the General's quarters, and on presenting his letter I said,

'Here is the letter you gave me,' and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire, and I need not call on him again, till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me, when in company, or in the camp, to make myself a stranger to the movement of friends or foes, never to enter into any dispute about war or the army, but always be an inquirer.

In about a week the General sent for me, and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter, as usual, and said,

'Go to the lower house, and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down, and make yourself a stranger. When all have gone out of the room, but one, then get up, and walk across the room repeatedly; after you have passed and repassed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this, you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him

I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important that you observe this.'

I went to the house, and on entering the room, I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose on my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room, and at the same time, eyeing him attentively. The third time I passed, he put his hand into his pocket, took a letter out, extended it towards me, and I took out my letter, and extended it towards him. With his other hand he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the General. We two could well recognize each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispers to me, 'tell General Washington the British are coming out on the neck to-morrow morning, at two o'clock.'

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus; "General, the person who delivered this letter to me, whispered and said, 'tell General Washington the British are coming out on the neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock.'"

The General started, and inquired, 'was it the same person you received the letters from before?' Yes sir.'

He then broke the letter, and read it, after which, he asked, did you speak to him?'

'No Sir.'

Then saying, 'Stop here till I return,' he took his hat and cane and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned, he said, 'I do not know that I shall need your service any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will allow you the same pay you have now.'

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about in the army and vicinity, to find the man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him, I know not. The injunction

on me was paramount to it, in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, then I was discharged.

Shortly after the battle of Long Island, the regiment to which my father and brothers were attached, laid with Washington at White Plains; and after his retreat from there, it was ordered on to Fort Washington. This fortress was attacked on the 16th of November, 1776, by four divisions of the enemy and at four different points. The garrison fought bravely whilst it had ammunition. When this became exhausted it capitulated; my father was wounded, and by capitulation became a prisoner of war and was thrown into a prison ship, where he endured great privations and sufferings.

When my brothers informed my mother of the situation of my father, she followed his destiny and threw herself into the British camp, and begged permission of the officers to go on board the prison ship and minister to his wants, relieve him in his sufferings, and soothe him as far as practicable in his suffering condition. She begged this privilege of the British commander and officers for God's sake, but for a long time they were deaf to her entreaties. After repeated importunities her request was at length granted. She was not very long on board the prison ship, until she fell sick with disease contracted in her constant attendance upon my father amidst the sickening stench arising within the ship,—this sickness was owing to that great pestilential stench created by so many sick and wounded soldiers being huddled together in so confined a place as a prison ship. My mother begged so hard of the officers in the midst of her sickness for the release of my father, that they were induced at length to let him off upon *parole of honor*, as it was called; the purport of which was, that he was not to be found bearing arms thereafter against Great Britain.

My father and mother in part recovered, set out in their weak state of health for home, but, upon reaching Philadelphia my mother was taken ill again and shortly afterwards died in that city.

General Washington made an attack with singularly good fortune upon a body of Hessians. He crossed the Delaware River at Trenton on the night of the 25th (Christmas) of December, 1776, and fell upon them and captured nearly 1000 prisoners, with which he recrossed the Delaware. Washington lost but nine men in achieving this brilliant victory. The news of this noble exploit constituted a fine Christmas gift from Washington to the friends of Liberty throughout the struggling States of the youthful Republic.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

“ Whose bullet on the night air sang ?”

Bride of Abydos.

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aide-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The general in chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waved his hand as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, lifted my hat, and waited his commands.

“ You are a native of this country ?”

“ Yes !—your excellency.”

“ You know the roads from M‘Conkey’s ferry to Trenton—by the river and to Pennington—the byeroads and all.”

“ As well as I know my alphabet,” and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

“ Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah ! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer,” he added smilingly, as the fiery beast made a demivolt, that set half the group in commotion.

“ Your excellency—”

“ Never mind,” said Washington, smiling again, as

another impatient spring of my charger, cut short the sentence, "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waving his hand he gave the rein to his steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the increased cold made the march any thing but pleasant. We all however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark, wild and threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow in my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in shadowy twilight. The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and creaking in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray fife would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling freely with the fiercer pipings of the winds,—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the

neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoneers beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the —— regiment struck up an enlivened air, and plunging my rowels in my steed, I whirled him around into the road and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible for us to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few moments decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach their outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come was never more conspicuous than on the morning of the eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly on the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity—and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down

into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the suffering of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light.—Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sustained them. Half clothed—many without shoes—whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast; and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came; but the storm still raged.—The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few fields we passed covered with wet, spongy snow,—and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front, and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

“Forward—forward,” cried Washington, himself, galloping up to the head of the column, “push on, my brave fellows—on.”

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their General’s voice was seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discern-

able through the twilight and seemingly buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted; and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen, however, fleeting a moment through the mist,—he was lost behind a clump of trees,—and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement; and if suffered to rally one we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eyes first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were again beginning to stagger.

“On—on—push on, continentals of the ——,” shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

“By heaven!” ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musquetry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, “there goes Sullivan’s brigade—the day’s our own.”

‘Charge that artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment,’ shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to our right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouths of the cannon, and before the artillerists could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen en-

deavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan told that the day in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

‘Press on,—press on there,’ shouted the commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft ‘charge them before they can form’—‘follow me.’

The effect was electrical. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their commander’s daring, and dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying pell-mell through the town, while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan’s brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, and that farther retreat was impossible, the whole regiment he had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappeared from the countenance of our brave troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foes; it was not the part of brave men to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aide-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly.

‘A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road.’

Quick as thought the commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the group of officers singled me out.

‘Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads. Colonel

——, will march his regiment around, and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route.'

I bowed in acknowledgment to the saddle-bow, and perceiving the colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross-path which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where the two routes intersected was short, but fierce. We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed on with eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at the head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Colonel ——, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia; and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonists were reanimated by the news; the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more were aroused; and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder towards Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then; but I shall never forget the battle of Trenton.

“So popular was the cause of the United States, and so exalted the character of their military leader, that many

French officers sought an opportunity of engaging in their service. Among these, the young Marquis de la Fayette was most conspicuous for his rank, and most distinguished for his ardor and enthusiasm. At an early period, he communicated to the American agents his wish to join the republican armies. At first they encouraged his zeal, but learning the disasters which preceded the victory at Trenton, they, with honorable frankness, communicated the information to him, and added that they were so destitute of funds, that they could not even provide for his passage across the ocean.

“If your country,” replied the gallant youth, “is indeed reduced to this extremity, it is at this moment that my departure to join her armies will render her the most essential service.” He immediately hired a vessel to convey him to America, where he arrived in the spring of 1777. He was received with cordial affection by the people, became the bosom friend of Washington, solicited permission to serve without pay, and was appointed major-general in the army.”—*Hale's United States*.

Not long after the event, my mother's death, my father reported himself at camp and joined the army again, but as he durst not fight against Britain with any degree of safety, it was thought most advisable to send him again to Reading in the capacity of a recruiting sergeant.

Whilst my father was at Reading obtaining recruits, he was informed of the cruel treatment I received from Lewis and family. He visited me and told me to come to town in the course of a few days thereafter. I did so. He then enlisted me as a fifer. At this time I suppose I was about or turned of 15, but quite small of my age. Soon after my enlistment, my father who had enlisted a good company of men marched them off to join his regiment, which was stationed somewhere in Buck's county, Pa.

At this time the regiment being again full as to numbers was ordered on to West Point, where there were a great many soldiers. Whilst we laid at West Point in the latter part of the summer of 1777, the American sol-

diers were busily engaged in building a great number of huts for winter quarters. They erected two rows, which extended more than a mile in length. The parade ground, which extended the whole length in front, was from 250 to 300 yards broad and was as level as the floor of a house. There were two or three brigades of soldiers there at that time, to the first of which our regiment was attached. A more full description of this encampment and the huts alluded to, will be presented to my readers in another part of the present work.

My father was ordered back from West Point to Reading again, and from Reading he was appointed and ordered on to take charge of the sick and wounded soldiers on the Brandywine creek, in Chester county, Pa. Brandywine meeting-house was at this time used as a hospital. My father marched thither and took charge of it as superintendant, and I accompanied him.

We had not been very long at Brandywine meeting-house before the battle of Brandywine took place. This event occurred on the 11th of September, 1777. Although General Washington and the Marquis, (then General) de la Fayette and their brave troops were forced to retreat, yet Washington struck the iron whilst it was hot and did his part faithfully, for he attacked the British infantry, whilst in the act of fording the Brandywine creek at Chadd's Ford, and had it not been for the great superiority of numbers upon the side of the British, advantages would have been great and decided; and this Washington was well aware of, as the British soldiers when emptying their pieces could not load whilst they were in the stream, for they could not procure a resting place for the butts of their muskets; had they attempted to have done so their muskets would have been rendered useless by the water.

It was said after the battle, that the waters of Brandywine were reddened with the blood of the slain soldiers of the British army. The battle was fought so near to the meeting-house that the firing of cannon shattered the glass in the windows. I remember well that the

glass came rattling down constantly whilst any remained in the building. The wounded soldiers were brought in great numbers to the hospital. Those engaged in bringing them, drove as fast as they could possibly drive under existing circumstances, and upon their arrival they would hastily lift the wounded out of the wagons, place them on the ground in front of the hospital and return as soon as possible to the field of carnage for another load. To hear the wild and frantic shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and to see the mangled and bloody state of the soldiers upon the arrival of the wagons,—to see the ground all covered over with the blood, and blood running in numbers of places from the wagon-bodies, was enough to chill the blood in the warmest heart and to make the stoutest heart embossed in adamant to stand appalled. To see the distorted features, of those lion-hearted men, the most brave and noble souls, writhing in the most keen and inexpressible anguish, and that too in an hour when harshness of handling or removing in haste became not only necessary but was tenderness in itself, in efforts to save them from a lawless, inhuman and insulting, cruel foe. These were the hours of darkness and of sore trial. Those of us at the hospital carried the wounded soldiers into the meeting-house as fast as we could, and laid them to the hands of the surgeons who dressed their wounds as fast as possible and sent them off in wagons immediately afterwards towards Philadelphia. Oh! what a scene—who so dead to the emotions of tenderness as to be able to contemplate it with a cold and calculating heart? the man the woman, in whose heart there is a void—the heart that never felt or possessed the least spark of true and heaven-born humanity stealing over its surface, bending that heart upon the side of hallowed mercy,—the heart never watered with the crystal streams of faithful and exalted republican principles,—the heart that never has felt or possessed the all potent fire and flow of an imperishable, pure and glorious patriotism, or felt the grace of the Most High and its melting powers over the human heart.

The skirmishing engagements and regular battle lasted from day-light until almost sun-set. This battle was a hard one, the heat of the day was very oppressive, the men suffered severely and no doubt many soldiers died from exhaustion alone; the cry for water was the most distressing, soldiers would come to soldiers and beg for God's sake that they might receive but a little water to quench their burning thirst, and wherever *canteens* were beheld by these famishing soldiers slung upon others, a descent would be made upon them, and in many instances when assurances were given that their canteens were empty no credit would be given to the assertions, but the famishing soldiers would tear the canteens from off the shoulders of their possessors and examine them themselves ere they would be satisfied that they were empty. Many of those unsatisfied and perishing heroes returned again to the battle, and many no doubt died from exhaustion, others fell dead on the battle field from the deadly arms of their enemies, others fell covered with wounds and with glory contending with odds against them in defence of the untried liberties of an oppressed and struggling people, whilst here and there one perhaps whose iron constitution braved it out and survived every privation, hardship and danger and lived to see his country disenthralled, triumphant, exalted, happy and free, and in the hour of his departure from an earthly career of intense suffering and glory, expressed himself in relation to his country as did the good man of old upon an all-glorious occasion of joyfulness and glory. "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people, that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; to perform the mercy *promised* to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, the oath which he sware to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in HOLINESS and RIGHTEOUSNESS

before him all the days of our life. Through the tender mercy of our God ; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited these UNITED STATES.

Who would not prize the services, preserve inviolate and perpetuate the memory of such a soldiery, suffer, fight and bleed at their posts, until nature would become literally exhausted ; yes, until death itself would make an end of their sufferings, ere they would seek to satisfy the most pressing wants of their nature by a sacrifice of their high and proud duty to their country, in endeavoring to wrest her from the dominion of tyrants, by noble exertions and deeds of noble daring in Columbia's battle fields of glory. Who would not cherish in the most lively emotions of gratitude the memory of such gallant soldiers as these ? why, those who are now as they were to be found then, disaffected, black, rotten, shallow-hearted Tories, that would rather feed, clothe and help their country's bitterest and most cruel enemies to the extent of their every ability than to afford one lone, solitary comfort by way of relief to veteran soldiers and defenders of their country's sacred rights and imperishable Liberties. Does any suppose that such characters, foul and black, can have an existence among us in a Republican country at the present day. Yes, pocket Republicans there are, that instead of bestowing a comfort upon a veteran soldier, for their pocket's sake, would not only sell their country as did an Arnold, but if it would fill their pockets would aid in putting a crown upon the head of any man, that might be found so corrupt as to accept and wear one at their hands.

My father and his soldiers who were now under the command of Colonel George Ross of the 11th Regiment, remained at Brandywine meeting-house for the purpose of burying the dead ; this they continued to do, until a body of British light horse were beheld coming up at full gallop ; my father ordered his men to fly instantly to the woods, telling them at the same time to halt there, until he should join them ; he then bade me to run fast for the woods and take care of myself, whilst he was the

last to leave, I being pretty fleet of foot I halted within sight until the light-horsemen rode up in front of the meeting-house. I felt anxious to see what they would do. Upon halting they all dismounted. There was a dead soldier lying on a bench in front of the church, covered with a blanket; I saw a British horseman draw his sword as soon as he dismounted, and advance to the bench and run it through the body of the dead soldier. To speak in derision of the brave hero, this was a bold, undaunted and heroic display of military prowess. The beholding of this spiritless action satisfied my curiosity, and "*I heeled it like a major*" and was not the last of the party in gaining the woods. Upon the horsemen taking the route we had taken we were again induced to take to our "*scrapers*," I ran into a house where our Col. had boarded, and picked up a pair of boots that belonged to him and carried them with me. The retreat was ordered to Philadelphia whither we were now bound. We all became scattered in the woods after dark and my father and myself took our course across Delaware county in the direction of Philadelphia. We travelled some considerable distance that night and at last arrived at the house of a patriotic friend of Liberty—a good American friend, a true friend to the weary and despised soldier. This man gave us a hearty welcome to his house, took us in and gave us to eat and drink, and then conducted us up to his garret and made us a bed upon the floor, so that as he said if any of the British scouts should come they might not be able to find us. Here we rested our weary limbs till almost day light and then pushed on for Philadelphia barracks. We played rather hide-and-go-seek upon the road, keeping a constant look out for the British or British scouts, but we were not surprized by any of them in our route thither.

When we arrived at Philadelphia barracks, we found but a few soldiers there. I do not recollect whether General Washington arrived before or after us at Philadelphia, but think that he did not arrive there before us, as his march could not have been as rapid a one as ours.

He had halted at Chester for the night, only eight miles from the scene of action, and had his artillery and baggage to retard his progress ; it is, therefore, questionable in my own mind whether he arrived at Philadelphia on the same day that we did.

THE BATTLE DAY OF BRANDYWINE.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ.,

Author of Herbert Tracy, Rendulph the Prince, &c.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

In the southern portion of the county of Chester, along the borders of Pennsylvania and Delaware, the eye of the traveller is attracted by the luxuriant scenery of a lovely valley, inhabited by a quiet and peaceful people, whose speech is simple as their garb is plain.

A clear and glassy stream, now overshadowed by drooping elm or oaken trees, now open to the gleam of the sunlight, winds along amid the recesses of the valley, while sloping to the east, a plain of level earth spreads green grassy, winding with each bend of the rivulet on one side, and arising on the other, into massive, mound-like hills, clad with the chesnut, the oak, or the beechen tree, or variegated by the changing aspects of cultivation—the brown field of upturned earth, the green corn, the golden wheat or pleasant pasturage.

It is indeed a lovely valley. In the summer time, the ancient farm-houses scattered along the bed of the vale look out from among the rustic beauty of embosoming trees, and the verdure seems richer and more gorgeous in hue, the skies seem clearer and lovelier, and the hills arise with a more undulating grandeur, than in any other place ; while the meadows are gay with wild-flowers, and green with a spring-like bloom, that endures till autumn has waned into winter.

The high hills of the east glide away in richly cultivated farms, with a massive forest winding amid the bloom of cultivation, and flinging its small spurs of woodland

out into many a pleasant field, or along the quiet walks of many a lovely valley.

On the west of this rustic stream arise abrupt hills, covered with forests, more rugged and less gentle in their pastoral beauty than the opposite hills, yet interspersed with cultivated fields and ancient farm-houses, with here and there a shadowy glen, breaking away from the bed of the stream, or a lofty hill, thrusting its uncovered summit boldly forth into the sky, while around its base flow the waters of the world hidden rivulet.

This world hidden rivulet is called the Brandywine, and on the surface of its grassy meadows, and around the brows of the overlooking hill-tops, amid the wilds of the far-off hills and plains, did our fathers fight the battle of Brandywine, with good strong arms that knew no quailing, and good stout hearts that knew no fear.

THE TIME OF THE BATTLE.

It was in the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1777, when the torch of Revolution and the discord of Civil War had been blazing for two long years over the land—it was in the early part of the first autumnal month, that the fear of war, with all its terror and gloom, first entered the confines of this lovely valley.—A vague rumor of coming evil reached the blacksmith at his anvil—the farmer at his plough—it flew from hill-side to hillside, from the valley to the plain—it passed from farm-house to farm-house, and the echoes of the quiet Quaker temple were aroused by the sounds of solemn prayer to the God of Peace, that he might protect his chosen people in the hour of their peril.

For many days the rumor was vague and shadowy, but at last it became certain and defined in its character, and the peaceful denizens of Brandywine were told that General Howe, with seventeen thousand armed and disciplined soldiers, had made a landing on the peninsula of Maryland and Delaware, above the mouth of the Susquehanna, near a place called Turkey-town—that his ob-

ject was the conquest and possession of the city of Philadelphia, distant some thirty or forty miles—and that, for the attainment of his object, he would sweep, like a tornado, over the luxuriant plains and valleys that lay between his troops and the city; marking his course with fire and sword, and leaving the blasted field and burned farm-house in his rear, while in front of him fled the terrified soldiers of George Washington's army.

At the same time that this rumor reached the peaceful denizens of the valley, the intelligence of George Washington's approach was also proclaimed. It was stated by some that Washington and the continental troops were moving from the northward, to arrest the progress of the British invader: other rumors stated that he came from the direction of Wilmington, some fourteen miles distant; but all agreed in one point—that the quiet valley of the Brandywine was in a few days destined to be the chess-board on which George Washington, with his starved continentals, on the one side, and General Howe, with his well dressed and well-fed seventeen thousand British and Hessians, were to play a magnificent game of blood and battle, for the stake, which was nothing less than the good city of Philadelphia, with its Quaker citizens, its stores of provisions, and its Continental Congress.

THE CONTINENTALS.

It was on the evening of the 9th of September, 1777, that the peal of martial music first broke upon the ears of the Quakers of Brandywine; and presently there came trooping from the hills, towards the east, a band of men, clad in military costume, with bayonets glittering in the twilight air, and banners waving over head. They came with the regular movement of military discipline, band after band, troop after troop, rank after rank, breaking, with peals of music, from the covert of the hills;—but the horses of the cavalry were jaded and worn in appearance, the steps of the infantry were tired and heavy, and the broad banners of this strange host waved proudly

in the air, but their folds were rent and torn; and in its rear rolled the heavy baggage-wagons, conveying the sick and wounded of a score of battles and an hundred frays.

It needed no second glance to tell the valley people that this strange army was the army of George Washington. Poverty and freedom in those days walked hand in hand; and sleek skins and broad-cloth apparel were reserved for the readiest slave or the most skilful tool of the tyrant.

An omen of despair sat upon the American banner; and it needed no very active imagination to fancy the brooding phantom perched in thin air over the continental host, and chuckling with fiend-like glee, as he pointed to the gloomy past and the unknown future.

The main body of the army, with Washington and Wayne, took position on the level plain, sloping eastward from the Brandywine, at Chadd's Ford—the right wing of the army, under the brave Sullivan, took a position on the high hills, some two miles northward, along the course of the Brandywine; and the left wing, comprising the Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, were placed at a ford some two miles below Chadd's Ford.

Here you have the American soldiers, watching on their arms, from the eastern hills of Brandywine, for some four or five miles along its course, and watching earnestly and courageously, for the appearance of the well-armed and ruthless band of foreign invaders, foes or hirelings.

And where was the British army?

THE BRITISHERS.

On the very next day, the *tenth* of the month, the hosts of a well-disciplined army came breaking from the forests, with merry peals of fife and drum, the bugle-note, and clarion sound; and while the morning sun shone brightly on their well-burnished arms, they proceeded to occupy an open space of ground, amid the shadow of

the woods, at a place called *Kennet's Square*, some seven miles westward of *Chadd's Ford*.

How grandly they broke from the woods with the sunbeams shining on the gaudy red coat, the silver-laced cap, and the forest of nodding plumes! How proudly their red-cross banner waved in the free air, as though not ashamed to toy and wanton with the breeze of freedom, after it had floated over the fields of enslaved Europe, and looked down upon the plains of ravaged India, were the Juggernaut of British power rolled over its ten thousand victims—the mother with her babe, the father with his son, all commingled in one common massacre! Who would have thought that these finely built men, with their robust forms, were other than freemen?—that their stout hands could strike another blow than the good, honest blow of a free arm, winged by the impulse of a free thought?

Who, gazing on this gallant host, with its gleaming swords upraised in air, its glittering bayonets shining in the light, who would have thought that, to supply this gallant host, the jails of England had been ransacked, her convict ships had been emptied? that the dull slaves of a German prince had been bought to swell the number of this chivalric band, and that these were the men who had crossed the wide Atlantic—with what object, pray?

To tame these American peasants, who dared syllable the name of "Freedom"—to whip these "Rebel dogs"—such was the courteous epithet they applied to Washington and Wayne—to whip these "Rebel dogs" back to their original obscurity—to desolate the fair plains and pleasant valleys of the New World—to stain the farmer's home with his own blood, shed in defence of his hearth side—and to crush, with the hand of hireling power, the last hope of man's freedom, burning on the shrine of the desolated world!

And who could have imagined that the majestic-looking man who led this host of hirelings onward, the brave Howe, with his calm face and mild forehead—who could

have fancied that this was the man to whistle the war-dogs on to the scenes of sack and slaughter? Or that the amiable Cornwallis, who rode at his side, was the fit tool for such a ruthless scene of tyrant massacre? Or that the brave and chivalric sons of England's nobility, who commanded the legions of the invading host—that these men, gay, young, and generous, were the executioners of the hangman's warrant, that converted all America into one vast prison-house of convicted felons, each mountain-peake a scaffold for the brave, each tree a gibbet for the soldier of freedom?

THE BATTLE DAY.

The Eleventh of September. It dawned brightly and fairly, and the sky was clear and serene, the perfume of wild flowers was upon the air, and the blue mists of autumn hung around the summit of the woodland hills.

The clear sky arched above, calm as on the by-gone days of halcyon peace, the wide forests flung their sea of leaves all wavingly into the sunlight—and nature was the same as in the ancient time, but man was changed.

The blacksmith wrought not at his forge on that eventful morn—the farmer leaned wistfully upon the motionless plough, standing idly in the half tilled field, or else went not forth, at all, to labor. The peaceful Quakers of the valley flocked to their simple house of prayer—the Birmingham meeting-house, some four miles north-east of Chadd's Ford—and while rumor after rumor, fraught with intelligence of blood and battle, came floating upon the air, these plain sons of the Christian church, sent up their hearts to God, in voiceless prayer, for that aid and succor which had never yet been denied.

On the summit of a green undulating hill, not more than half a mile distant from the plain of Chadd's Ford, the eye of the traveller is arrested at this day, by the sight of a giant chesnut tree, marked by a colossal trunk, while the wide branching limbs, with their exuberance of deep green leaved foliage, tell the story of two hundred years.

Under this massive chesnut tree, as the first glimpse

of dawn broke over the battle field, on that renowned morn, there stood a band of men, in military costume, grouped around a tall and majestic figure, whose face marked him out as one of Nature's appointed kings and rulers.

Within sight of this warlike group, with a hill and valley intervening, lay the plain of Chadd's Ford, backed by the hastily-erected tents of the American encampment, and there, resting on their well-tried arms, were the brave soldiers of the American host, casting anxious, yet unfearing glances towards the western woods which lined the rivulet, in momentary expectation of the appearance of the British forces.

And while all was expectation and suspense in the valley below, this warlike group had gathered under the shade of the ancient chesnut tree—a hurried council of war, the prelude to the blood-stained toil of the coming battle. And the man who stood in their midst, with his tall form clad in the coat of blue, faced with buff—that man with the look of majesty and command—the open brow, and the calm, yet steady eye—who was he?

Ask the soldier the name—he shouts in the van-guard of battle—ask the dying patriot the name he murmurs when his voice is husky with the flow of suffocating blood, and death is icing over his brow and freezing in his veins—ask the mother the name she murmurs when she presses her babe to her breast, and bids him syllable a prayer for the safety of the father, far away, amid the ranks of battle—ask the mother the name she mingles with her tears—ask her the name she utters with the sigh, and the sob, and the tear of joy—the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

And as the sunbeams came bright and golden, through the foliage of the ancient chesnut tree, they fell upon the calm face of the sagacious Greene—the rugged brow of the unfearing Pulaski—the bluff, the good-humored visage of the gallant Knox—the frank, manly face of the brave De Kalb—and there, with his open brow, his look of reckless daring, and the full browned eye, that never

quailed in its glance, there was the favorite son of Pennsylvania, her own hero, dear to her history, in many and oft-told tradition, the theme of a thousand legends, the praise of historian and bard—the gallant soldier—mad Anthony Wayne!

And standing beside George Washington, was a young soldier, with a light and well proportioned form mingling the outlines of youthful beauty with the robust vigor of manly strength and physical power. His face was free and daring and chivalric in expression, his blue eye was clear, yet sparkling in its glance, and his sand-hued hair fell back in careless locks, from a bold and lofty forehead.

THE CAVALIER.

And who was he? Not a soldier in the American camp, from the Green Mountain Boy of the North to the daring Ranger of the wild Santee, but knows his name, and has his story at his tongue's end, familiar as a household word.

The gallant young Frenchman! Friends and country he left, rank and power he defied, fortune and hereditary right he flung aside; he crossed the ocean in peril and in danger, pursued by the storm, and surrounded by the ships of a hostile fleet. And why cast he friends, and rank, and hereditary right aside—why dared he the violence of the storm, and the danger of a death that watched his path like a spirit of evil destiny? Why sprang he so gladly upon the American shore? Why cast he wealth, rank, and life at the feet of George Washington, pledging honor and soul in the cause of freedom?

Find your answer in the history of France; find your answer in the history of her Revolutions—the Revolution of the Reign of Terror, and the Revolution of three days; find an answer in the history of the world, for the last sixty years—and in every line, you will behold, beaming forth, that high resolve, that generous daring, that nobility of soul, which in life made his name a sound of blessing, and in death hung like a glory over his memory—the name, the memory of *La Fayette*.

THE EMBANKMENT.

An hour passed—the council of war was over—and General Wayne looked from the embankments encircling a mound-like hill, that overlooked the plain of Chadd's Ford; he looked forth from the defence of a deep ditch and a high embankment, and his eye was fixed upon the wooded steeps that arose upon the western shore of the stream, steep and abrupt, crowned with forest trees from the very bed of the rivulet.

By the side of the gallant Wayne was Washington himself—in the rear, some two miles from the stream, lay Greene, with a body of the army in reserve; two miles below was Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia; two miles above, as far as Brinton's Ford, extended the right wing of the army, under command of General Sullivan.

Thus arranged, the American forces awaited the hour of battle. It was Washington's fixed idea, that the enemy would either attempt the crossing of the Brandywine at Chadd's Ford, or at Brinton's, two miles above, and in this opinion he was supported by all his officers.

Not an officer in the army appears to have entertained the idea that the British might possibly take a circuitous route from their position, seven miles west of Chadd's Ford, and attempt the passage of the river above the forks of the Brandywine, at Trimble's or at Jeffrey's Ford, and thus be enabled to take the right wing of the Continental force by surprise, attack it on the flank, and in the sudden flush of success arising from an unexpected attack, complete the route and dismay of the army of Washington.

This idea, I say, was not entertained by an officer in the army. The attack was looked for from either Chadd's or Brinton's Ford, and in the vicinity of these two points lay the American army, anxious and eager for the commencement of a battle, upon which hung the fate of the nation.

THE HESSIANS.

It was early in the morning that the glance of Wayne

was met by the gleam of sword and bayonet, from the woods on the opposite side of the stream, and presently the Americans beheld emerging along the brows of the opposite hills, the large, burly forms of Hessian soldiers, marked by a profusion of heavy accoutrements, the lofty cap, bushy with fur, the massive sword, the musket and bayonet, and the knapsack, strapped to the broad back of each soldier, with intricate crossings of cord and buckskin.

In an instant, the cannon of Wayne uttered a volume of smoke that rolled in folds of gloomy grandeur high upward in the azure heavens; in another instant had the rifle bands, under the brave Maxwell and the gallant Porterfield, sprang from the embankment down on to the meadow of the Brandywine; in another moment, the massive trees overlooking that quiet stream received the daring rangers within their shadow—they were met in mid-stream by the Yagers of the Hessian army, and then there was one fearful moment of death, of bloodshed, and horror. The shrill cry of the wounded arose for the first time upon the silence of that quiet vale—the smoke came sweeping upward from the depths of the green trees, and from the vast and gloomy folds darted the blaze of the rifle, whose aim was death, and the full and vivid blaze of the cannon, flashed over the plain like the lightning glare amid the clouds of the mountain storm; while far beneath in the middle of the stream, the opposing riflemen of either army met hand to hand and foot to foot, and fought with all the maniac energy of the man who fights for his own life and for the life-blood of his foe.

The Hessians were driven back. Foot by foot, and step by step, were they driven back. They were driven back to the opposite shore, while the blood of their dying crimsoned the stream, and the death groan bubbled upward to the surface of the water, as the victim was trodden down to the sand of the river's bed.

11 o'clock.

And then, pausing on their arms, the Americans awaited the renewal of the attack, but they waited for hours in vain. It was not made when eleven o'clock came, and the sun was rising towards his noonday height; and Sullivan looked anxiously and eagerly from the heights where he was stationed, for the appearance of the enemy at Brinton's Ford, but they came not; nor could his scouts give him any intelligence of the movements of Howe or Cornwallis.

General Knipphausen, he well knew, had made the attempt to cross at Chadd's Ford, and had been nobly and gallantly repulsed; but the larger divisions of the enemy—where were they? What was their plan of operations? Where would Howe appear, or in what quarter would Cornwallis commence the attack?

All was wrapt in mystery to the minds of Washington and the leader of his right wing. This silence of Howe and Cornwallis they feared had something of *omen*—dark and fearful omen—of defeat and dismay, for its explanation.

THE HORSEMAN.

Eleven o'clock came, and Washington with Sullivan by his side, stood gazing from an elevated knoll, about half-way between Brinton's and Chadd's Ford.

A horseman was observed riding up the hill side at the top of his horse's speed. His attire seemed to be that of a substantial yeoman, but he was destitute of a hat or coat; his dress was disordered, his face covered with dust, and, as he rode up the hill side, again and again he dug the spurs in the sides of his horse, whose eye glared wildly, while the dust and foam on his limbs showed that he had borne his master long and far.

In a moment the horseman flung himself from his horse, and rushed to the side of Washington. In hurried words he told his story, and his manner was warm and urgent. He was a farmer—his name was Taylor—he lived some miles northward of Kennet's Square—

early on that morning he had been aroused by the tread of armed men and the tramp of war-steeds. He looked from his window, and beheld the British army passing northward, General Howe and Lord Cornwallis were with them. He believed it to be the intention of the enemy to make the passage of the Brandywine at Trimble's Ford, and Jeffrey's Ford, some miles above the forks of the river—and then to occupy the high hills to the northward of Birmingham meeting-house, and thus having the entire right wing of the Continental forces laid open to his attack, Howe thought he might accomplish an easy victory.

This was the story of the farmer, and Washington would have given it credence were it not for one fearful doubt that crept over his mind. The surrounding country swarmed with tories—might not this be a tory spy in disguise? He discredited the story of the farmer, though he enforced its truth by an appeal to an oath, and even continued to utter it, with tears in his eyes—yet still under the influence of doubt and suspicion, Washington refused his credence to the story of Farmer Taylor. *This mistake lost the battle of Brandywine.*

Soon after this incident, Sullivan received information by the hands of Lieutenant Colonel Ross, that the enemy had just passed the forks of the Brandywine, some two or three miles above the Fork, five thousand strong, and provided with sixteen or eighteen field pieces.

No sooner was this information transmitted to Washington, than he ordered Sullivan to advance towards the Forks, and attack this division of the enemy. But as Sullivan is about to undertake this movement, fresh scouts come in, and report no intelligence of the British army whatever in the quarter named. The movement was postponed; and while Sullivan was thus shifting from one opinion to another, while Washington, with Wayne, was expecting the attack at Chadd's Ford, through this unfortunate contradiction of conflicting intelligence, the enemy was allowed to take a secure and

powerful position, some three miles north-east of Brinton's Ford, and some four miles from Chadd's Ford.

Let me transport my readers from this scene, along the banks of the Brandywine to one of the principal battle-fields of the day—the battle-field around Birmingham meeting-house.

THE BATTLE.

The word of command was given. It passed from the lips of Howe, and along the whole line streamed the blaze of musquetry and the roar of cannon, and around the hill-side circled the white smoke, in vast and airy folds, and then the death-hail rattled along the American lines, and the ground was strewn with the dying and the dead.

A single moment! The voice of Sullivan was heard along the American line, and from the heights to the south, a stunning report burst upon the air—the quick and piercing musket shot, the crack of the rifle, and the roar of cannon—and then the southern hills were wrapt in smoke and gloom, while the Quaker meeting-house was all alive with reflected blaze and death-shot, flashing from each window, from every nook and cranny.

Another moment! That loud shout—the clash of swords—what means it? The order rings along the British line to charge! And along the Continental columns it is given back, in redoubled echo, “Charge for your God, for Washington, and right!”

THE FIGHT, HAND TO HAND.

And then, while over hill and valley arose the dim and darkening smoke, sweeping from either hill, at the top of their horses' speed, the troopers of the armies met—sword to sword, fighting for life, they met!

Another moment of blood and horror! The Americans fight bravely—they fight, each man of them, as though the issue of the field depended on his separate hand and blow—but in vain—in vain!

The enemy swarm from the opposite hill—rank after

rank, column after column, they swarm, superior in force, superior in arms to the brave Continental yeoman!

THE CHARGE.

Again they advance to the charge—again they breast the foe—but now! They waver—they fall back—Sullivan beholds his right wing in confusion—back, step by step, they retreat, and now the fight thickens around the grave-yard and the meeting-house. They came rushing up the hill, the British troopers—swords raised, and steeds ready for the charge, they came sweeping up the hill, while the shout of carnage and havoc echoes from lip to lip.

Another moment, and they will have gained the grave-yard front. All is calm about the meeting-house—not a rifle-blaze streams from the windows—not a musket shot peals from the grave-yard wall.

On sweep the British troopers—behind them follow the infantry, with fixed bayonets—before them flee the Continental forces! The road-side is gained, and the gallant array are breasting the grave-yard wall—they are rearing their horses for the leap—a single instant, and they will have passed the barrier—when lo! starting as from the very earth, a long line of bold backwoodsmen spring up from behind the wall—their rifles poised at the shoulder, and that sudden and fatal aim securely taken!

How the faces of the bold backwoodsmen gleam—how their eyes sparkle as the vivid blaze of their pieces flashes over the wall—and around, falling from their steeds and toppling from their war-horses, are the stout red-coats, grimly grasping their swords, while over their prostrate bodies rush the advancing lines of charging bayonets.

The American forces rally for a moment—the combatants fill the grave-yard—that quiet grave-yard overhung by one gloomy cloud of smoke—the fight is fierce, and short, and desperate.

THE RETREAT.

The brave Continentals are swept before the superior forces of the enemy—again is Sullivan's division thrown into confusion—and now springing past over the bodies of Britisher and Continental, the hordes of the invader sweep on in pursuit of the flying host!

And as they sweep on, amid the heaps of dying and of dead that strew the grave-yard, there is one slender, yet manly form, stretched prostrate over a green mound, his back to the grave, his face to the heavens, while from his gaudy attire, near his heart, swells the current of his life's blood!

It is the grave-yard and the rustic temple of his dream; and the heir of proud Northumberland lays stark and stiff, side by side with the meanest of the British host!

They buried him where he fell. To this day, his grave—tombless and grass-grown—is pointed out to the wandering traveller, while the legend of his strange dream is told with a sincerity that marks its undoubted credence among the valley people.

And now Cornwallis shouts to his brigade in reserve, and now Howe whistles on the war-dogs in the rear, and the Continentals are in full retreat for yonder wood half a mile south of the meeting-house.

But that shout behind the woods—that peal of musketry—that tramp of hurrying legions! What means it?

WASHINGTON TO THE RESCUE.

Washington is hurrying to the rescue, and with him is Greene, and by his side fights La Fayette! Pulaski is sweeping on with his troopers, and then around the woods and over the plain, again dusks and darkens the mighty volume of battle-smoke!

The Americans face the foe—they drive him back—they leap upon the bayonets of the pursuers, and turn the tide of fight by one bold, gallant effort!

And around, and above, and beneath, is flame, and smoke, and bloodshed, and the legions of Greene sweep

on the fight, with the young Frenchman in the van, bravely flashing his maiden sword, and giving confidence and hope to the Continental forces by acts of almost superhuman bravery.

And that *form*—that *form* mounted on a stout steed of grey—that form towering above the cloud of battle—rushing in the thickest of the fight—that form with the calm face and the clear eye—that form seen between the flash of the rifle and the blaze of cannon. Is it the form of a spirit, or the form of an earthly king?

The soldier looks upon that form ere he levels his rifle—the trooper gazes upon that form, and he grasps his sword with a vice-like grasp—the legions shout the name of the form, and the troops of Pulaski send the name thundering to the skies, the dark and battle-clouded skies, as they sweep in that hurricane charge—the dying soldier raises his head as that form sweeps past, and murmurs, with blessing and prayer, the shout—“*Hurrah*—HURRAH FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON!”

THE TERROR OF THE FIGHT.

The contest was keen and desperate. The American right wing, supported by the division of Greene, was again driven back, and soon the Continental army was in full retreat in the direction of Old Chester. Washington threw himself in the path of the retreat—Pulaski flung his men across the road side, and endeavored to stay the torrent—the young Frenchman, the gallant boy of nineteen, rushed into the very jaws of the pursuing enemy, and implored the disheartened fugitives to make one effort more, to strike yet another blow.

All was in vain! While his arm was yet raised on high—while his voice yet arose on the air, and the shout for “Washington and freedom,” La Fayette was wounded above the ankle by a musket ball, and Washington rushing forward into the melee, was entangled amid the enemy’s troops on the top of a hill, south-west of the meeting-house, while Pulaski was sweeping on, with

his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager redcoats.

Washington was in imminent danger—his troops were fleeing to the south, the enemy's troopers were sweeping up the hill-side on which he stood, and beyond on a hill some hundred yards distant, was Pulaski with his men of iron, scattering a parting blessing among the British troops.

THE CHARGE OF PULASKI.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and its rider! He turned to his troopers, and his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron-gray and its rider.

There was but one movement! With one impulse the iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley, like an earth-riven thunderbolt—three hundred swords were glistening in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark frown on his brow, and a grim smile on his lip, in the very van, in the very front, rode Pulaski; like a spirit aroused from the depths of the earth he rode, and his eye was fixed upon the dappled gray and its rider—while the band had but one will, one look, one shout, and all was for—Washington.

The British troopers had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—and Washington was a captive, a captive in the heart of the British army!

But that trembling of the earth in the valley yonder—what means it? That terrible beat of hoofs—what does it portend? That ominous silence—and now that shout, not of words or names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the iron men when they scent their prey—what means it?

“Pulaski is on the track—the terror of the British army is in our wake!”

And on he came—he and his gallant troopers! A moment, and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed, bleeding, and dying, they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill—he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment, and the iron band wheeled—back they came, in that same career of death—with the shout and the yell they came—and, routed, defeated, and driven back, the remaining red coats fled from the hill, while the iron band swept around the person of George Washington—they encircled him with their forms of oak, and their swords of steel; the shout of his name arose on the air, and away toward the American host they bore him, in all a soldier's triumph and a soldier's joy.

THE RIVULET OF BLOOD.

And now our limits draw to a close. Why need we picture the disastrous retreat of the American army, before the superior numbers of the Britishers, toward Chester? Why describe the onslaught at Chadd's Ford, where Wayne three successive times drove back the Hessians, but at last was forced to fly? And as for the bloodshed, the havoc, and the ruin of battle—the ground strewed with wounded, the grave-yard filled with dying, the Quaker temple piled with dead—suffice it to say, that the British bought their victory with a good round treasure of men and blood—that they showed no disposition for a continued pursuit—that the Americans crippled their army, although they yielded the field of battle to their overpowering force of numbers.

It was in the full tide of the retreat that a party of Wayne's soldiers, some two miles below Chadd's Ford, sought the stream of the Brandywine, for they were tired and exhausted with thirst. They rushed through the overshadowing brushwood—they stooped to drink of the waters of the stream, but they started back with horror. The stream was red with blood—dyed and crimsoned with blood, and this for miles below the field of battle!

THE BLACKSMITH.

And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage. The hero was a stout blacksmith—aye, an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame hardened by toil, throbbed with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a La Fayette, or throbbed around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage-wagon from the battle-field, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, with a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The wagoner had arrived at a narrow point of the bye-road leading to the south where two high banks of rock and crag arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic—his coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arms, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

“I'll not get into your wagon,” he exclaimed, in his rough way; “but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on top o' that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up that? For you see, neighbor,” he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, “I never

meddled with these Britishers until they came tramping over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and so jist prop me up against that cherry tree, and I'll give em the whole three shots, and then," exclaimed, with an oath, "and then I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road-side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by, with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation: "That's for General Washington." In a moment the rifle again was loaded, again was it fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer: *That's for myself*," cried the blacksmith. And then, with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another officer kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith, "And that," he cried, with a husky voice, which strengthened into a shout, "*And that's for MAD ANTHONY WAYNE!*"

And after the battle was past, his body was discovered, propped against the tree, with his features frozen in death, smiling grimly whilst the right hand grasped the never-failing-rifle.

THE LAST SCENE.

"The music of the battle, the thunder of the fight—they have passed away; and the green field smiles in

the face of heaven and the grass-grown graves rest smilingly in the broad, bright beams of the noon-day hour."

The Voice of the Past.

It was a calm and lovely day in summer—the time was morning, and the place the valley of the Birmingham meeting-house. The place was lovely as on the battle morn, but forty-seven long years had passed since that day of terror, and yet the bye roads, the hills, and the plains, were all alive with people clad in their holiday costumes, and a long procession wound, with banners and with gleam of arms, around the base of Osborne's Hill, while in their front, the object of every eye, and every look there rolled a close carriage drawn by six magnificent steeds, and environed by civic soldiers, who rent the air with shouts, and flung wreaths of flowers and laurel around the pathway of the chariot.

Slowly, and with peals of solemn music, with the bright summer sun above, the carriage wound along the ascent of Osborne's Hill, and in a few moments, while valley and plain below were black with people, the prancing steeds were reined in at the very summit.

There was a pause for a moment, and then an aged man, with a wrinkled face and a sacred brow—an aged man, clad in the costume of the Revolution—approached and opened the carriage door.

A tall and noble-looking foreigner sprang out upon the sod, with the bearing of a man formed to win the hearts of men, with the manner of one of Nature's kings. For a moment he stood uncovered on the brow of the hill, with the sun shining on his noble brow, his expressive countenance, and his commanding form.

And then from plain, from hill, from valley, from the lips of ten thousand freemen, arose one shout,—a thunder shout, went up to the clear heavens—"WELCOME THE NATION'S GUEST—WELCOME LA FAYETTE!"

The stranger was observed to tremble with a strange emotion. He who had fought undaunted in the battle of that valley, forty-seven years ago, trembled like a child—the hero of two revolutions trembled—the terror

of European despots trembled, and leaned for support on the arm of the revolutionary soldier at his side.

Again the shout arose on the air—the free, glad shout of a nation's gratitude—and La Fayette, gazed from the height of that high hill, far over the surrounding country. There were hills crowned with woodlands—farms blooming with cultivation, and dotted with farm-houses—luxuriant vallies—level plains, green with the freshness of spring—and far away swept the magnificent landscape, basking and glowing in the summer's sun.

With one glance La Fayette took in this wide-scene—with one glance he gazed upon the ten thousand faces upturned to him with shouts and joy, and those who stood by his side noticed the tear standing in his eyes, while he murmured—“All—all—are gone now! All but me and thee!” He embraced the revolutionary soldier by his side, and then clasping his hands, with the irresistible impulse of a full heart, he exclaimed again and again: My God—my God!—happy country—happy people—happy country—happy people!”—And from hill and valley, and plain, again arose the shout—“Welcome the nation's Guest—welcome the friend of Washington, WELCOME LAFAYETTE!”

“Howe's original intention was to sail up the Delaware to Philadelphia, but learning that the Americans had obstructed the navigation of that river, he entered the Chesapeake bay and landed at the head of Elk river.

Anxious to prevent his approach to Philadelphia, Washington marched to meet him. Howe was not ready to leave the head of the Elk river before the 3d of September. On his advance Washington retired across the Brandywine creek, and took post with his main body at Chadd's Ford, sending out General Maxwell with 1,000 light troops, to skirmish with the British and retard their progress.

On the 11th of September, the British army advanced, crossed the Brandywine at different points, and attacked the main army of the Americans, who sustained the as-

sault with intrepidity for some time, but at length gave way.* General Washington effected a retreat with his artillery and baggage to Chester, where he halted, within eight miles of the British army, till next morning, when he retreated to Philadelphia.

The battle of Brandywine was the first in which La Fayette drew his sword in the American cause. He received a wound in the leg, but kept his position, and continued to cheer and encourage the troops to the end of the engagement. Several other French officers were engaged in this battle, as well as Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman, who had also accepted a commission in the American army.

Washington remained in Philadelphia two days, collecting his scattered troops and replacing his stores, and then proceeded towards Lancaster.

On the 23d General Howe encamped with the main body of his army at Germantown, seven miles from Philadelphia; and on the 26th, with a detachment of his troops, he took peaceable possession of the City."

[See *Frost's United States*, pages 233 and 4.

Shortly after our arrival at Philadelphia, I carried the boots (I had brought with me) to Col. ———, who came to his door and received them from me, saying at the same time you are a fine little boy, but never said as much as thank you, or offered me any thing to eat or to drink as a remuneration for my trouble of carrying them so great a distance to him. After delivering his boots to him, I returned to the barracks scratching my head,

* Mr. Marshall in his life of Washington, vol. 1st, pages 156 and 7, sustains Capt. Dewees' recollections and statements relative to the time the battle of Brandywine first began and ended. Mr. Marshall says: "In the morning of the 11th soon after day, information was received that the whole British army was in motion, advancing on the direct road leading over Chadd's Ford. The Americans were immediately under arms, and placed in order of battle, for the purpose of contesting the passage of the river. Skirmishing soon commenced between the advanced parties; and by ten, Maxwell's corps, with little loss on either side, was driven over the Brandywine below the ford. He also names the hours of eleven, A. M., 2 o'clock P. M., and at 4½ o'clock the most regular and warmest contest took place, and was not altogether ended until night caused a separation. It is true Washington was retreating at dark."

wishing at the same time that I had given them to the old farmer that kept us in our flight to Philadelphia.

At 11 o'clock at night on the 26th, General Gray, aided and abetted by malignant and demoniac tories, attacked the army of General Wayne at the Paoli, about 20 miles above Philadelphia, and drove in his piquets with the bayonet's point. This attack was made in accordance with Gray's horrid mode of warfare. He fell upon Wayne's camp in the dead of night and massacred 56 or 58 of his troops in cold blood before he could form his men to receive or withstand so arch-bloody an enemy. "Wayne (in the language of Marshall) instantly formed his division; and while his right sustained a fierce assault, directed a retreat by the left, under cover of a few regiments who, for a short time, withstood the violence of the shock."

These poor fellows fell by the hand of Gray and his soldiers as did Col. Baylor's troop of light dragoons the year after (1778) at Tappan by the bayonet alone, and under circumstances such as to affix the appellation of assassin upon that officer (Gray,) and to stamp him with cowardice and meanness, and to render him an object of just hatred in the estimation of every honorable mind.

"But in no instance did the enemy evince more ferocious, unrelenting cruelty than in their attack upon Colonel Baylor's troop of Light Dragoons. While asleep in a barn at Tappan, they were surprised by a party under General Gray, who commanded his soldiers to use the bayonet only, and to give the rebels no quarter. Incapable of defence, they sued for mercy. But the most pathetic supplications were heard without awakening compassion in the commander. Nearly one half of the troop [regiment] were killed. To many, repeated thrusts were given as long as signs of life remained. Several who had nine, ten and eleven stabs through the body, and were left for dead, afterwards recovered. A few escaped, and forty [the whole of the 4th troop]

were saved by the humanity of a British Captain, who dared to disobey the orders of his General."

[*Hale's United States*, page 180.

"Three days after this affair, Colonel Richard Butler, with a detachment of infantry, assisted by Major Lee with a part of his cavalry, fell in with a small party of chasseurs and yagers under Captain Donop, which he instantly charged, and, without the loss of a man, killed ten on the spot, and took the officer commanding the chasseurs, and eighteen of the yagers prisoners. Only the extreme roughness of the country, which impeded the action of the cavalry, and prevented part of the infantry from coming up, enabled a man of the enemy to escape. Some interest was taken at the time in this small affair, because it seemed, in some measure, to revenge the loss of Colonel Baylor.

[*Marshall's Life of Washington*, vol. 1, p. 270.

General Wayne did not invite, but demanded a Court Martial, which was granted; that tribunal honorably acquitted him, stating that he had done all that a brave and meritorious officer could have done similarly circumstanced.

The volunteer, military soldiers and other citizens of Chester, Delaware, Lancaster, Philadelphia city and county, and perhaps Schuylkill and Montgomery counties have purchased 20 acres or upwards, embracing the massacre ground, upon which a mound has been reared, composed of the bones of the butchered, around which a brick wall has been built, and in front of the gateway thereto, on the centre of the top of the mound, a marble or free-stone monument has been erected commemorative of that disastrous night to the brave and unsuspecting soldiery under the command of the bold and chivalrous Wayne.

CHAPTER V.

The original design laid and possessed by Howe after the battle of Brandywine was to bring General Washington to another battle, and for the purpose of giving location to the seat of war, under cover of his shipping determined to make a descent upon Philadelphia with the view of taking possession thereof. He accordingly pushed one division across the Schuylkill at a ford called Fatland, and another division at a ford called Gordon's. The American soldiers which were stationed to dispute their passage at these two points were forced to retire before superior numbers. Every obstacle in the way of a march towards the city being thus removed, General Howe with the main body began to move onward about midnight, and encamped on or near to the Ridge Road at some distance from the city. It appears that Congress and the people generally called for another battle in order to save the Capitol. Washington, however, whose calm deliberations were always found judicious, decided against making an attack upon the enemy, thinking it better no doubt (in the crippled and unprovided state of his troops) to postpone his attack, and suffer Howe to take peaceable possession of the city, then and afterwards to make a descent upon him in the strength of his might and serve a military ejectment in the use of powder, ball and bayonets, and dispossess him at once and perhaps capture his whole army. This was an enlarged hope no doubt in the bosom of the commander-in-chief, as will be gathered from the following:

“He had previously marched to give battle to his enemy, skirmishing had already taken place between the front of each army, but driven from action by an unusually heavy and cold rain, the gun-locks of the Americans were rendered useless, their cartridges became saturated with water, many of the soldiers were unprovided with bayonets. A fearful situation indeed with a well disciplined army in his vicinity and “scarcely a

musket in a regiment could be discharged, and scarcely one cartridge in a box fit for use." He studying justly the safety of his army, withdrew and encamped at Warwick Furnace at some distance from the British army. General Washington's reasons for declining to give Howe battle in disputing further his entrance into Philadelphia were conclusive."

[*Marshall's Washington*, pages 162 and 3.

Congress left the Capitol (Philadelphia) on the evening of the 18th Sept., and convened at Lancaster on the 27th of the same month. That body afterwards met at Yorktown, Va.

General Washington after having previously made many diversions against and descents upon the enemy for the space of the three months elapsing after the battle of Brandywine, one on the Delaware below the city, another at Germantown, and others at White Marsh, Three Mile Run and Chestnut Hill with different degrees of success, notwithstanding he was loser at Germantown, owing in a great measure to a very heavy fog, which operated against him, retired with his starving and almost naked army on the 11th of December into winter quarters at Valley Forge on the Schuylkill, twenty-five or twenty-seven miles from Philadelphia. Washington's army might have been tracked from White Marsh to Valley Forge by the blood from their bare and mangled feet upon the hard frozen ground. In addition to this, their sufferings from hunger were next akin to those endured at the hands of a famine.

One day previous to our leaving Philadelphia, I was out taking a walk around the city, on my return to the barracks I espied some fine looking cabbage in a back lot; I mentioned this to my comrades, and two of them and I agreed to go that night and procure a head apiece. Accordingly after dark we sallied forth and entered the lot, I had just pulled up a head and was leaning upon the fence waiting for my companions. Whilst in this position I was surprised and taken prisoner by a "*strapping big*" negro, who clasped my body fast in his arms.

At this moment my comrades ran away and left me in the lurch. The negro took me into the house, crying out at the same time "I have got a thief," "I have got a thief," and I had not only to bear this mortification, but another, for he made me carry the head of cabbage into the house in my hand. There happened to be some company with the man of the house that night, and I was plagued a good deal by some of the gentlemen that composed the company. Some was for having *this* punishment inflicted upon me, and some was for inflicting *that*. The circumstance of the negro having been bailiff and catching me as he did, created some fine sport for them. The gentleman of the house at length asked me my name. I told him it was Samuel Dewees. Samuel Dewees, (said he.) Yes sir, was my reply. He then whispered to one of the persons present, and then asked me where my father lived. I told him that he had lived in Reading. He then asked me what my father's name was. I told him his name was Samuel Dewees. He next asked me what business my father followed. I answered that he was by trade a Leather Breeches maker. By these my answers to his interrogatories, he found that he and I were second cousins, and he and my father first cousins, his father's father and my father's father having been brothers. This man's name was William Dewees, who was then the High Sheriff of Philadelphia county.

He upon finding out the family connexion, did not strive as many do to deny the claim of kindred-ship, but told me to take my cabbage with me, and to come back the next day and bring my knapsack with me, and he would give me some bread, meat, potatoes, &c. I was very glad, however, to get off as I did, and the least of my thoughts then were about returning. Still, I would have gone back again in a few days, but the British taking possession of Philadelphia in a few days thereafter, Sept. 26th, 1777, we were forced to fly from the barracks (situated in what is now the Northern Liberties and laid towards Kensington,) and from Philadel-

phia. We were ordered on board of the shipping which contained the sick, as also the soldiers which had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine. We immediately set sail up the Delaware river and landed at Princeton, Jersey. General Washington moved on with the main army to Lancaster.

The British after they took possession of Philadelphia and whilst they held it, committed great depredations upon the friends of liberty residing in the city and for some distance around it, farmers particularly, upon whose substance they were continually foraging. I recollect of hearing of one farmer who lived in the Neck and who was continually harrassed by marauding parties. He had made a kind of a closet or safe under the first and second steps of the stairs leading to the loft, and was able to displace and place the front of the step in such a manner as to defy detection. In this his wife kept bread, meat, butter, &c. &c. One day he was engaged in digging his potatoes, which were of the finest kind. Having taken his cart out to the field, his wife and children had gathered of the potatoes which he had dug up and filled the cart body. In the after part of the day a party of British came and began to fill their knapsacks with the potatoes which the cart contained. At this time there were the potatoes of a number of rows dug and lying in little piles from one end of the field to the other. He told them if they were minded to take his potatoes he thought that they might content themselves and be very well satisfied to get them for the picking up from off the ground, without taking those that his family had already gathered into the cart. They laughed at him for his presumption to talk to them in that style, and showered upon him a deal of opprobrious language as his remuneration for his counsel and potatoes.

After taking as many of his potatoes as they chose, they directed their steps towards his dwelling. He followed them thither. Their first demand was bread, meat, &c., and commenced ransacking in search thereof. He told them there was not any bread about the house.

This would have stood good for aught they could have done in their search, had not one among the youngest of his children, a child just able cleverly to talk, betrayed the place of its concealment. When he told them in the child's presence and hearing that there was no bread about the house, the child cried out: yes, father, there is bread in there, pointing at the same time to the first step of the stairs. This afforded the British soldiers a clue, and they were not long in making themselves the masters of the secret deposits. With the bread, meat, &c. hid in this secret cupboard there was a large crock of very fine candied honey, all of which became their booty, and was borne off by them to camp, leaving not as much in his house as a morsel of eatable kind to supply his children with a supper.

GEN. WASHINGTON AND PULASKI;

Or, the Unknown Warrior.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

SCENE.—*In the American camp—the tent of Washington.* TIME—*September 10, 1777—midnight.* PERSONAGES—*Washington, Pulaski and Greene.*

The sky is changed and such a change! Oh, night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet love is your strength, as is the light.
Of a dark eye in woman.—*Byron.*

Night had thrown over the earth its sable pall. The world was veiled in midnight darkness. The wind was high and blew a furious hurricane—and ever and anon the lightning gleamed luridly—and the distant thunder murmured hoarse and sullen as the Angel of Death, and it seemed to the beholder that the western horizon was a bed of living fire,—Pandemonium in miniature! It was a gloomy, cheerless night. The rain fell in such torrents that it seemed as if the windows of heaven were again opened, and the dark waters let loose on the earth, and there were strong indications of a second flood.

Such was the state of things the evening previous to the battle of Brandywine—and as General Washington sat alone in his tent, busily engaged in writing despatches and giving orders to his officers concerning the coming engagement, he was surprised and startled by the sudden entrance of a mysterious personage, closely enveloped in a dark military cloak which, as he entered, he abruptly threw aside, and unfolded to the view of the Commander-in-chief of the American armies, a figure of uncommon height and symmetry. The warrior, for such the appearance of the unannounced stranger indicated, was habited in a military costume. A long straight sword or dagger hung at his side, and its jewelled hilt showed at a glance that the owner was no common adventurer. In his cap were long plumes of a sable hue, which waved gracefully in the night breeze. His proud and lofty mien seemed to wear an expression of melancholy. His forehead was high and pale—though it had evidently undergone much exposure to the rays of a scorching sun—his hair, which was as dark as the raven's, was short, thick and hung in a thousand curls around his massive brow—and his eyes, which were deep set, black and piercing, as he gazed around, flashed like a tiger's.

As the warrior entered the tent, he bowed slightly to General Washington, but said not a word.

‘Who are you, stranger? your name and business?’ was Washington's first salutation to the intruder.

‘I am a Poland-er,’ replied the unknown warrior, ‘and am come to join the American army—to enlist under the star spangled banner and fight the battles of freedom.’

‘Eh! an adventurer?’ murmured Washington, surveying him with a look of distrust. ‘The noble looking warrior quailed not before the withering glance of the eye of the American General.’

‘I am an exile from my native land,’ said the Poland-er, ‘my country has been overrun by fierce barbarians. Many of my countrymen and kindred have been slain, contending in battle for their rights—and the rest, who were too proud and fearless to bow to the power of the

haughty conqueror, have been banished to gloomy Siberia, to toil under Russian tyrants, and drag on a miserable existence, more dreadful than death itself, in the horrid mines.

‘ I fought long to free my country and rescue her from the grasp of her ruthless invaders. I and my comrades contended for freedom till the last, but the foe triumphed. We were defeated, vanquished—our country ruined, our cities and villages sacked and burned, our temples desecrated by the feet of heathens and infidels, our soil polluted, our liberty and government subverted by the stranger, and our nation blotted from the annals of the world ; and now, I come with a patriot’s heart and a patriot’s sword, and offer my services, my all, my life, if it shall ever be requisite, in the cause of American freedom. I have left a land which was once dear to me, and it is no less so now, though it is lorded over by Russian despots with the most cursed tyranny—though its soil has been dyed, and its rivers crimsoned with the blood of my friends and relatives, degraded as it is, still it is dear to me, because it is my own, my native land. We called upon the nations of the earth for help in the day of our trouble, in the hour of battle we cried aloud for succor. When the Russian Autocrat, with his marshalled serfs and servile minions, Plaitoff with his wild Cossacks, and Suwarrow with his fiery legions were swarmed upon the banks of the Prague and the Vistula, and were closing around Warsaw to crush us, we called upon Europe and the world, in the sacred name of Liberty, in the name of God to assist us ; to help us throw off the yoke of the tyrant, achieve our independence, and repel the foe ; but we called and entreated in vain. The inhabitants of the earth turned a deaf ear to all our supplication, and permitted the haughty Russian with his countless host to overrun the fairest and the loveliest land beneath the sun, and humble, and conquer, and trample upon a brave and gallant nation. Now, I have no country, no home. I am compelled by fate to seek an asylum from the rage of tyrants in a foreign

land. I came here because it is the only spot on earth where I could hope to enjoy that freedom which is denied me in my own country, and here I thought I should find a home upon the sacred soil of America, the patriot's own land, where the Goddess of Liberty delights to dwell, to hover over its hallowed domain, and magnanimous sons, and shelter them with her golden wings from the wrath and oppression of the ignoble despots of the European world.

‘Say, great General, dare you repose confidence in me, stranger, foreigner, exile, and outcast as I am?’

At the conclusion of this harangue, the tall Polish warrior stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the reply of Washington, much in the same gallant and knightly attitude in which Gilbert de la Marmont did when he stood demanding in marriage the daughter of the haughty old Baron Von Issendoff, in the proud ancestral hall in his famous castle, on the banks of the Rhone, in sunny France, in the days of the old Crusaders.

Washington cast upon the warrior a stern glance, as if he would read the inmost secrets of his soul; but he cowered not before the General's fixed and steadfast gaze.

‘Oh! heaven,’ exclaimed Washington, starting up, and with a quick step walking back and forth, still scrutinizing the stranger, ‘who can I trust in these dark times? Can I confide in you, an adventurer, and an exile from your native land?’

At this crisis, Gen. Greene entered the pavillion; the tall Polander bowed, and the American returned the salutation.

‘You are a stranger,’ continued Washington to the Polander; ‘I know you not. I am unable to read the secrets of your heart. You may be a patriot—you may be possessed of honorable intentions, and incited to action by none other than the purest motives that ever swelled in the breast of man; and yet you may be our bitterest and most deadly foe. We are admonished by past experience, and by former precedents, to distrust all

till they have proved themselves our friends, and worthy of implicit confidence by their deeds of valor; and in these perilous times we hardly know who are our friends. For aught I know, you are a British General, come with a lie in your mouth, enmity in your heart, and a concealed dagger under your garb of pretended patriotism, to seduce us, spy our situation and then return to your master. It may be so. It is possible, nay, probable. But there is a frankness and sincerity in your language, a noble manliness in your expression and demeanor, that it seems impossible to be feigned, by even the most ardent villain, one most deeply skilled in deeds of sin and iniquity, the darkest and worst, but possessed only by a patriot, the truest and best. Stranger, we receive you into our ranks as a friend; we divulge to you our secret plans; we admit you to our councils, and reveal to you our hopes and prospects for the future, and if, by your valor, you serve your country with that fidelity and bravery which is characteristic of your heroic nation, and with the enthusiasm of your valiant countryman, Kosciusko, you will give us ample proof of your sincerity and love of freedom, and will satisfy us that none other than the Genius of Liberty animates and induces you to hazard your life in fighting the battles of the free. But if you betray us, if you turn traitor, and desert the glorious struggle in which you are now engaged, evil will be-tide you.—At to-morrow's dawn you will have an opportunity to manifest to the world your valor as a warrior and your fidelity as a patriot.

‘Yes,’ said Greene, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, ‘our vengeance will fall upon your head, our steel will pierce your heart, though you be guarded by a legion of British soldiers, though you were in the heart of England, in the palace of the British King.’

The countenance of the Pole did not even change during this speech, as the reader would naturally imagine, when such bitter insinuations and invectives were poured out so profusely upon one who had such pure, holy motives in his heart;—but his blood boiled, his eyes

flashed fire, and he expressed his feelings in all the warmth of Polish eloquence.

‘I call God to witness,’ said he, ‘that nothing but the purest patriotism and devout and sincere love of freedom inspires and incites me, and encourages me to enlist under the American banner, and bare my bosom to the sword of the Britons.—Ah, gentlemen, you will know me better when you have known me longer. I am PULASKI.’

It was enough. The spell was broken. The unknown warrior was no longer a stranger, for, although he was a native of another continent, his fame had been borne on the wings of the wind all over the earth.

The ensuing day, the 11th of September, 1777, is memorable in the annals of the American Revolution for being the one on which was fought the memorable battle of Brandywine. It was on that bloody day, according to the historian, that both the Marquis de Lafayette and Count Pulaski first drew their swords in defence of American freedom.

Pulaski was a brave officer. His name will go down with honor to the latest posterity, and will ever be remembered and venerated by the people whose liberty he contributed essentially to achieve, as one of those bold and fearless spirits who disdained to be a slave. No one can ever revert to the names of Washington, Marion and Greene, without paying a like tribute of respect to the magnanimous and patriotic Polander.

While he served in the American army, he performed many brilliant exploits on the field of battle. He was in some of the most desperate and sanguinary engagements in which the Americans had to contend with the veteran armies of England.

During the Revolution, Washington committed to him many important and perilous enterprises, in the execution of which he evinced much military talent and sagacity as a commander, and performed them with his usual bravery, fidelity and patriotism.

He acted a conspicuous part in the battles of Saratoga

and Monmouth ; in the former of which he fought bravely and hand to hand, and blade to blade with Count Delando, a German officer, whom he wounded and disarmed, but with his accustomed magnanimity spared the life of his vanquished foe.

Pulaski accompanied Gen. Greene in his Southern campaign, and on the 4th of October, 1779, a little over two years from the time that he enlisted in the American army, he fell mortally wounded, at the siege of Savannah. His career, although short, was brilliant and complete.

CHAPTER VI.

After retreating to Princeton from Philadelphia, we did not lie long at that place. From Princeton we went to Bethlehem, Northampton county, Pa. The famous battle of Saratoga was fought about this time, it having begun at a place called Stillwater, on the 17th and on the 18th of Sept., and finished at Saratoga on the 17th of October. Gates quitted not his grasp, but pursued, drove, pursued, harrassed, surrounded and hemmed in the enemy by a succession of noble, daring and brilliant movements, until Burgoyne surrendered his whole army, numbering about 6000 men, as prisoners of war to the American forces under his own command,—to Gates and his brave, firm and victorious band of conquering heroes. Burgoyne when he marched out, intent on measuring his forces with that of the Americans under General Gates—intent upon making a trial of strength and filling the measure of his threat, that he would “march through the heart of America,” his army amounted to 10,000 strong, losing 4,000 men from the time he commenced that trial of strength at the first battle of Stillwater on the 17th of September, until he surrendered his whole forces at Saratoga on the 17th of October, 1777.

Here it was (Bethlehem) that when the American soldiers drew their grog rations, the following toast was "*all the go*:"

Success to the States and the brave General Gates,
Whose conduct in History will shine,
In the year Seventy-Seven, by the assistance of Heaven,
He pulled down the pride of Burgoyne.

Whilst we laid at Bethlehem I went frequently to the Nunnery, (which was used as a hospital) to see the Surgeons dressing the wounds of the wounded soldiers.— Among the number I remember seeing two soldiers, one of the name of Samuel Smith, whose whole leg and thigh was dreadfully mangled by a cannon ball. The Doctors amputated it close up to the body. Smith recovered and learned to be "*a Tinker*." I often seen him after the Revolution. The other soldier was shot through the neck, the ball had passed in at one side and out at the other. He recovered, but his neck was always so stiff afterwards that when he wanted to turn his head to look in any direction, he had to turn his body therewith to enable him to do so. I often seen him also after the Revolution.

The fair daughters of my Columbia, daughters as well as mothers, in this and other sections of my country never stood aloof in the hour of suffering, but came forward in womanliness to alleviate the suffering soldiers, and smooth the hard pillows of the dying in their earnest and anxious desires to manifest that innate tenderness which they possessed in an enlarged degree. Nor was it to the wounded sufferers that the daughters of Columbia ministered comforts, consolation and aid. No! they spun, they wove and they made clothes and covered and fed a starving and famishing soldiery. This by the midnight labors often of their own patriotic hands.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION,

OR, THE NATIVE PEPPER-AND-SALT PANTALOONS.

"The following is a bona fide fact, taken without mendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will

show that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in the United States will read it, though I am afraid some of them, especially in the capitol of the country, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel, loom, &c. The first is the name of an old fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I immediately asked what garment was needed. She replied "pantaloon."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's backs, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin it and weave it in so short a time."

“I am certain we can, mother.”

“How can we weave it? there is a long web of linen in the loom.”

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and card while I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove, and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvements.

The good old lady closed by saying, “I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving my poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.”

“The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved.”

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers. With such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.”

“Come strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;
The red cloud of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings, and flies weeping away;
The infants affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare;
While beauty weeps, fathers, and lovers and brothers,
Who rush to display the AMERICAN STAR.

Come blow the shrill bugle—the loud drum awaken—
 The dread rifle seize—let the cannon deep roar ;
 No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
 No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore.
 Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters left weeping,
 Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair?
 Oh no—from her hills, the proud EAGLE comes sweeping,
 And waves to the brave the AMERICAN STAR.

The spirits of bold Davis, Warren and Montgomery,
 Look down from their clouds, with bright aspect serene;
 Come, soldier, a tear and a toast to their memory,
 Rejoicing they'll see us, as they once have been.
 To us the high boon by our God has been granted,
 To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far,
 Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
 And conquer or die by the AMERICAN STAR.

Your hands then dear comrades, round Liberty's altar,
 United we swear by the souls of the brave !
 Not one, from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave !
 Then Freemen fill up—lo ! the Striped Banner's flying,
 The high bird of LIBERTY screams through the air,
 Beneath her, Oppression and Tyranny dying—
 Success to the beaming AMERICAN STAR."

"After some skirmishing on the morning of the 16th of August (1777,) Stark commenced a furious attack on the royal forces. Baum made a brave defence. The battle lasted two hours, during which he was assailed on every side by an incessant discharge of musketry.—He was mortally wounded ; his troops were overpowered ; a few of them escaped into the woods and fled, pursued by the Americans ; the rest were killed or taken prisoners. Thus, says a British historian, in whose language we have chosen to record some of these events, 'without artillery, with old rusty firelocks, and with scarcely a bayonet, their militia entirely defeated 500 veterans, well armed, provided with two pieces of artillery and defended by breastworks.' This was not the only subject of astonishment with which the

Americans furnished their enemies during this campaign."—*Frost's United States*.

About this time, October or November 1777, the small-pox broke out in portions of the army, and my father was sent to take charge of the sick to a place where a considerable number of soldiers were encamped not far from Allentown, Bucks county, Pa. Upon my father's reaching there, a large house that had belonged to a Tory was converted into a hospital. All the soldiers that had not taken the small-pox, were immediately inoculated. My father had a room (in this building) exclusively to himself, and had the care of all upon him. He drew the rations for the soldiers and dealt out the same to them, he had to superintend the preparation of victuals, drinks, &c. for the sick, and assisted in nursing them in their sufferings.

My father caused myself to be inoculated with the real small-pox, and I became very sick, the cause of this, however, was with myself, I did not restrain myself as I should have done, I did not keep from eating salt and strong victuals, I would sometimes partake heartily of my father's cooked meats, &c. My appetite was keen, and I left nothing undone in my endeavors to satisfy it, even resorting to novel methods to obtain what was satisfying to it, one of which was to sharpen the end of a stick to a point, and after fixing a piece of bread upon it, I would hide it behind my back, and "*slip up*" to where some of the soldiers were engaged in cooking salt and fat meat, and watching an opportunity, would dip my bread into their pans or kettles, and then run away and feast myself upon it at my leisure. I recollect that once my father had some excellent gammon cooked, and had placed it for safekeeping in a cupboard which he had forgotten to lock, this I got at and ate it all, a mess sufficient for two hearty men. After this indulgence I fell very sick, and remained so for some time, or at least was a good while before I recovered my health properly.

My sister Elizabeth was bound out about 10 miles off, and my father having heard that she had had the small-

pox, went for her and brought her to see me, as also to attend me in my sickness. She remained here until I recovered, and I may state until we both left after the decease of my father, which took place not long after he brought her to camp. A word or two more relative to my sickness. I was very sick indeed, and suffered much although there were in all but thirteen pocks upon me, the rest having struck in (or had not come out at all,) in consequence of my own imprudence.

I had but got about again out of a sick bed, when my father, who was so constantly among the sick, fell sick himself, and died in the course of three or four days after he was first attacked. I cannot recollect what the disease was, whether pleurisy or fever. I believe, however, that it was the latter. I remember that the disease was not small-pox.

I have here a very singular circumstance to relate, relative to my father. In the room occupied by my father there was a fireplace, in which there was a fire, the weather being then rather cold. From that room we had to pass through another before we could gain the entrance that lead into the house. My father was very much deranged on the morning of the last day of his illness, so much so, that it required two or three soldiers to keep him in his bed. Towards noon he had become somewhat easy, and had fallen into a gentle sleep. During this interval of quiet, my sister and myself were sitting at the fire. When he awoke from sleep, he sprang suddenly from the bed upon which he lay, and dashed out of the room, passed through the entry, and out of the house. All within ran after him, in order to secure him and bring him back to his bed. The yard was a very large one, and in it stood a very large barn. We hunted about in the yard, and searched the barn over and over again, but could not find him. There were a number of fields upon the place, but there was one in front of the house, a very large one that extended from the house to the woods, and we searched for him in every direction, but without success. My sister and

myself were sitting at the fire mourning about him, and wondering as to what could have become of him. In the evening he was seen in the large field and near to the woods, distant from the house about half a mile.—Whilst we were fretting about him within doors, all at once a soldier cried out: yonder is something white (he being without any article of clothing except his shirt) near to the woods, and said that it must be Dewees. He with the other soldiers ran and found that it was my father. They brought him back to the house immediately. Where he had been wandering none knew, nor could any conjecture, but he must have been running about all the time, for his skin was very much torn by briars and thorns. When he was brought back he was quite sensible. It being late in the fall and the weather quite cool, he was very cold when he returned. Those that brought him back made him sit down at the fire, in order that he might become warmed. Whilst he sat down with us at the fire, he perceived us crying, and he told us that he was not long for this world, and bade us not to mourn for him. He then tendered good counsel to us, and commended us to the keeping of the God of Battles, whom he said was the orphan's God, and would protect us and take better care of us than he could, were he to remain with us. Some of the soldiers then helped him to get into his bed again. His words were true, for he died that night. The soldiers upon the next day made a box (for coffins were things almost unknown among us,) and placed him in it, and buried him with the honors of war near to some bushes which grew a short distance from the house. Other soldiers lie buried near to that spot also.

Whilst we were paying the last respect and duty to his remains, some unprincipled soldiers had entered the room we occupied, and taken a number of articles from his knapsack. The razors, box, brush, &c. which had belonged to my father were among the missing. This we discovered when my sister and I were gathering up his little effects (after we returned to the house) pre-

paratory to our setting out for the place where my sister lived.

We were now left orphans truly, in the camp of our country, and I may state without friends; to whom then could we look for proper protection? Upon the part of my father's comrades, there was manifested every disposition of kindness, but what could their united friendship accomplish for us. They were without money, the government had not the power to supply them therewith, and General Washington's every mental strength was aroused and in action to keep a naked and starving soldiery together; and who I may ask, but a mild, amiable, patriotic, bold, energetic and persevering Washington could have done this? No one. He loved his soldiers and sympathized with them, and he shared in their hardships. Yes, he soothed them in their sufferings, and they loved him faithfully. Who would have dared to have stood the injurer of Washington? He, yes, he who would have met the bared steel of thousands in an instant. The name of Washington was talismanic,—all potent and deservedly so, his presence animated and cheered onward to duty, and his speech was the index and mark-time command in marching to the accomplishment of that duty.

My sister and my brother Thomas were both bound out in the same family. I do not recollect that it was a Quaker family in which they lived, but believe that it was, as the inmates thereof had many of the habits of that people, this excepted, humane conduct, the offspring of an enlarged possession of the milk of human kindness. For the residence of this family, my sister and myself at length started, and where we arrived on the same day. In this family there was another bound boy beside my brother, and of about the same age of my sister. This boy and my sister were taken sick, and at about the same time. The sickness I do not know whether I ever understood properly what it was, but I remember it was some kind of a fever. Their sick-beds were in a room up stairs, and my brother and myself made a fire in the room and attended to them.

Not knowing that their sickness was of so dangerous a nature as to produce death, and not seeing any degree of fear or anxiety manifested upon the part of the family in their case, for the old people seldom visited them—my brother and self being young, wild and inexperienced were the more ready to sally forth in mischievous style, which no doubt caused serious reflections and regrets to both of us afterwards. They were flighty or delirious often, and it was fine sport to us to see them (after we would throw powder into the fire to scare them) jump up and clamber against the wall of the room. When they would rise thus, we had to put them to bed by the dint of our strength. This conduct was highly imprudent, and as injurious as it was imprudent. I dont wish to be thought attempting to excuse or justify it, for I could not if I desired to do so, but it was by far, more the effect of thoughtlessness and an unchecked spirit of good humored levity, than it was that of a wicked or wantonly cruel spirit. My sister grew worse, and on an evening not long after, she died. We had told the old people of her situation, but they manifested no great concern. When she was dying we called them, and they came up, but the vital spark was fast quitting its abode of clay. It sped its way to Him who is a Father to the fatherless, the orphan's stay and the widow's hope. The old people laid her out, and had grave clothes and a coffin prepared, and on the next day they took her in a light wagon to a Meeting House about a mile off, and they buried her in a grave yard attached thereto. My brother and myself accompanied them. This must have been late in the month of December, 1777, or January, '78. I remember that the weather was quite cold. The boy, although he lay very low, recovered his health again. The old people, I recollect, bestowed a good deal more attention towards him after my sister's death than they had previous. When I reflect now upon the little kindness manifested upon their part towards these two sufferers, I am ready to ask, how can any persons in life, that have come to the years of maturity, act so

undutiful a part to those that lie upon a bed of languishing and death? But are there not those to be found still, wherever we go, that have by their own unfeeling conduct in this sad extremity—this trying and dark hour, the hour of sickness and death, stigmatized themselves as cruel in the eyes of the humane, generous and just?

Affection possessed by brothers toward sisters, and by sisters toward brothers, how pretty, how manly, how womanly, how virtuous, how just, how all-pleasing in the sight of that Almighty Being who is all affection himself, and whose course of life whilst he tabernacled here, where persecution, sorrow, poverty and sore trial, even death itself, was meted out to him—whose course of life was all heavenly affection, ministering to the wants, bodily and spiritually, of even his most malignant enemies.

Let me exhort brothers to watch faithfully over the sick beds of sisters, and never for a moment to so far forget the duties they owe them, as to treat them with indifference or cruel neglect, but to let a tender hand and tender speech be ever extended to them. If the poets, but above all, if the Scriptures themselves call loudly for kindness and mercy towards strangers, how much more is it called for from brothers to sisters. Brothers! Sisters! pause in the solemn hours of sickness. Think, reflect and act; act as rational beings, and let the currents of tenderness bespeak nature's manliness—womanliness—and let tenderness and the sweet feelings of kindness in action be the offspring that shall be borne along upon those currents.

“ Thus hand in hand thro’ life we’ll go,
Its checker’d paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps, we’ll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend
Shall thro’ the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;

Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of Death."

I don't recollect whether there were sons and daughters belonging to the family or not, if there were I never saw any whilst I remained in it. I stayed there until towards spring. During my stay I helped to chop wood, feed and take care of the cattle, &c. I recollect one job which was mine twice each day, that of rubbing the legs of a mare with a rye-band, that had the scratches.—Sometime about the 1st of March I enquired diligently for, and found that the army laid at Valley Forge. I told the man I homed with, that I was going on to camp, he tried to dissuade me from my purpose. He said every thing to me that it was possible for him to say, in order to scare me, or fill my mind with fear. I told him that I would go, and that nothing upon earth should be able to keep me from joining my own regiment or some other one if I could but reach the army. When he found that I was determined to go, he gave me an eighteen penny piece for all the labor I had performed for him during the winter. I bundled up my little all and started early in the morning, bending my steps towards Valley Forge. I cannot remember the state of the roads at this time, but remember well, however, that my shoes were very bad. When I travelled more than half-way to camp, I became quite weary and hungry, and had resolved in my own mind that I would stop at the first house at which I should think likely to offer me something to eat. I had not travelled far, after I resolved thus, until I met a soldier. I enquired of him the way and distance to Valley Forge encampment, and asked him also relative to a house ahead, at which I might be likely to obtain something to eat. He then asked me if I had any money. I told him I had none. He said he knew better, and with that he caught hold of me and took my eighteen penny piece out of my pocket. I then started off from him, and ran as hard as I could, and being in a fretting humor at my loss, as well as in con-

sequence of my being very hungry and nothing in my pocket to supply me with food. Whilst running in this fretting mood, I met an officer, who asked me what was the matter. I told him I was going on to join the army at Valley Forge, and that I had been robbed by a soldier of an eighteen-penny piece, which was all the money I had possessed, and that I was then very hungry, and knew not what to do. He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a five dollar note (I do not recollect whether it was Continental or States-money) and handed it to me. He then bade me to hurry on beyond the first woods and that when I should get down into a bottom I would come to a tavern, and bade me to call there and get something to eat and to drink. His kindness made a deep impression upon me, so much so, that even now at this late day, after a lapse of nearly 67 years, he sits on horseback before me as plainly as he did then, the generous hearted, manly and brave looking soldier, on whose face the lofty frown of indignancy is strongly depicted.

After this officer gave me the money, for which I thanked him, he put spurs to his horse and rode on in pursuit of the soldier, whilst I went on my way rejoicing in a heart overflowing with gratitude to so brave and kind a friend as he was to me in the dark hour of my extremity. I soon arrived at the tavern, and done as the officer had directed me, and soon had victuals served up before me. I told the landlord and his wife how badly the soldier had treated me. After I had made a hearty meal, I offered to pay them for it and some drink, but they would not take any money from me.—Perhaps my having told them of the affair or that of my seeking the camp in my boyhood, or both induced them to refuse any remuneration.

I had not been a great while there, and as I was about to start, I espied the same soldier that robbed me advancing towards the house, and was all covered over in front with blood, and being no little afraid at seeing him in this plight, thinking at the same time that he might

fall upon me by the way and kill me for having informed the officer of his conduct. I ran back through the house and went out at a back door, and I think that I did not stop running until I arrived at the encampment at Valley Forge. I never knew how it was that he became so bloody, but had good cause to believe that the officer who was so kind to me, had overtaken him and struck and cut him with his sword, for when he left me he was very much exasperated at his dastardly conduct in robbing me (then a boy) of my money.

CHAPTER VII.

Upon my arrival at Valley Forge encampment I immediately enquired for the 11th regiment, it being (as I have before stated) the regiment to which my father and myself were attached. Having found where it laid, I went in search of a Sergeant-major Lawson, an old comrade of my father, whom I soon found. He was very glad to see me, but very sorry to hear of my father's death. I told Sergeant Lawson how ill I had fared through the past winter, how little compensation I had received, and of that little having been taken away from me. I next told him how generously I had been befriended by the officer that I met afterwards. In the course of a day or two Sergeant Lawson made known my case to Colonel Richard Humpton, who took me to be his waiter. With Colonel Humpton I fared very well. The Colonel was an Englishman, and had held a Captain's commission in the old British service in America, but upon the breaking out of the Revolution, he took his stand upon the side of the colonies, and joined the patriotic army in defence of the rights and liberties of the colonies. Colonel Humpton had a young lady with him, whom he called his niece, but who became his wife in marriage shortly after the Revolutionary

war was ended. This young lady he was in the habit of placing to home at some distance from the camp and from danger, and with her he placed me to wait somewhat upon her, and to take care of her. Miss Elizabeth, although of high extraction, was quite unassuming and of industrious habits. She differed (as did all our Revolutionary mothers and daughters) from the ladies generally of the present day. She did not think it unbecoming or degrading to understand and do the duties of housewifery. She did her own sewing and washed and done up her own, the Colonel's and my linen, &c.

Relative to her acting the part of washerwoman, I can speak confidently, for upon her wash days I always bore a part in her labors, and washed for her (as the saying is) "*like a major*." At one time he homed her in the family of a Dutchman not far from the Lehigh river. The Colonel sometimes joined us. The Dutchman was fond of fowling, and often used an English gun belonging to the Colonel, the touch-hole of which was bushed with gold. There was a large pond (or mill-dam) on or near to his farm, and it was much visited by wild ducks. This Dutchman often rose before day and went out and laid in an ambuscade and waited their approach. He being a good shot, would often kill numbers of them, and generally divided the spoils with the Colonel.

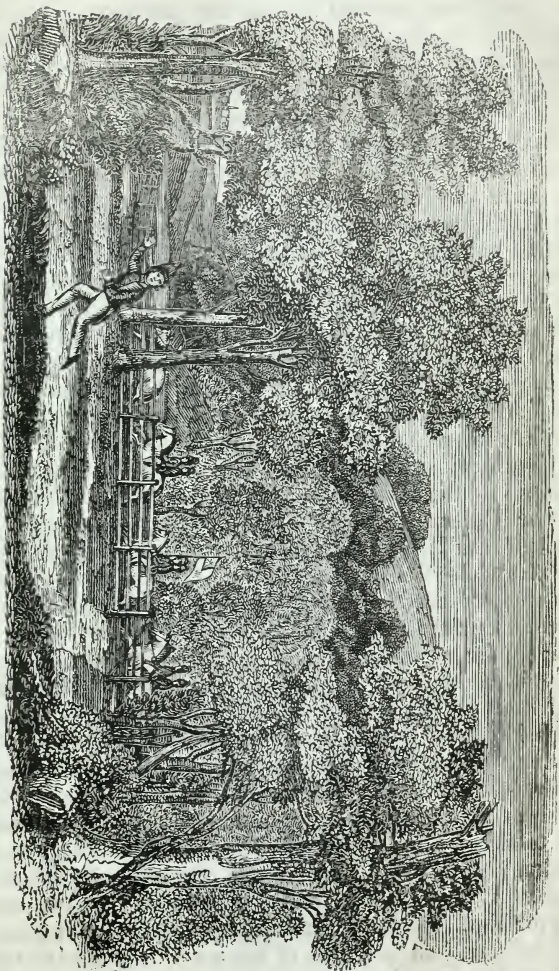
The next place where he placed her to home was near to Somerset Court House, in Jersey. The Colonel had a wagon, four horses and a driver allowed him, and in this he sent his niece, myself and all his baggage to the above named place. The team was again driven to camp.

Whilst we homed at Somerset Court House, a British officer had been captured and placed in the Court House, which was guarded by American soldiers. One morning after getting out of bed about sun up, I noticed some men coming at a distance, and thought that they were American light horse. I immediately ran down towards a large gate at the road side, in order to see them, supposing at the same time that I might know some of

them. I had gotten within a rod or two of the road as the front passed me. They were moving very slowly, and some of them looked at me. Casting my eyes towards the rear, I discovered by their regimental coats that they were British dragoons. I at this moment bethought me that I was dressed in a Fifer's regimental coat and cap, with horse or cow tail hanging thereon, and instantly dashed away in an angling direction across the field, and as swiftly as I could, not daring to look at or to stop at the house to awake Lady Elizabeth, but ran until I gained the elevation in the fields, towards the woods. Quickly after I had commenced to take "*French leave*" of them, I looked around and discovered that they were moving very fast. Whether it was seeing me running at such a speed, that caused them to gallop off so furiously as they did, I know not. They might have thought that I ran to give intelligence to some detachment of soldiers not far off, and that they knew not was stationed in the neighborhood. But if they had thought that I was making an instrument of myself for this purpose, they might have hindered me by shooting me, and there was the gate, at it they might have entered the field and captured or killed me. When I arrived near to the woods I looked around me, and discovered Somerset Court House all in a blaze. I feel confident that not more than 15 minutes had elapsed from the time they passed me until the Court House was thus enveloped in flames. Before they fired the building, they released the British officer, and sent him off by another route.

Here I must remark that the Giver of all good was merciful to me in preserving me, an unarmed lad, and consequently without the power of selling my life at as dear a rate as I should have liked to have done, had I been attacked under any circumstances that would have enabled me to have fought in self-defence. I acknowledge the interposition of the strong Arm of the Lord of Hosts, for this same marauding band of assassins killed several unoffending and innocent persons in cold

Captain Dewees escaping from a company of British Dragoons.—See page 148.



blood on that same day, among the number a young man who had been married but the day previous. I was in their power, for I was within a shorter distance than pistol shot. Shortly after I gained the woods, I beheld people with wagons containing their families and moveables, fleeing from the town and from danger. I staid out all day and knew nothing of the fate of Miss Elizabeth until I returned in the evening. She upbraided me in a very harsh manner for leaving her, and threatened that as soon as Colonel Humpton should arrive, she would get him to flog me severely. The Colonel, however, commended me highly when he did arrive; he stated to her that I had acted with more sense and caution in the matter for her safety than she could or would have done herself, "for had Sammy (said he) ran to the house, they might have followed him, captured you, and recovered my old British regimentals and papers, which might have betrayed me into their power. She was of a forgiving disposition of heart, and before he arrived she had no doubt revoked her hasty decision. She spoke to the Colonel of my conduct upon that occasion, but did not ask him in my presence to chastise me for it.

The Colonel's harshness at all times was of rather a momentary cast. It would not have been a matter of great surprise to myself if he had flogged me at her instance, for upon the day of his arrival an accident occurred, which was well calculated in itself to have fretted him. He had a very valuable *slut* that he had brought from England with him, and which his niece had with her on the farm where we resided. A dog in the neighborhood, which was in the habit of killing sheep, was often seen lurking about the premises. I had determined to shoot him if possible, and had procured a large leaden bullet which I had made into *slugs* for the purpose. With my piece loaded with these I laid in waiting for him. He at length came near and the slut springing forward just as I was in the act of pulling the trigger of the gun she received one of the slugs into her head just above one of her eyes, and which caused her to

reel about for sometime, I thought at first that I had really killed her, but she was but little injured by it. I recollect that the Colonel besides cutting the slug out of her head, pulled my ear well for me, as my punishment for the injury I had done; this, however, was a much lighter punishment than that which I should have endured within my own breast, had I been so unfortunate as to have killed her.

The Colonel always seemed to relent his conduct of severity towards me, and so certain as he dealt in any way harsh with me he would shortly afterwards sing out "boy," and when I would go to his room he would hand me a bowl containing some "*good stuff*"—liquor (of which he always kept the best) saying "my lad" here is something to drink. This was a habit so peculiar with him and so uniform that his cook would often say to me when the Colonel pulled or boxed my ears, now Sammy we 'll get a good grog shortly, and so it was too; and often when the Colonel was absent the cook would say to me, "Sammy, I wish the old fellow would come home and you would do some mischief, for then we would get a good grog." Folks were not much worse in heart then, than they are now; but they were better fellows of their grog then, than they are now. I could divide with the cook and the cook could as generously divide with me.

From Somerset Court house, Colonel Humpton removed us to one Garret Van Zandt's, (not far from Coryell's Ferry) whose farm was worked by one Eber Addis. Coryell's Ferry is situated in Jersey, not very far from Trenton.

The Colonel had a grey horse which had belonged to the adjutant of the regiment (his name was Huston,) who had been shot from off him at the battle of Germantown. Huston having been killed when in the rear of the line, it was supposed that he was shot by some of his own men; he was said to be a rascally and tyrannical officer and from the fact also, of his having been often threatened by his own men (among themselves,) that

he would be the first to fall in battle. Huston, after he was shot (although shot dead) hung sometime on the back or rump of his horse before he fell off. As some confusion took place in consequence of the great fog, on the morning of the battle of Germantown, it is possible that he may have fallen through mistake as others of the American soldiers did by the hands of their own companions in arms.

Whilst we were at Van Zandt's, a boy belonging to Van Zandt (and about my own age) and myself undertook to run our horses at times, and to jump them over a pair of bars in order (besides the amusement it afforded us) to see which could make the most lofty leaps, he upon a horse that belonged to Van Zandt, and I upon the Colonel's grey charger. With good judges and a purse up, I would have been sure of drawing it with the Colonel's horse.

For this mischievous frolic of the boy and myself, I recollect that the Colonel not only reprimanded me harshly but in addition pulled my ear severely.

The Colonel set great store by this horse and such manœuvres as ours might have rendered him useless, jumping him over such high obstacles, was well calculated to break a leg or otherwise injure him, and besides this, we "*stood a good chance*" to have broken our own necks at the same time.

CHAPTER VIII.

From Van Zandt's, I was detached for a time to Washington's camp not far from Stoney Point. At this time (about the 1st of July, 1779,) an expedition was fitted out against Stoney Point, a strongly fortified post on the Hudson river; this expedition was entrusted to the brave General Anthony Wayne. I was one of the musicians attached to the detachment. I do not recollect the num-

ber of men composing our detachment, but suppose it might have contained from 500 to 700 men. The number might have been much greater, and besides other covering detachments might have been out also. When about to set out upon the march sometime in the afternoon, drums were beating, colors flying and soldiers huzzaing—each soldier full of spirit and entering largely into the spirit of the enterprise and full of expectation as to the wished for results. The order was at length given to march, and as we progressed therein we were ordered not to suffer our drums to make any noise, and on each man was enjoined the most perfect silence. A halt was called a little after sun-set, and I can recollect very distinctly that we were then so near to Stoney Point, as to be able by climbing up into the tops of trees, to behold the British soldiers walking backward and forward at the fort. I for one amused myself very much in eyeing them at a distance. General Wayne ordered the detachment on in silence, leaving the musicians (or at least a portion of them) myself included in the number behind him.

In going into battle it was customary for the Drum and Fife Majors to send a “Field Drummer” and “Field Fifer” along and among their duties this one, the beating a signal tune for an *advance*, another as a *retreat*, and a third as a *parley*, &c.

As night closed in upon us, our British brethren became totally lost to our view; more lost to view than we, left behind could have wished, and whilst we were in the tops of trees and could behold them, we were wishing that we could have been permitted to have accompanied the detachment through all its movements. What our state of feelings would have been, had we been along and the detachment made to smell powder in its war strength I now not, but imagine that we would have strove to have joined in singing out (as they did upon a subsequent occasion) the long to be remembered watchword of “remember the Paoli.” In the course of two or three hours the detachment returned to us again, the expedition having proved a failure, for in the midst of

all the caution upon the part of our commander and the brave soldiers under his command, the British discovered them sooner than it was expected they would have done. Whether this was through the instrumentality of scouts or of their piquet guards, I do not remember. General Wayne knowing well that this was a remarkably strong position, and knowing well also the bold and hazardous nature of the enterprise, had the hope that he could have pushed his men on in quick time in order to gain the walls ere they should have been subjected to any great fire from the enemy. Our General being thus far frustrated in his design saw proper to abandon the design of attack for the then time being, ordered a retreat to the American camp, but if he did, he successfully carried his purpose about two week's afterwards in a second expedition on the night of the 15th of July. I was not permitted to join in this latter expedition, having been sent back (ere that day arrived) to Van Zandt's again. Its execution was again given to (Gen. Wayne and) the light infantry, with a brigade as its cover, and Major Lee and his dragoons as reconnoitering supporters. This was a daring assault and complete success crowned the bold effort. The American soldiers, preceded by a forlorn hope of 40 men in two divisions, having rushed forward up the precipice and gained the walls or outer barricades, which consisted of several breast-works and strong batteries, which were constructed. In advance of these and below them, two rows of abattis had been constructed also. The attack was made about midnight and the works taken by storm, although the assaulters were subjected to a tremendous discharge of grape shot and musketry—General Wayne made a desperate attack with unloaded muskets and had therefore to depend for success entirely upon the bayonet's point. After a short but very obstinate defence the fortress was carried by storm, and the garrison surrendered. Wayne killed 63 in the attack, among which were two officers, captured 543 British soldiers and became possessed of a considerable quantity of ordnance, ammunition and

military stores. This was a most gallant exploit—few if any were more so, during the revolutionary struggle. It was looked upon as among the most brilliant achievements of the American arms, Wayne (it was said) when passing through a deep morass, previous to his gaining the bottom of the ledges of rocks up which a portion of the detachment passed, sunk deep into the mire and in pulling his foot up, pulled it out of his boot, he then stooped down and plucked his boot out of the mud and carried it in his hand and pushed his men forward in his stocking foot, not even taking time to draw it on. In taking this post General Wayne was slightly wounded in the attack, but recovered and pushed forward and animated his men by bold language, as well as by the undaunted courage he displayed. “Remember the Paoli” was their watch-word, in addition to the watch-word of Major Posey, uttered when he first mounted the works, “the Fort’s our own.” The conduct of General Wayne, his officers and men under his command reflected a proud honor and shed a lustre of hallowed glory around the occasion. The cold and bloody massacre at the Paoli was fresh in their recollections, and although the retaliating watch-word “remember the Paoli,” was reiterated by officers and men, yet glorious to say, not a man was injured in his person by Wayne, his officers and soldiers after resistance ceased.

A short time after this success another followed, that of the capture of Paulus-Hook. The expedition against this post was entrusted to General Lee, and it was an enterprise equally hazardous with that of Stoney Point. Lee with several detachments amounting in all to about 1100 men, the most of whom were posted at different rods as covering parties to secure his retreat. The works were strongly constructed and were well guarded, but Lee with his brave companions in the enterprise entered their works by storm and captured 160 prisoners with a loss of two Americans killed and three wounded.

These brilliant achievements elevated the spirits of

the American soldiery every where and elevated their character greatly. They braced the friends of Liberty throughout the colonies and gave spring to their actions; elevated the fame of our military in the eyes of our enemies and taught them, that although we were "buckskin boys," we could go as far and as boldly and fearlessly to the work voluntarily, without proper pay, proper food and clothing for Liberty's sake, as they "invincibles (as they often styled themselves) could for the crown or for the love of conquest with pay and an "unequalled discipline," and the "most skilful and unsurpassed officers" of their British legions; in short, these bold exploits animated officers and men, they stimulated Congress to a more enlarged action, they gave us confidence at home and they elevated us abroad, and reduced our enemy's force; they taught them lessons of honor and humbled their pompous and stinking pride.

On the 22d of August, '79, General Sullivan marched with a large detachment against the Indians of the valley of the Wyoming, then engaged in the most horrid and fearful destruction of the frontier settlers—the Indians were instigated to these savage barbarities by the British. Among these were six whites that for savage and awfully malignant propensities, inciting them to bloody and murderous deeds could scarcely have been equalled or possessed by the red men of the forest whom they led on and instigated to commit the most appalling atrocities. General Sullivan penetrated their territory with an army of about 5,000 men and encountered about 1500 Indians, including 200 whites, lodged behind a breast-work of nearly half a mile in length constructed upon an eminence with its right extending to a river. General Sullivan having disposed of his troops in proper order gave the signal for an attack; Major Par led the advance and a continual skirmishing was kept up between this corps and those of the Indians that ventured out of their works.

General Hand with the infantry aided by the artillery, made a vigorous and spirited attack on the works in front, whilst General Poor with infantry and riflemen

rushed up the hill and turned the enemy's left and made a mighty charge upon them in his rear. The conflict was a severe one, although the American loss did not exceed thirty. The loss of the Indians on the occasion was much less than could have been expected. General Sullivan, however, pushed his conquest until he drove them to some considerable distance beyond their settlements, enforcing as he went the very severe and (seeming) cruel but highly called for necessary orders he had received from government, "to render the country completely uninhabitable for the present." He destroyed their "houses, corn-fields, gardens and fruit-trees."

My view of the course I beheld, so fully expressed by Mr. Marshall in his most excellent work, the life of General Washington; a work that all families, able to possess should lose no time in procuring, it is a rich textbook of revolutionary doings—I take the liberty of presenting his views in an extract. I do it the more willingly in my desires, to aid in silencing what I consider a false clamor raised against the course pursued by our young Republic towards the aborigines of the vast wilderness wilds of America. I could not, nor would I knowingly dare for a moment to back injustice against innocence. Nor would I dare for a moment to back that injustice, or that unjust course which would give to the foreign enemies of my birth-land even a temporary foothold within my country—the employment of an Indian ally, or a hiding place therein through their trinket purchased instrumentality. It must be remembered that the year before (1778,) had been marked by one among the most awful Indian massacres that perhaps ever fell to the lot of any historian to record.

"The devastation of the country has been spoken of with some degree of disapprobation; but this sentiment is the result rather of an amiable disposition in the human mind to condemn whatever may have the appearance of tending to aggravate the miseries of war, than of reflection; circumstances existed which reconciled to

humanity this seeming departure from it. Great Britain possessed advantages which ensured a controlling influence over the Indians, and kept them in almost continual war with the United States. Their habitual ferocity seemed to have derived increased virulence from the malignity of the whites, who had taken refuge among them; and there was real foundation for the opinion that an annual repetition of the horrors of Wyoming could be prevented only by disabling the savages from perpetrating them. No means in the power of the United States promised so certainly to effect this desirable object, as the removal of neighbors whose hostility could be diminished only by terror, and whose resentments were to be assuaged only by fear."

General Sullivan after remaining some time in the Indian country and endeavoring to overawe the savages to an implicit submission, returned to Easton, Pa. This expedition had a direct tendency to cripple the Indians in that quarter and deter them from committing any very great depredations for some considerable time thereafter.

History informs us that in the region of country on the Alleghany river above Pittsburgh, a strong force was despatched in order to overawe the Indians and protect the whites from the scalping knife and tomahawk of the ruthless hordes of savages that were cutting off the inhabitants of that quarter.

I do not recollect any thing that transpired worthy of notice after I returned to Van Zandt's until I was again transferred from there by the orders of Colonel Humpton, sometime during the fall of 1779, to some military post not far distant from West Point, where I remained for the most part (except when detached for a time to Crown Point) until after the execution of Major Andre, Adjutant General of the British army, who was hanged as a spy in the fall of 1780.

CHAPTER IX.

When we arrived at West Point, it seemed to me that there was nothing in the country but encampments and none other inhabitants but soldiers. It was a strong and important Military Post. Here the Commander had concentrated a very great force. Soldiers were often arriving and often departing. There were a number of Forts in the vicinity of West Point, Forts Lee, Putnam, Arnold, Defiance. * * * * *

These Forts were situated on high bluffs near to and commanding the North river. Our encampment was on the high or level land nearly a mile from the river.—There were two or three brigades of soldiers laid here. New Windsor (now perhaps called Newbury) was about 5 miles up the river, and was a great apple market, and to which many of us (soldiers) often repaired to purchase apples.

The parade ground attached to our encampment at this post, was the prettiest I ever saw any where during the Revolution. The soldiers quartered in *log huts*. These huts were built in two rows, with 15 or 20 feet space between the rows, and extended for more than a mile. Very many of these huts were built at the time I was there with my father in 1777. The duty of the “Camp-colour men” were to level the parade ground and keep it swept clean every day. West Point was a strong military post. It is true it might have been captured by a very strong force even at this time, with all the military force concentrated there, but in consequence of there being so many forts along the river and other almost impregnable barriers, it could justly have been termed a strong position. Below or opposite to the lower forts a great iron chain was stretched across the river from shore to shore, and rested upon buoys or upon timbers to bear it up to within a proper distance of the surface of the water. The object of placing this chain across the river, was to bar the enemy’s shipping from

ascending the river. I am fully of the opinion that each link composing this chain was from 3 to 4 feet in length, and from 3 to 4 inches in thickness, and weighed — lbs. This chain* being sunk so as to be cleverly under water, it was quite amusing to behold large Sturgeon pitching up above it, and then be caught upon it and lie dashing and fluttering about for a considerable length of time, at times, before they would succeed in extricating themselves from their iron elevated position of uneasiness. With all these impediments, to which were added floating and stationary batteries, upon which heavy ordnance were planted and which in an emergency would undoubtedly have been well manned, I should think that nature and art combined would have been heavily taxed, and would have had hard work to have pushed a vessel up the river above where this great chain lay moored.

Colonel Humpton frequently took me with him (whilst at West Point and other military posts) to ride "the patrols" at night. It being generally very late in the night when we would go these rounds, I very frequently got very sleepy and would linger behind him. When I would do this, he would stop his horse until I would ride up to him, he would then quietly reprimand me, telling me at the same time that I did not know the danger I was in, and for me to keep close and quietly behind him. This going the grand rounds the Colonel was quite fond of, although a dangerous duty, especially where there were ignorant and cowardly men set as piquet guards. As he would advance towards a piquet

* The author, in consequence of Capt Dewees' imperfect recollection of the length, thickness and weight of its links, was induced to address a note to a very worthy and highly intelligent gentleman of his acquaintance [Mr. Bardwell, Principal of the Manchester Academy] upon the subject, he having understood that that gentleman had seen one of the links at some point towards the North. Mr. Bardwell with that retiring modesty and love of truth which characterizes the man, stated in a kind note, briefly in return that he had somewhere seen an account of the estimated length and thickness of each link, and stated that his then present impressions were, that the length of its links was from 2 to 3 feet, and their thickness was from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches. Captain Dewees is of the opinion that they were of greater dimensions and weight than the author has attached to them in his description as above.

guard, the piquet would hail him by calling out "Who comes there?" Colonel Humpton would answer "A friend." The piquet would then cry out "Advance friend and give the countersign." The Colonel would then advance and make as though he would advance upon him, and pretend to coax or pass him. The piquet would then call out "Stand friend and give the countersign." The Colonel would be at the end of his sport with each piquet guard at this point of time, he had to give the countersign or the next moment receive the contents of the piquet's musket. This was a perilous duty. Oftentimes a promise of reward would be made to a piquet guard for permission to pass. Instances, however, were very rare, that of soldiers suffering officers or others to advance and bribe them from duty. There have been instances, however, of piquets having suffered themselves to be tampered with. Sometimes soldiers not knowing their duty thoroughly, when asked by an officer (knowing him to be such) and thinking that they were bound to obey his orders, finally consented to give up their muskets when asked by officers to let them look at their pieces to see if they were in good condition, &c. Should the piquet do this, the officer would immediately call out to another piquet guard, and have the delinquent taken under guard, and would afterwards have him punished for his dereliction in duty. A camp or piquet guard (piquet especially) receives the countersign and his duty is to know no man, nor suffer himself to be tampered with by privates, officers or others, no not even by the General of Division. His duty is made known to him, and the nearer he adheres to the line of his duty, the more does he evince his possessing the lofty ingredients and character of a true soldier, and the more will he endear himself to his brother soldiers and superior officers.

As I made a somewhat lengthy stay at West Point after visiting it this time, I will endeavor to describe to my readers some of our soldier doings. Each morning we had to play and beat the Reveille at the peep of day,

and then the Troop for roll call. After roll call, a number of men would be called out of each company as camp and piquet guards, and so many for fatigue duty.— These were called Fatigue Men. A drummer was also chosen and was called “Orderly Drummer of the day.” This drummer had his drum constantly lying on the parade ground during the day. Its place was generally where the colours were planted, or in other words, where the American standard was erected on a pole similar to what is now known and called a Liberty Pole. When the Sergeant of the fatigue men called out “Orderly Drummer,” this drummer repaired to the Sergeant immediately, who ordered him as follows: “Orderly Drummer beat up the fatigue’s march.” We having had a name for every thing, or rather tunes significant of duties of all kinds. To beat the “Point of War” “*out and out*,” or through from beginning to its end, which embraces all tunes significant of *Camp Duties*, ADVANCES, RETREATS, PARLEYS, SALUTES, REVEILLES, TATTOOS, &c. &c., would consume nearly or altogether half a day, and to beat the Reveille properly, “the Three Camps,” which constituted the 1st part, “the Scotch, Hessian and Drags Single and Double,” which constituted the 2d or middle part, and “the ‘Three Camps,’” which constituted the 3d or last part, would consume from the peep of day until after sun rise. There are many good Drummers and Fifers now-a-days that would not know what the “Point of War” is or should mean. Nor do they know what should be played or beat for a Reveille properly. Some at Baltimore in 1813 and 1814, beat “*Sally wont you follow me*,” and others other tunes quite as inappropriate.

At West Point (as at all other military posts) the musicians knew at once when a particular roll or march was named, what tune to play, and the soldiers all knew at all times what duty was to be performed upon the hearing the musicians “beat up.” When the orderly Drummer would beat up the Fatigues March, all soldiers chosen for the day would repair to their post, form into

lines and were marched off immediately, and set to work. There was always a great difference manifested in the manner of attending the calls, "Fatigues March" and "Roast Beef." The soldiers at the Fatigue's call generally turned out slowly and down-hearted to muster upon fatigue parade. When an officer would "*sing out*" orderly Drummer beat up "the Roast Beef," and the musician fairly commence it, the soldiers would be seen skipping, jumping and running from their tents, and repair to where the rations were to be issued out. That there would be a difference manifested, will not be wondered at when it is stated, that the fatigue men had to muster for the purpose of going to labor, chop, dig, carry timber, build, &c. &c., whilst the others would turn out voluntarily to learn what they were to draw for breakfast, dinner, &c.

To each regiment there was a Quarter Master attached, who drew the rations for the regiment, and to each regiment belonged a Quarter Master's Sergeant, that drew the rations for and dealt them out to the companies, or delivered them in charge to the Orderly Sergeants of companies.

The Quarter Master's Sergeant at a proper hour would take — Sergeant's and as many men as might be necessary, and repaired to the store-house and slaughter-house, which were built at the edge of the North River and extending some distance into the river. These buildings were very large. These men always took poles with them that were kept for the purpose,—that of carrying meat upon to the camp. They took also camp kettles with them for to carry Vinegar, Whiskey, &c. in to the camp. These men on their return, were marched in front of their respective companies. The Roast Beef would then "*be beat up*," and the men understanding the music (which is a signal for drawing provision) would hasten as before mentioned, and stand ready to receive their quota. The Orderly Sergeant of each company divided the meat into as many messes as were in each company (six men constituting a mess,) and then a soldier was made to turn his back to the piles. The

Sergeant would then put his hand upon or point to each pile separately and ask "Who shall have this." The soldier with his back to the mess piles, then named the number of the mess or the soldier that was always considered as the head of the mess, and in this way they proceeded until all was dealt out. Every man in each mess drew (when it was to be had) a gill of Whiskey each day, and often Salt and Vinegar when these were to be had. Sometimes when Flour was scarce, it would be drawn every day. Sometimes we would draw three day's rations on one day, and sometimes none at all for two days together. Sometimes we drew Baker's Bread, and always when it was to be had. Sometimes we drew Sea Biscuit. I have been down at our slaughter-house at times for the purpose of assisting in carrying the provisions to camp, and have seen a great many cattle drove into it at a time. I recollect that, once we had to wait until the butchers would kill. They drove upwards of a hundred sheep into the slaughter-house, and as soon as the doors were closed, some of the butchers went to work and knocked the sheep down in every direction with axes, whilst others followed and stuck or bled them, others followed these, skinned them, hung them up and dressed them. A very short time elapsed from the time they commenced butchering them until our meat was ready for us. I recollect having been there at another time when they were killing bullocks. They drove a very large and unruly bullock into the slaughter-house. This fellow they could not knock down. They had given him a great number of very hard blows upon his forehead, but could not fell him to the ground. He at length broke away from them, and left the building by jumping through a window. The butcher's pursued him, caught him, and brought him back secured by means of a strong rope. One of the soldiers belonging to our party happened to say (unguardedly) that had he had the knocking of him down, he would have had him down in a much shorter time than they had consumed. The butchers dropped the bullock and all, and took af-

ter him, butcher-knives in hand. When they made the dash at him first, he ran, and when followed by them he had the hardest kind of work to save himself by running. Had they caught him, they in their anger, would undoubtedly have plunged their knives as deep into him as they were prepared to do into the bullock. I have known great numbers of very fine and fat cattle slaughtered there, but if I have, I have seen many very poor and indifferent ones killed there also. As poor no doubt as Pharoah's seven lean fleshed and ill-favored *kine* that devoured the seven well-favored and fat *kine*. But with these we had to be content in the absence of better.

Often the "Orderly Drummer" would be ordered to beat up "the Adjutant's call." The Adjutant, when called thus, would answer to the call by his presence, and would then receive his orders from a superior officer. Sometimes the orderlies would be ordered to beat up the "Drummer's or (Musician's) call," at the hearing of which we (Fifer's and Drummer's) would have to "drop all," and answer by our presence. Our duties upon such calls were various. Sometimes we would be required to play and beat the Long Roll, Roast Beef, the Troop or the General, and sometimes "the Rogues March," and sometimes "the W——'s March." I recollect that one day "the Orderly of the Day" beat up the Drummer's call, and we immediately mustered at our post. In a few minutes after we had reported ourselves by our presence, a Corporal came along with a file of men, and we fell in by placing ourselves at the head or in front of them. He then marched us to the parade ground. After remaining there a few minutes, a woman of ill-fame was brought in front of us. In a few minutes afterwards we received orders to march. As we started off we commenced playing and beating up the "W——'s March" after her until we arrived at the bank of the river. A halt being called, she was then conducted by the Corporal into the river until they both stood in water nearly or altogether three feet in depth. Quite a scuffle ensued, when the Corporal attempted to

“*duck*” her by plunging her head under water. The Corporal after a number of trials, at last succeeded in executing this part of the sentence passed upon her. He plunged her “*head and all*” three times under water and then let her go. When she started off after coming out of the water, we gave her three *cheers* and three *long rolls* on the drum, and then marched back without our fair Delilah, follower of Bapta goddess of Shame.

Such frolics as these were often made a part of our duties, and which (being young as some of us were) we enjoyed very well. It was not only viewed as a necessary conduct of severity to this class of unfortunate women, but it became necessary, at least that they should be removed from the camp. That course of treatment, it must be admitted, was harsh even to these abandoned daughters of frailty. When reason and cool reflection holds the reins of government, and the mind is held in proper subjection, almost all well disposed persons, both men and women, will feel a regret that such a conduct became necessary—that such a punishment had to be meted out to those unfortunate females, many of whom were suckled at the breasts of mother’s of the sternest virtue, and reared midst all that was virtuous, amiable, pious, just and good, and that could adorn the young mind or fit it to expand in mature age. Unfortunate females, many of whom were once able to lay an equal claim with the best to being daughters of purity, innocence and Eden.

1. How unhappy the thought—Virtue dethron’d,
A daughter destroyed, a daughter disown’d,
An outcast from all that’s virtuous and fair,
A blotch on Modesty’s escutcheon—fair daughter of Despair.
2. Heaven, angels and earth, yes, God is defied,
Woman, virtue and goodness, all, all is decried
By the harlot—forsaken, who revels in her earthly hells,
Iniquity her theme, and that, all grace expels.
3. The still voice of God, if heard, ’tis as jest,
The spirit’s voice stifled, it’s powers suppress’d ;

The world its pride and soul-damning gins,
Are cast 'pon the *fair ruin*, that's loaded with sins.

4. She's abhorr'd, she knows it, this, itself is a hell
That torments her stain'd bosom—the monitor's cell ;
Moments there are, when such have remorse,
Yes, deep, but want resolution to alter their course.
5. Fly, daughter fly, there's balm in gilead,
A root out of ground—offspring of Jesse's seed,
An offspring of mercy, that forgiveness can speak,
Fly then the BROTHEL, on knees do him seek.
6. The world can forgive, ah ! this, an iron rod,
One, that calls up more fears, than the terrible God ;
Fly, daughter fly, lay Shame's robes aside,
Go dwell in Industry's mansions, and with Virtue abide.
7. You say the world, the world, still will condemn,
“ What God hath cleans'd ” is “ neither common or unclean ; ”
If God has forgiven, the world is bound to obey,
Bring works meet for repentance, oh ! blest happy day.
8. The world, if it frowns on thee, it but frowns on the Lord,
Whose vials of wrath on the unforgiving will be pour'd ;
Fly, daughter fly, to the bosom of a redeeming God,
There seek forgiveness—there leave thy heavy load.
9. Daughters ! sweet Sylphs, now in hey day of youth,
Hearken to Friendship, O listen to Truth,
O'er you watcheth angels, then fear to offend,
Fly daughters fly, and seek Grace to defend.
10. Ye pure daughters of virtue, fly, fly the foul snares,
Of the subtle deceiver, the syren destroyer, who cares
Not for your honor, not for your virtue, not for your soul,
Fly daughter fly, an enemy all hellish, is in Flattery's bowl.
11. Fly daughters fly, whilst youth's warm flowing blood,
Is bearing you onward to honorable womanhood ;
Be virtuous, be good, in these have much delight,
Make not life a waste, cast not o'er it so fearful a blight.
12. A *Harlot*, O daughter, maiden daughter be wise,
Be virtuous, the name and life, both despise,

Stop! think! ask what? is this to be my curs'd lot,
Am I who am now pure, to be creation's foul blot.

13. God save me, save me, from so awful an end,
Redeemer thy salvation be pleased to extend,
And my soul's gratitude warm, to thee shall be given,
'Through eternity's unending blest years, in praises in HEAVEN.

J. S. Hanna.

“It is enough to know that though this culprit has long since relapsed into a silence not likely again to be broken, he has living, acting, speaking representatives on the earth, who do not scorn on occasion to use the same plea. Among the beings whom God has made in his own image, and whom he has gifted with powers that ally him with angels, there are some, nay many, whose sport and pastime it is to destroy female innocence, and to scatter desolation and death through the community. A man of this class, as he prowls around the domestic enclosure, finds a young girl, artless, innocent, and unsuspecting—perhaps without a protector, or a permanent home. By slow degrees, he winds himself into the confidence of his victim—and then, having secured her affections, finds it comparatively an easy task to accomplish her destruction. She is now in his power, dependant on his will, and without any refuge from his caprice or tyranny. At his command, every womanly feeling must be crushed or outraged, lest the trembling coward should be detected or interrupted in his villainy. At length, when soul and body are alike destroyed, he forsakes the wretched being to whom he is literally all the world, and goes forth with a smooth brow and smiling lip, into the circles of fashion, to be flattered and caressed, while he seeks a newer, more attractive victim. And what becomes of his poor partner in guilt? Is she, too, welcomed back to the halls of gait and refinement, after her fearful dereliction from virtue? Ah! no—the youthful votary* of fashion who is leaning on

* Think of this ye that are so often found hanging to the arms of known, yes, well known libertines. Supposing that you are amiable and truly virtuous in every respect, does not your own fair fame suffer in proportion to

the arm of her seducer, and drinking in his words of blandishment, would shrink from her touch as from pollution itself, and her presence in that scene would produce a sensation of horror and disgust.

She is a woman, and a fallen one—and in the present state of society has no resource but to sink lower in degradation and sin, until the last gleam of hope has faded away, and the blackness of darkness settles around her for ever. In these circumstances, smarting under a sense of wrong for which there is no legal redress, destitute of the means of procuring an honest livelihood—shut out from association with the virtuous, and condemned to feel the gnawings of the worm that never dies—what wonder if thus in league with despair, madness should take possession of her brain, and revenge thrill every fibre of her heart? Such an one may become the tempter of man, for she regards the whole race as banded together for her destruction, and the *lex talionis* is to her bewildered sense perfectly just and right. That there are thousands of such tempters in our midst, the mere wreck of what was once a happy, innocent, and beloved being, until the spoiler came, I do not doubt or deny. They are what man has made them, and he surely should be the last to complain of his own handiwork."

Early in the evening we had to beat up "The Retreat." We played and beat the *Retreat* down and up the parade ground as far as our regiment extended, for "roll call." We had many tunes that we played and beat for the Retreat. "*Little Cupid*" was often played and beat for a Retreat. At bed-time we had to beat the "*Tattoo*." For Tattoo, we had many tunes also. For

habits of intimacy with such? Should not the thought strike you forcibly and very—how many pure daughters of innocence and loveliness has fallen—is now the abandoned of the earth at the hands of this obsequious wretch, who I ought to detest in my heart's inmost centre, and fly from and shun as I would a wild beast of the forest or a pestilence. No man of virtuous habits is so safe as he who is always found in the company of virtuous females; so no female is so safe as she who is found accompanied by a virtuous and honorable man.

roll call in the morning we had many tunes that we played and beat as the "Troop."

There was a challenge given to box upon the part of one bully, and accepted upon the part of another. The combatants were James Reed, of the 1st brigade, and Andrew Travis of the 2d brigade. They fought by permission of their officers. They met upon a flat piece of ground below the forts. They chose their seconds and judges, who established certain rules or regulations, by which they were to be governed in the fight; among them, this one, that they were not to strike each other in the face. A large ring was formed by the large body of soldiers which had assembled to witness the fight. The combatants then entered the ring and commenced the fight. They began about 10 o'clock, A. M., and fought hard, giving each other most tremendous hard knocks. During the fight, they sat down to rest four or five times, and each time they partook of refreshments. After resting in this way, they would "*go at it again.*" They appeared to be very equally matched, both stout, both strong and vigorous, and full of ambitious metal. I suppose they knocked each other down full twenty times. This fight lasted until near 3 o'clock, P. M. Up to that hour it could not be told which was the best or most likely to bear away the palm of victory. Travis at length was forced to yield to Reed, who, although not much of a better man, proved himself to be the best man of the two upon that occasion.

After the fight ended, those that were of our brigade, with Reed returned to camp wearing the laurels of victory. To say the least of these kind of fights, they are of no benefit to society, and ought to be discountenanced, and laws rigidly enforced upon all parties offending or likely to offend, ere such unhappy, unprofitable, brutal, and barbarous meetings should take place.

Sometime after this, there was a misunderstanding took place between Captain Steake and a Captain Smith. There was a challenge to fight a duel sent and accepted. Smith was an Irishman, and was called the Irish

beauty, from his being a remarkably handsome man.— On the morning of the day upon which they fought, we were waiting for the morning gun to fire. The moment we could perceive the flash at all times, we commenced to beat the Reveille. As soon as the morning gun was fired, we commenced beating the Reveille. Whilst we were thus engaged our Drum-Major said to us, “Huzza, boys, rattle it off,” and we can see Captain Steake and Captain Smith fight a duel this morning. The parties were just at that moment going out to the field. As soon as we had done playing and beating the Reveille, we started and ran speedily, but we were out of time, for just as we were getting within sight of where they were, we heard the report of Captain Steake’s pistol. His ball had struck his antagonist in his right shoulder, causing his right arm and hand to fall down helpless or powerless at his side, and of course his pistol fell also.— Steake’s ball had taken effect so quick, that Smith’s pistol remained undischarged. This was enough for Captain Smith at this time. Captain Steake was a good shot. I have known him to fight several duels, and never knew him miss his fire once, his balls always took effect. It was said that this or the one he fought afterwards, was the seventh duel he had fought. I don’t recollect of any of his shots ever proving fatal. Captain Steake was my Captain when I was finally discharged. He was a brave man. Of this, there was not a single doubt, although he committed this folly, which made him no braver. “Duelling by some is called brave and honorable. It is sacrificing at a false shrine. It is no evidence of bravery, nor yet of honor in any man. Yet brave and honorable men, men who have unhesitatingly condemned the practice, have fought and fell. It is brave (it is said,) but it is more brave to possess moral courage enough to brave popular opinion than it is to fight, and the full current of opinion will soon or later be the deserved plaudit for him that intrenches himself behind his own rights, and acts upon the defensive. It is true, a man may have done his friend a wrong. Let

him not persist in that wrong, two wrongs never made a right. Let him do that which ought to be any man's glory. If he has done his friend a wrong, let him in the full flow of a manly soul acknowledge it. No man ever went to death a brave man as a duellist, who possessed so little a nature as not to acknowledge (if wrong he did) that he did an injustice. Reason is dethroned in such. Reason and Justice have been brilliantly decorated suasive handmaidens of Bravery in all ages. I have seen as brave men as ever fought in defence of home, country or friends, that detested the unrighteous, cowardly and murderous practice of duelling in their inmost souls, and I cannot express myself more appropriately relative to duelling, than has the poet relative to him that commits suicide, for he that rushes unnecessarily to death in a duel, is as much a suicidist in one sense, as he that rushes by his own hand uncalled into the presence of an angry God."—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia*.

“ When all the blandishments of life are gone
The coward sneaks to death, and the brave lives on.”

I was detached to a place once during the Revolution, which was called “The Hundred Acres.” It was perhaps that section of Delaware county now called “Old Hundred.” Whilst I laid at this place, there was a very unfortunate and solemn affair transpired there.—There were two officers, a Second Colonel and a Major, that were candidates for promotion to the post of First Colonel. The Major succeeded to the office of First Colonel, and a high dispute arose between them, and a challenge to fight a duel was given and accepted. They met upon the field of death, and tossed up to determine which should have the first fire. The Major (elected Colonel) won the great and decided advantage, and they took their stations. The distance that they were apart was but ten steps. The regulation was that each one when it should be his turn to fire, was to stand with his back to the other, and at the word *fire* was to wheel and fire. The Colonel received the word, wheeled and

fired, and his antagonist fell mortally wounded. The Colonel then stepped up to him and asked him if he would be reconciled to him, expressing at the same time, his regret that the affair had gone on until it had terminated so fatally. The Second Colonel determined (although in a dying state) to have his shot. The First Colonel then stepped off ten paces to his post, and turning himself around, bared his breast by pulling his shirt-bosom apart with both hands, and said "in the name of God, fire." The Second Colonel was then bolstered up by his second and other officers, raised his pistol as far as he was able and fired, but not having strength to hold it high enough, the bullet struck the ground before it reached to where the First Colonel stood. The Second Colonel died immediately after he had discharged his pistol. This duel caused a great deal of talk, both among the soldiers and among the citizens. Some applauded the deceased officer for his "*spunk*," and others the living one for his honor, which he had backed by so brave a contempt of death, prepared as he seemed to be, to await in a cool and deliberate manner the hand of death truly raised against him.

Seconds and others professing to be friends of parties arrayed thus angrily against each other, are highly censurable, and ought to be held culpable. For most assuredly, in nine cases out of ten, they might bring about a reconciliation, and avert such awful consequences as are attendant upon duelling.

There came to camp one day an old man and old woman with their family consisting of 24 children. The old people must have been nearly 80 years old. The eldest child I think was a daughter, and walked next to the two old people, and each of the rest according to his or her age from the eldest to the youngest. After they entered the encampment, they walked down and up the parade ground before the soldiers and in the order I have described; the soldiers ran, out of curiosity to see them, as they had come for the purpose of getting some help, most of the officers and some of the

soldiers (that had money and they were few) gave them something. It was said, that General Washington gave a considerable sum of money to them. I do not recollect whether they presented any other claim than their poverty and novelty of appearance. I had never seen such a family previous, but I have since. I had a brother-in-law of the name of John Cochell, who was married to my first wife's sister and who lived in Berks' county, Pa., about 5 miles below Reading whose family consisted (at one time when my wife and myself were there on a visit) of 24 or 25 children, his wife however had five or six times twins at a birth.

When we lay 4 or 5 miles from (I think it must have been the) Passaic Falls, in Jersey (although it is possible that it was near to Trenton Falls in York state) the soldiers went frequently to see the falls, and then a great curiosity which was not far from the falls.— There was a poor family that had in it a son, who was said to be upwards of thirty years old, I went with some soldiers to see him, and beheld the most wonderful sight that I ever did behold in all my life. his body was "*chunkey*" and about the size of a healthy boy of ten or twelve years old and he laid in a kind of cradle, but his head (although shaped like to a human head,) was like a flour barrel in size, and it was common for one soldier to describe to others by comparing it to a flour barrel. It had to be lifted about (the body could not support it) whenever and wherever it had to be moved to. His senses appeared to be good, and it was usual for us to say "*he can talk like a lawyer.*" He would talk to every person that visited him. All the soldiers that visited him and that had any money, would always give him something. It was said that General Washington when he went to see him gave his father the sum of four or five hundred dollars as a present to aid in his support, Although I have here attempted a description of his person and appearance, it beggered every description I can give, as no person can conceive truly his appearance but those that seen him.

The soldiers would sometimes go to swim in the river on which the falls was situated. They were always cautioned to not go nearer to the falls than a certain distance then named, it being very dangerous to enter the river at any point nearer than that, as the "*suck*" was so great as to draw whatever might chance to fall therein over the falls. It was said by old people in the settlement around the falls, that an Indian had been drawn (with his canoe) by the suck, and had been precipitated over the falls; his body (or parts) of it had been discovered afterwards. The water dashed wildly and swiftly over a precipice that seemed straight almost as the side of a wall, and when it fell, it fell broken indeed among high and projecting rocks to which nature had given every ragged and picturesquely wild shape imaginable. The noise of this mighty dashing water could be heard for many miles in every direction around the falls.

Near to where we lay at some other place during the revolution, we frequently went to see a couple of dwarfs. They were male and female; the one was said to be 33 years old and the other two or three years older or younger, and which it was I cannot now recollect. They were both well on to 3 feet high, but their bodies were very slender, their arms and hands were very small, and their eyes were no larger than the eyes of a "*rat*," but black as jet. The people called them "*fairies*." Their parents were not very well off. It was also said of General Washington that when he visited them he gave their parents something clever to aid in supporting them, and I suppose it was true, for I never knew or heard of his closing his hands, but always understood that he gave liberally on all necessary occasions.

CHAPTER X.

A large detachment of soldiers were sent on from West Point to Crown Point in order to strengthen that post, and add to the strength of that portion of the northern army. I accompanied this body of troops in that expedition in the capacity of a regular Fifer in the ——— regiment. Owing to our having to pass through a great portion of wilderness country, and by means of poor roads often very deep and miry and leading through almost impassable swamps; we endured much hardship and often that of great want. From the great distance that Crown Point laid from the middle theatre of war, provisions whilst we laid there were often extremely scarce; in fact sometimes we had to subsist for days without a mouthful of any thing to eat. This was not confined to one particular post, but it was general, as well near to the first great Independence ground Philadelphia, as at the far off out posts. In addition to the want of food, the army was suffering for want of clothing, and in addition to these another great want was continually staring the Commander-in-Chief in the face; Oh, horrible thought! continually harrassing the greatest and best of men—it was the want of ammunition with which the soldiers, although enduring every privation could not only have protected themselves with, but the young and war clouded Eagle-bird, Liberty of their country also.

Mr. Marshall in his life of Washington, has fully and faithfully portrayed the suffering state of the army. Read his statements.

General Washington's "urgent requisition for men to supply the place of those who were leaving the services, were not complied with, and the soldiers who remained, could scarcely be preserved from either perishing with cold and hunger, or dispersing and living on plunder."

General Greene and Colonel Wadsworth, who had for the preceding year, been at the head of the quarter-

master and commissary departments, possessed distinguished merit, and had employed assistants of unquestionable ability and integrity. Yet, for a great part of the campaigns, the rations were frequently reduced, and the army was rarely supplied with provisions for more than a few days in advance. Soon after coming into winter quarters, the magazines were exhausted, and afforded neither meat nor flour to be delivered to the men.

“This state of things had been long foreseen, and all the means in the power of the Commander-in-Chief had been used to prevent it. Repeated representations of the actual famine with which the army was threatened, had been made to Congress, and to the state governments; but no adequate relief was afforded; and such was the condition of the finances, so embarrassing the state of affairs, that it was perhaps attainable only by measures which the government could not venture to adopt.”

“Those were the dark days truly, “that tried men’s souls.” How needful the possession of prophetic vision to meet the dark cloud of an almost utter despondency, that hung over the infant, Liberty, in its rudely and hastily constructed cradle of Republicanism. Loudly did this sad and deplorable state of things call for the aid of prophetic vision to have beheld beyond the widely extended lowering, dark and impenetrable cloud of war, the young but high soaring, and loud screaming Eagle of Liberty coming from afar.

To this awful state of affairs the fair daughters of Columbia were not indifferent. The patriotic ladies, mothers and daughters of Philadelphia, and indeed every where else, made lofty sacrifices. They sacrificed everything in their power for the good of their country. They furnished materials, made garments of all descriptions and clothed as far as in their power a perishing soldiery. Mothers cheerfully sacrificed in parting with, and sending away husbands and sons to their country’s battle-fields. Sisters were seen hastily weaving and sewing, and manufacturing clothes for young brothers that

they might be able speedily to rush to the support of the American standard, and the God-chosen Washington, father and protector of his country."

Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

Mr. Marshall states that after the battle of Princeton, January—77, the situation of General Washington was again perilous in the extreme. "His small army was exhausted with fatigue. His troops had been without sleep, all of them one night and some of them two.— They were without blankets, many of them barefooted and otherwise thinly clad, and were eighteen miles from the place of their destination."

When the above state of things existed in the country, what would my readers suppose we could be enduring at such remote posts as Crown Point, and Fort Ticonderoga. We could consider ourselves well off, when we were where we were blessed with rations sufficient to make tolerably satisfying meals. We considered ourselves well off in the midst of hardships, when we were where we could draw a gill of liquor per day occasionally. When we drew fresh meat, we did not always draw salt to preserve it or use with it. During the war we drew more liquor and vinegar when in the vicinity of cities or large towns, than when removed to any great distance from them. We indeed (I may state) drew more abundantly (if it were to be had at all) of every thing else. Sometimes we drew two days' rations at a time. Sometimes when near to towns where baker's bread could be obtained, it would be procured for us. At West Point we drew bread very often. Sometimes we drew soap. I have known, however, that no soap would be drawn for six months at a time. We have often procured white clay, and used it as soap in washing our shirts, pantaloons &c. I recollect that when we laid at Carlisle barracks, we procured white clay and mixed it up like mortar, and made it into large balls and after they would become dry we would rub them on our pantaloons, like to buff balls upon buckskin breeches. By their use thus, we made them for a time almost as white as chalk.

This mode of washing or metamorphosing dirty wearing apparel into clean, might suit some particular characters not very particular now-a-days, but not the generality of folks. This mode of washing or rather painting of dirty clothes, if introduced now would be considered by our "*tidy*" housewives, and their rosy cheeked lassies of daughters rather a dry, and very odd kind of wash indeed.

At all times when we drew biscuit, we were scarce of every thing else, and were then in the midst of hard times I do assure my readers. Sometimes we had one biscuit and a herring per day, and often neither the one nor the other. Sometimes we had neither the one nor the other for two days at a time, and in one or two instances nothing until the evening of the third day.— This was previous to our drawing a biscuit and a herring each day, the biscuit was made of *shipstuff*, and they were so hard that a hammer or a substitute therefor was requisite to break them. This, or throw them to soak in boiling water, upon these, a biscuit and a herring each day, the soldiers lived until their mouths broke out with scabs, and their throats became as sore and raw as a piece of uncooked meat. This was very annoying and oppressive, and was called the "*scurvy*." The soldiers at length determined to *kick* against the receipt of herrings. We all drew our herrings and saved them for a day or two, and then collected them at one place on the parade ground and fastened them upon long poles, and some of the soldiers carried them upon their shoulders around and up, and down the parade ground, whilst we (the musicians) played and beat "*the rogue's march*" after them. After we had endeavored to *fish drill* our officers enough, we left our fish lying upon the parade ground to undergo an *official* inspection, and repaired quietly and orderly to our quarters.

The officers made a great ado about the matter, but the soldiers were determined not to yield any thing. This course of independent burlesquing, at the expense of the *finny* tribe of unwelcome guests, brought us a load or

two of dried clams in a very few days thereafter. Draw near ye lovers of your country—of old veteran patriotic soldiers of the revolution, and hear how these were dealt out to the soldiery. These had been taken out of the shells and then put upon strings and dried as farmer's wives dry their apples in the chimney corners and in the sun. Every man drew so many inches of these ; inches of dried clams ! To the young reader and perhaps to many of the older ones, these seem funny rations for soldiers to be sustained on, and to enable a patriot army to do its duty in beating the great "Bull" of Europe. Funny ! yes ! so many inches of string dried clams to each soldier ; perhaps each soldier drew 4 or 5 inches of these. They were very dry and would rattle one against another like to pebble stones, and were seemingly as hard ; when boiled however, they would swell out and become soft, and as large nearly as when they had been first strung. Our process was to boil them, and then break up some ship-biscuit and throw them into our camp kettles and would make a kind of soup out of them, and believed ourselves to have been blessed with pretty fair living considering the times and situation of the army. Go ask those male and female gossiping *dandies* who would fall back apparently appalled at the "intruding" presence of an old soldier, what gained for them the liberties they enjoy, and ask them where they keep their thankfulness and gratitude, and for whom and for whose use they nurse both, and further, if they understand at all what a soldier's life in revolutionary times was. Why ! the life of a soldier now-a-days is a life of ease and comfort compared with what it was in the dark days of a sore trial. Let them ask the compiler of this present work, if ever he beheld on the encamping grounds of Erie, on lake Erie where hundreds and hundreds of tents had been pitched (in 1812 and 1813) upon large brushheaps. The hemlock and other timbers 3, 4 and 5 feet across the stump, were cut down in order to get the branches that brushheaps might be made of them to keep the soldiers out of the water

more than mid-leg deep. Let the ungrateful go to other military posts and hear the history of a soldier's hardships, privations and sufferings.

"The reflection is a grateful one; who can contemplate the privations, exposures, hardships and dangers of (I may state) all ranks and conditions in the army of the revolution, as, also of all those, who in the midst of all kinds of disasters nobly backed the sacred cause of Liberty and Independence without possessing feelings of gratitude. Men, young and old were to be seen rushing impetuously forward to join the American standard, with old rusty firelocks, without bayonets, many of them rough stocked by their own ingenious hands. Ready! yes ready to meet the far famed invincibles of England, two to one in the forests' impenetrable wilds, or on the open plain. Many of them, poor fellows, long forgotten and their deeds yet unsung, barefooted, shirtless and otherwise thinly clad and illy provided for in every respect. Good God, are the memories of these glorious martyred spirits of my Columbia's exalted glory, to be lost in oblivion's darkening pall?—no! no! Forbid it thou Almighty Lord of battles. Awake, oh! God, my Columbia's sons and daughters, to a deep and weighty sense of the great and unbounded gratitude you owe to the first founders of our glorious Republic, for well may it be said, they walked forth in all the majesty of the great and terrible God upon the earth, and in *their* Almighty movings were visibly seen the stately steppings of the Supreme, but despised invisible Majesty, Emmanuel, generalissimo of the countless millions of Heaven and of Earth.

Sometimes I am forced involuntarily to ask, why is it, that revolutionary achievements of an eternal brilliancy are suffered to pass so unheeded down the stream of time into the future? Why are the noble sons of revolutionary thunder, and their mighty and chivalrous deeds of glory so little remembered, so little named, a theme—a theme great, glorious and inexhaustible, why such a change—a change so shameful? These hallowed and glorious days and their glorious events, seem to sit up-

on the minds and hearts of very many of the sons and daughters of my country of the present day, like the imperfect shades or shadows of an almost forgotten dream. How many such noble sons as the following, composed the armies of the colonies, when bearing up manfully and courageously against a well fed and warmly clothed hireling army of the crown of Great Britain.”

Hanna's Glory of Columbia.

“One day in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinel who was bare footed, said “I fear my good fellow you suffer much from the cold.”—“Very much” was the reply, “but I do not complain. I know I should fare better had our General the means of getting supplies. They say however, that in a few days we will have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes.”

“*The Pay of the Members of the Old Continental Congress.*—Jared Sparks in a late lecture at the University on this subject, stated the following was the pay given to the members who formed the Continental Congress, by the several States or Colonies whence they were elected :

1. New Hampshire—Each member had all his own personal expenses paid, and those for his servant, and two horses, and half a guinea besides.

2. Massachusetts—the same as New Hampshire in regard to the expenses and \$2 a day.

3. Connecticut—The same in regard to expenses and \$3 a day.

4. Rhode Island—40 shillings a day, and no expenses paid.

5. N. York—\$4 a day.

6. Pennsylvania—20 shillings a day, and all expenses paid.

7. Maryland—40 shillings a day, and no expenses paid.

8. Virginia—A Half Johannes a day.

9. North Carolina—£500 currency a year.

10. South Carolina—£300 for their services during the first Congress.

11. Georgia—£100 during the first Session.”

No where during the revolution was defiance more faithfully bidden to hardships, dangers and fatigue than was evinced by General Marion and his men. It is true they had not the extreme cold of a northern region to contend with, as had a northern soldiery. Mr. Hale in his history of the United States, states, that, "there were yet some citizens," of South Carolina at the time Cornwallis supposed that state to be subdued, "who, in all fortunes, adhered with firmness to the cause of Independence. Of these, in one part of the state, General Sumpter was the leader, in another General Marion. The cavalry of the latter were so destitute of the weapons of war, that they were obliged to cut their swords from the saws of the saw-mills. He was so successful in concealing himself in woods and marshes, that the enemy were never able to attack or discover him. From these dark retreats he often sallied forth, and fell unexpectedly upon parties of the enemy, when marching through the country, or posted in garrisons to overawe the inhabitants.

In one of these sallies, he released one hundred and fifty continentals captured at Camden. His repeated and successful excursions preserved alive the spirit of resistance, and his high fame as a partizan was never tarnished by any violation of the laws of war or humanity."

Song of Marion's Men.

"Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader, frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the Cypress tree :
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its sage and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear.

When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain;
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.

And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up ;
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldiers cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon,
The band that Marion leads ;
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlit plains ;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.

A moment in the British camp,
A moment, and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming ;
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore."

Sometimes whilst we laid at West Point, fort Ticonderoga, and at other military posts we drew what was called "state's stores." I don't know why they were called by this name unless it was, that these goods were donations from store keepers made to their respective State Governments, and then from the State Governments to the United State's Government, for the use of the army in general. From these state's stores we drew coffee, tea, sugar, chocolate, soap, tobacco,* pepper and other articles that were very serviceable to us. It was considered a great thing among us to draw rations thus. This good fortune came but seldom, perhaps once in six months we fared thus well. A shorter period, however, might have elapsed at times between, but oftener a longer elapsed than a shorter one.

Nothing of consequence that I recollect of, transpired whilst we laid at Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Something like skirmishing would occur occasionally. It was in consequence of some diversion or feint having been made by one of the British commanders that we had been detached there. The necessity of this force at that point having been done away with and we needed in a

Nothing could be more acceptable to us than tobacco. It was hard doing without it or its substitute. I have known soldiers to chew leaves of various kinds, and also roots, some would use *Calamus* as a substitute for tobacco.

more enlarged sphere, we were ordered back again to West Point. I do not recollect our route from West Point to Crown Point, neither can I recollect by what route we returned. I remember, however, of having been at Fort Schuyler a short time, but whether it was at this time or not I cannot now state.

CHAPTER XI.

After our arrival at West Point (which was perhaps sometime in June, 1780.) Several expeditions were made and for various purposes. I recollect that when we encamped out for sometime when on one expedition, General Washington led the army in person. Here, aided by my recollections of that great and good man, I will attempt to sketch in a brief manner his character, as regards one amiable, merciful and righteous trait therein—as regards his strong and enlarged TRUST in the mighty and overruling Providence of the Most High.

Washington it was, that trusted in the strong arm of the Almighty God of battles. He it was who was often known to be outside of the camp and upon his knees in fervent prayer to the Most High for direction and aid, pleading for his blessing to descend upon the glorious cause of Liberty, and upon the armies of his country, and that, success might crown the American arms.—Washington—did he not live to behold the holy fire of all his hopes, the offspring of his faith in his God realized and blazing high in consummation upon the emblazoned altars of his stupendous labors and duties for his common country?

The Commander-in-Chief was not always to be seen (like to many of the other officers of the army) crossing our pathways daily. Sometimes his labors would keep him out of our sight for a week or for two weeks at a time, and so (also it may be stated) of La Fayette, who

was the bosom friend and soldier brother of our beloved chief. When these two great chiefs were seen separate and apart from all the other officers, and in close and quiet converse together, then it was customary for soldier to say to soldier: "Now boys look out for a skirmish or a battle with the British," "there is something brewing," "I'll warrant you, there is some plans laying," "you'll see, there is some grand exploit on foot now." Huzza boys keep a sharp look out, &c. &c.—These camp byewords uttered on these occasions were not idle words, for so certain as Washington and La Fayette were seen thus, as certain it was, that a skirmish or a battle ensued, or some expedition was made and something worthy of remark transpired shortly afterwards.

Before an expedition of any kind was made, General Washington (if it was possible) would procure the services of a Minister of the Gospel to preach to the army upon the Sabbath. This was another sure signal that some struggle was about to be made by the Commander-in-Chief. A signal so certain, that the soldiers relied upon it with as much certainty, as if they had received orders to march, or had known the purport of the expedition.

When a Minister was obtained, it was customary to make some elevation (upon which the Preacher stood) by nailing up a board or two at some distance from the ground. Sometimes a few logs would be rolled together or piled up one upon the other. Sometimes an empty hogshead would be placed on end, and a board or two laid crossways upon the head, and a few steps of some kind erected along side of it to enable the Minister to get upon it. The soldiers would be formed into a large circle around the spot occupied by the Minister, and after stacking their arms they would stand up on their feet or sit down upon the ground as would best suit them until the Minister would deliver his discourse.

I recollect whilst upon this expedition, that General Washington had procured the services of a Minister who

was quite a small man. A hogshead was placed on an end and the men formed into a large circle around it. The officers (among them Generals Washington and La Fayette) and music, within the ring and seated in groups immediately around where the Preacher was to stand. The man of God mounted the hogshead and after praying and singing commenced his discourse. He had proceeded to a considerable length therein and being quite enlisted in his own discourse, feeling no doubt the force of what he said, and moving about with somewhat of a warmth upon the hogshead, the head of which (owing perhaps to its having stood in the sun sometime,) had become somewhat loose gave way and he fell down into the hogshead. He being low of stature the upper "*chime*" of which, almost hid his head from the view of the soldiers. He continued to jump up and to show his head above the hogshead, and still preached on. This caused quite a hearty and loud laugh among the soldiers. The officers immediately jumped to their feet and by the time that some assisted him in getting out and replaced him upon the hogshead, (which was done by placing a board across the top of it) others succeeded in quieting the soldiers, and restored order in all parts of the circle. This accident happened towards the heel of his discourse. When matters were again adjusted, the Minister mounted the hogshead again and proceeded with his discourse as if nothing had happened until he finished his sermon and made a final close of the exercises. The place where this happened I do not now recollect.

The following eloquent Revolutionary Sermon preached on the 10th of September, 1777, the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jacob Pront, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of General Washington and General Wayne, and others of the continental army, was recently discovered among some old papers of Major John Jacob Schoefmyer, an officer of the Revolution. It should be perused by every lover of patriotism :

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

Soldiers and Countrymen:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldiers' fare, we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the sleep of the hardy soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow.

And now soldiers and brethren, we have met in the valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away behind yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn, will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom, have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolate plain, the blood-soddened valley, the burned farm house, blackening in the sun, the sacred village and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast, that can

afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here.—Fraud, and wo, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change!—Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you that the doom of the British is near! Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us on to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah? A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect—a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dreadful the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves;

want striding among the people in all the forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight?—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight, by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death-shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victim, the cries of mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare; and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path—then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he

rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the Awful and Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall *perish by the sword*.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in Heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

Prayer of the Revolution.

Great Father we bow before thee. We invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath; we return thy thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying; the sword gleams over our land and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and

strength, our hope, and Thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON,—shower Thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, and prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with desires of revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee through Christ, our Redeemer.—GOD PROSPER THE CAUSE—*Amen.*

“Many proofs can be adduced to prove that General Washington was steady in his possessed faith in the helping agency of the strong arm of the living God, made bare to save. That he carried his country and her glorious cause of freedom up to the Most High in fervent supplications or prayers to Him who gives not the race to the swift, nor yet the battle to the strong—to Him who maketh the clouds and darkness his pavilion and who rideth upon the whirlwind and directeth the storm—to him who sitteth at the *helm* of affairs and guideth all things aright. He was most unquestionably Heaven’s constituted servant to gain the Independence of my Columbia.”—*Hanna’s Glory of Columbia.*

The following interesting incident, as proof of the assertion, is placed here for perusal by my readers:

“One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title

of 'squire, and from his manner have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for the by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter* of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labours of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his own coat as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome

* However desirable a shelter a large and branching tree with its thick foliage would constitute, the author of the present work is not prepared to believe that General Washington would for a moment be tempted to act so imprudently as to seek shelter under a tree in a thunderstorm. Let none, therefore, act so unwisely at any time.

without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house.—The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

“Who is there?” said he.

“A friend, who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter,” was the answer.

“Come in, sir,” added the first speaker, “and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome.”

“I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey,” remarked the other.

But the former undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller he observed, “That is a noble animal of yours, sir.”

“Yes,” was the reply, “and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him, so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us.”

“I did no more than my duty, sir,” said the entertainer, “and therefore am entitled to no thanks.” “But Susan,” added he, turning to the hostess, with a half-reproachful look, “why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?”

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators but a few days before in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband’s remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal, there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him, that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devo-

tions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

“It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep.”

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then lighting a pine-knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night’s rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

“John,” whispered the woman, “that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen as I supposed.”

“Yes,” said he, “I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind enquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers.”

“Who knows now,” inquired the wife, “but it may be he himself, after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! what’s that?”

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, “and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and a name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavours to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of him whom thou hast called thy beloved Son: nevertheless not my will but thine be done.”

The next morning the traveller, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately ; at the same time offering a part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

“ Well, sir,” continued he, “ since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington.”

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment ; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavours to preserve them in their purity ; and by keeping in remembrance the great Source whence these blessings flow, may we be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the “ Father of his Country.”

“I have often been informed by Colonel B. Temple, (of King William County, Virginia,) who was one of his aids in the French and Indian war, that he has frequently known Washington, on the Sabbath, read scriptures and pray with his regiment, in the absence of the chaplain; and also that, on sudden and unexpected visits into his marquee, he has, more than once, found him on his knees at his devotions.

The Reverend Mr. Lee Massey, long a rector of Washington's parish, and from early life his intimate, has frequently assured me, that “he never knew so constant an attendant on church as Washington. And his behaviour in the house of God,” added my reverend friend, “was so deeply reverential, that it produced the happiest effects on my congregation; and greatly assisted me in my moralizing labours. No company ever withheld him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon, on the sabbath morning, when his breakfast table was filled with guests. But to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For instead of staying at home, out of false complaisance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him.”

His secretary, judge Harrison, has frequently been heard to say, that “whenever the General could be spared from camp on the sabbath, he never failed riding out to some neighboring church, to join those who were publicly worshipping the Great Creator.”

And while he resided in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, his constant and cheerful attendance on divine service was such as to convince every reflecting mind, that he deemed no levee so honorable as that of his Almighty Maker; no pleasures equal to those of devotion; and no business a sufficient excuse for neglecting his supreme benefactor.

In the winter of '77, while Washington, with the American army, lay encamped at Valley Forge, a certain good old FRIEND, of the respectable family and name of Potts, if I mistake not, had occasion to pass

through the woods near head quarters. Treading in his way along the venerable grove, suddenly he heard the sound of a human voice, which, as he advanced, increased on his ear; and at length became like the voice of one speaking much in earnest. As he approached the spot with a cautious step, whom should he behold, in a dark natural bower of ancient oaks, but the commander-in-chief of the American armies on his knees at prayer! Motionless with surprise, friend Potts continued on the place till the General, having ended his devotions, arose; and, with a countenance of angelic serenity, retired to head quarters. Friend Potts then went home, and on entering his parlour called out to his wife, "Sarah! my dear Sarah! all's well! all's well! George Washington will yet prevail!"

"What's the matter, Isaac?" replied she, "thee seems moved."

"Well, if I seemed moved, 'tis no more than what I really am. I have this day seen what I never expected. Thee knows that I always thought that the sword and the gospel were utterly inconsistent; and that no man could be a soldier and a christian at the same time. But George Washington has this day convinced me of my mistake."

He then related what he had seen, and concluded with this prophetic remark—"If George Washington be not a man of God, I am greatly deceived—and still more shall I be deceived, if God do not, through him, work out a great salvation for America."

When General Washington was told that the British troops at Lexington, on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, had fired on and killed several of the Americans, he replied, "*I grieve for the death of my countrymen; but rejoice that the British are still so determined to keep God on our side,*" alluding to that noble sentiment which he has since so happily expressed; viz: "*The smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained.*"—*Weems' Washington*, page 182.

Sometime previous (I think) to the treason of Arnold we went to what was called "the battle of the Block-House." After the army arrived before that British post, it commenced bombarding it in fine style. The cannon balls and bombs flew thick against it. It was too strong, however, for us. After playing upon it for a long time and to no purpose, we raised the siege, and returned to camp. This block-house was well fortified, and besides, it was full of refugee negroes, which kept up a constant firing with musketry upon us from port-holes at the top of the fortification, and which fires done us considerable injury. I recollect one among the killed. He was shot above the shoulder on one side, the ball having passed in as stated and came out on the other side just above the hip-joint. This poor fellow had been discharged but a day or two before we marched to the attack, but had patriotically volunteered and joined in the expedition. His name was Zeigler. He was buried with others, and with "the honors of war." Some of his comrades took his clothes with them to camp, in order to give them to his friends, who lived not far from West Point encampment.

Soldier! sleepest thou? sleepest thou there?
Thy spirit's unchain'd and *free* as the air,
Thy country thou did'st *die* for to save,
Thy long resting URN, bold patriotism's GRAVE.

As we were returning from this siege or from where we had been encamped to West Point, there was one of our men (a tailor, and who had at the time the stuff of a pair of pantaloons of mine, which I had given him to make up for me, and which, bye-the-bye, I never recovered again,) deserted from the army, and was going at the top of his speed to join the British. He was pursued by cavalry and others. When they neared him, he fired (having a musket with him) at his pursuers, and his ball cut off a rein of an officer's bridle. From the circumstance of its being said at the time that he had "cut off the bridle rein of the Marquis's bridle," this and his

having been hung without a court martial, and without being "tried" even "by the drum-head," I must state, that that officer, a Marquis, could have been none other than the Marquis de La Fayette. Should my readers ask why would de La Fayette pursue him? I answer that he would have gone as great a length at any time, and encounter as much danger, and sacrifice as much as any other, to have kept the English from becoming possessed of a fund of intelligence, which they would not have failed to have used to their own greatest advantage.

After he had discharged his musket at the officer, he was captured and brought back. We being on the march at the time, continued it until noon. A halt being called, we sat down and engaged ourselves in eating a *bite* of bread and cold beef. The musicians occupying the centre of the column on its march, we had therefore no opportunity of knowing what was going on in front. After we had rested and refreshed ourselves, we were ordered to beat up the Long Roll. When the troop was again formed into marching order, we were ordered on. We had not marched far, until we beheld this deserter hanging over the road, he having been suspended to the limb of a tree. We were marched directly under where he hung. There were some refugee negroes that had been captured in a house in our route; these the officers made to hang him. As I before stated, this deserter had been hung without the benefit of a trial. His offence was punished with immediate death. There were none in the army, excepting the soldiers in front, that knew any thing of his execution, until they beheld him hanging over head in their march. The army moved on and left him hanging, a warning to all that beheld him. It is likely, however, that after the army passed that fatal spot, some of the soldiers were secretly detached to bury him. If this was the case, it never came to the ears of the soldiers composing the army that was engaged in that expedition.

At another time we were upon a march to or from some place, the name of which and the object of the expedi-

tion is now altogether gone from my mind. We had taken a refugee—tory, whom the officers had placed on the march with the *provo guard*. The night after he was captured, one of our soldiers deserted and was directing his course to the British camp, which was not very far distant. He was pursued immediately by three or four light horsemen, who overtook him near to the British lines. He having his musket with him, took deliberate aim at one of the light horsemen, and shot him dead. This was no sooner done, than another of the horsemen fired and killed him. They then cut off his head and brought it to the camp. The next day the soldiers were ordered to build a gallows, and placed the head of the deserter on a sharp pin (stuck into one of the posts) with his face turned inwards. They then hanged the refugee upon the gallows, and after he was dead they took him down and cut his head off. They then placed it on another pin stuck in the other post, turning his face inwards and towards the face of the deserter. The gallows was built in a yard in front of an old tory's house. We left the gallows standing and decorated as above described for the tories to look at and rejoice over.—They were prohibited from cutting it down, a job that they would have had few scruples to have done, if they had been sure that no true American's eye would not be upon them. For men that would aid the British, sell their country and country's best friends through cowardice, for love of monarchy and gold, would have had no conscientious scruples to have deterred them from doing any thing.

In our march we came to a place (not now recollected) and encamped for a few days. Whilst we laid here, a soldier was tried for some crime he had committed, and was to receive seven hundred lashes or death, and in case he was to survive that tremendous flogging, he was to be drummed out of camp. He was brought out to the whipping post, and we (musicians) Fifers and Drummers were summoned forward, and ordered to strip off our coats. The prisoner was then stripped (his shirt

being taken off as well as coat and jacket,) and tied up to the post by the Fife and Drum Majors. This done, the Drum Major (with his rattan in his hand) handed the cat-o'-nine-tails to one of the musicians, whose duty it is, with the rest of the musicians to inflict this kind of punishment at all times. The Drum Major then said to the first (into whose hands he had put the cat-o'-nine-tails, "give him five lashes, well laid on." This done, the Major cried stop, and then bade him hand the Cat-o'-nine-tails to another, in order that he should do likewise, and thus the "*Cat*" passed from one to another, and from each, whilst he held it, to the back of the sufferer until he received the seven hundred lashes, the number of lashes contained in the sentence of the Court Martial. Here it is to be observed, that any musician striking with a light hand at any time for the purpose of favoring the prisoner, such musician would have received on his own back the rattan in the hand of the Drum Major, and that well laid on too. The Drum Major has no merciful manner in the execution of his duty, but gives it hard as he would be able to draw it upon the back of the delinquent musician. When this prisoner was thus whipped, he was found to be still living. He was then untied and laid down with his face to the ground, and then pack salt strewed over his back. They then took a small paddle-board and "*patted*" it down, beating it thus into the gashes, and then laid him by for awhile until he recovered a little. The salt was put upon it thus, after all, in mercy to him (to cleanse his wounds and enable them to heal) cruel as it would seem. When he recovered sufficiently to enable him to march, we then had to escort him in playing and beating the Rogues' March after him. We escorted him thus to some distance from the camp. It was admitted by all, that the poor fellow had his discharge upon his back. He never returned again, or at least I never saw him more. In an instance like this, before that fifty lashes would be given, the back of the sufferer would be all cut and like a jelly, and the cat-o'-nine-tails would

get so bloody and heavy that another cat-o'-nine-tails would be substituted for it, and so on until the flogging would be ended. It would have been far better for the sentenced soldier to have been whipped with one only, for using other ones in the way I have described, caused fearful looking lacerations and dreadful sufferings. The cords being dry and small when first used, they penetrated deeper into the gashes made in the flesh than the cords would have done, had one only been used.

About this time we were ordered back into quarters at West Point.

CHAPTER XII.

Sometime after we returned to West Point, a circumstance transpired which nearly cost me my life. There was a vessel laden with apples lying near the New England shore. Myself and comrades were very anxious to become possessed of some of them. As none of the musicians but myself could swim to any great distance, I volunteered to swim across the river for that purpose. I placed a knapsack upon my back and put the money into the lining of my cap, and plunged into the river and swam across to the vessel. When I arrived on the deck of the vessel, all hands were surprised when I asked them for apples. Some of them cried out "where the d——l have you come from." I told them I had come from West Point encampment for the purpose of buying apples, stating at the same time that I had brought money along to pay for them, as also a knapsack to carry them over in. The master of the vessel then filled my knapsack with apples, for which I paid him his price. He and the hands aboard fastened my knapsack upon my back, and assisted me in descending the wooden steps to the water's edge. To the steps there were ropes attached on each side to hold on by.

When I had descended the steps to the edge of the water, the master and crew of the vessel advised me not to venture, saying that I would be drowned and offered to carry my apples and self over the river in their boat. This offer I rejected, being perhaps a little vain of my abilities as a swimmer. But if I was a little proud of my performances, I possessed something worth being proud of, for no man I ever met with could out go me in swimming. It seemed to me that I could walk (tread) in the water, as long and as far as it might please me, and could swim upon my back any distance I chose to swim to.

Notwithstanding the generous offer made to me by the crew, I dashed off into the water in fine spirits, and swam off with my load and had succeeded in reaching better than half way across the river. I do not recollect the width of the river at West Point, but suppose I had swam fully half a mile. All at once a monster of a Sturgeon jumped up out of the water very near to me, and making a great splashing and noise about me at the same time. Being frightened at this moment, thinking it might be a Shark, "*I began to pull away for life.*" This swimming in so hurried and hard a manner caused me to let water into my throat, which strangled me very much, and I began to sink. But as a kind Providence would have it, the *tide* was out at the time, and when I began to sink, I found bottom with my feet. This so encouraged me at the moment that my strength renewed itself, and by making a powerful effort I succeeded in reaching the land and my comrades in safety with my apples. As is with the jacktar in a storm, it was with me then. This made a deep impression for the moment, but I suppose it was soon lost (as are their impressions in a calm over a flowing cann) in making our eager repast—that of feasting upon my cargo of mellow and delicious apples. The ship's crew cheered tremendously when they saw me reach the shore in safety.

The musicians had a certain duty besides camp duty to perform daily. Sometimes once each day and some

times twice, we had to repair with the Drum and Fife Majors to a short distance from the camp and practice in playing on the Fife and in beating on the Drum. The Fife Major taught the Fifers and the Drum Major the Drummers. There were, however, grown musicians that had not to attend these musical drills. Some of them though accompanied us, and assisted the Drum and Fife Majors in teaching. There was one of this class, a Fifer named Brown, who was a British deserter. He was a capital Fifer. Brown frequently assisted the Fife Major in his duties of teaching.

When I lived in Wormelsdorf, Pa., after the Revolution and previous to the Whiskey Insurrection, Brown passed through there as an enlisted soldier in a company of regulars, which was bound westward in its march to join General Wayne's army in its expeditions against the Indians down the Ohio river.

When this duty of practising upon the Fife and Drum was ended (it being done early in the forenoon in general, or else late in the afternoon) we were then at liberty generally to amuse ourselves by strolling out in different directions and for various purposes. Oftentimes we made up companies and went to the river to bathe, or to fight a sham battle in the river. There was a large round rock (flat upon the top) in the Hudson river, and which stood within 30 or 40 yards of the shore. It was quite a perpendicular rock at the sides. When the tide was out it was generally bare for the most part. Sometimes when the tide was not very high, a foot or so of some parts of its surface would show itself above the water. We called this our Fort. We musicians and others of the younger soldiers would often make up companies, appoint our Captains and other officers, and repair to this rock to have sport in taking and retaking this Fort from each other. I being among the best of the swimmers, was always chosen to belong to that company which was to act the part of the besiegers. We made large balls of grass by twisting it, and winding it like yarn into a ball. One party would take pos-

session of it, and the men of the other party would swim up as a squadron abreast, and endeavor to take it by storm. When we came near, our bombardment and a general action took place. We would "*pelt*" those upon the rock with our grass balls, whilst they in return would *pelt* us. If we could succeed in getting upon the rock we would grapple with its possessors and defenders, and succeeded often in pushing them off from the top of the Fort. Sometimes when "*clinched*" thus, several pairs would plunge over its sides into the water together. When this happened to be the case, all knew their duty to themselves and to each other, and would instantly relinquish their holds one upon the other. If a number succeeded in reaching the top of the rock, all those upon it would often (after consuming their ammunition) jump off into the water. Which done, the besiegers became the besieged in turn, and the besieged (that was) became the besiegers. This mode of warfare afforded us much good sport. Sometimes we would dive from off its top. Other times we would stand on its edge and turn somersets into the water.

Owing to the hill rising very bluff and high from the shore, the water at this place was very deep. I recollect in diving down along side of this rock, that its sides were perpendicular like to a wall of a house. Sometimes when we were there and in the midst of our pleasant sport, the "Orderly Drummer" at camp would beat up "the Drummer's Call;" each musician would (upon hearing the first tap of the drum) plunge into the water, swim swiftly to shore, and then be all splutter, for after picking up his clothes each would dress the best way he could as he ran for camp.

When the tide made strong to the shore it acted as conqueror in taking possession of our Fort, and would not permit us to play upon its surface. At such a time its top would often be many feet under water. When this was the case, we recreated ourselves by performing in some other way. Hopping, jumping and running often afforded us plenty of amusement.

I remember when General Arnold was fired after, that I (with other musicians) was engaged in swimming in the Hudson river. Hearing the "orderly" at camp beating up the Drummer's Call, we hurried our clothes on, dressing indeed as we ran, and made all the haste we possibly could until we reached the camp. Shortly after our arrival at camp, the "alarm guns" (cannon) were fired, and upon our hearing the third of which, we beat up "to arms," "to arms." A history of Arnold's treason and the capture and execution of Andre, I shall now present to my readers.

As soon as the news of Arnold's treachery reached the Forts, alarm guns were fired. The first gun in cases of alarm is a token, and when the second gun is fired all are in readiness to hear the third fired. The fife and drum majors have their musicians in readiness, and the moment the third gun is fired, the musicians instantly strike or beat up the air or tune "to arms," "to arms." In this case (at West Point) the second gun very soon followed the first, and the third sooner than the second. None in camp could imagine what it was—what such tremendous roaring of cannon could be indicative of. The largest cannon mounted in the fort was the one made choice of to vomit out execrations against Arnold and tories, and warnings to the three brigades lying at and near to West Point, as well also to others at a somewhat remote distance, but not so far as to be out of the hearing of that loud and faithful messenger.

The firing of three cannon so loud and so quick in succession caused a dreadful commotion in the whole line of extended camps. The musicians belonging to the whole army (myself included among the number) at the instant the third gun was fired, played and beat up the tune to arms, to arms, and in less than five minutes, the whole of the two or three brigades were in line and under arms, the field officers all mounted on horseback and at their posts awaiting the orders of the Commanding General, as also a knowledge of what had given rise to so hasty an alarm. We were not long, however,

Capture of Major Andre.



under arms before the much desired knowledge was bestowed in being officially announced unto us—that of the traitorism of Arnold and the capture of Andre. At this intelligence the whole army was (as it were) convulsed. We stood almost day and night upon our arms, for I suppose three days and three nights at least. We were to be compared to swarms of bees without king or queen until a beloved father, a beloved Washington visited and passed personally among the encampments at West Point. Love of country, love for Washington, love and praise for Paulding, Williams and Van Wert, the captors of Andre, and anger and execrations for and towards Arnold; Andre, the tories and the British minions were the alternate emotions within the breasts of all ranks and conditions of the American soldiery at West Point. Arnold as soon as he was apprized of the capture of Andre departed hastily. It was stated then, that he was beheld at a distance in his flight and fired upon from one of the forts, but he was so far off that the pursuing shots could take no effect.

Major John Andre, adjutant General of the British army at one time wrote a sarcastic doggeral song to the tune of Yankee Doodle, having been partly induced no doubt to do so, from the circumstance of General Wayne having been detached into New Jersey from Valley Forge in the winter of 1777 and '8, with a body of troops to destroy forage, which was likely to fall into the hands of the British and for the purpose of purchasing and pressing cattle for the use of the American army—and partly in consequence of the contemptuous opinion entertained by the British for our gallant officers and soldiers of that day.

In some parts of his doggeral his object was to show off the Americans, officers and men, as kind of half soldiers and half something else. Not admitting with the most incontrovertible evidence before him, that they were magnanimous, and as brave in battle as they were magnanimous,

That this was his true object the last verse of the song offers proof.

“But now I end my lyric strain—
I tremble while I show it!
Lest this same warrio-drover, WAYNE,
Should ever catch the poet.”

“The unfortunate poet’s fate has changed his mock-heroic to a tragic strain ; for when taken, he was delivered to Wayne, at Tappan,” by Lieutenant Col. Jameson.

CHAPTER XIII.

The capture of Major Andre by Paulding, Williams and Van Wert, of the New-York Militia, his trial, execution as a spy, and the TRAITORISM of ARNOLD which led thereto, all conspired to fill the minds of many with gloomy apprehensions and was the all engrossing subject within and without the American camps. Arnold had distinguished himself on many occasions on his country’s battle fields as among the bravest of brave men, had fought and encouraged his men to fight, and sought the hottest of the action at repeated times, and that too without any regard to self. He had signalized himself as a brave man, as well in the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief and the officers and soldiers in the army as in the eyes of Congress and the people of the colonies generally, and strange perhaps to relate he had poured out his blood upon his country’s battle fields. Had it not been for these, he could not have passed undetected the supervisional glances of the keen eagle eye of Washington. Had it not been for his extraordinary bravery and merit as an officer, he would have occupied a situation far different—that of not being above suspicion in the estimation of Washington.

It appears that the Governor of Pennsylvania preferred charges to Congress against Arnold when he held the command at Philadelphia after the British evacuated it in the year 1778. Arnold was arrested at the in-

stance of Congress, and put upon his trial by court martial. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington. Congress approved of the sentence, and he was forthwith reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief.

From this moment ("or sooner" says a writer,) Arnold's hate swelled within his bosom, and he sought to avenge himself by making his bleeding country to pour forth her blood more copiously and afresh. He sought by various means to sink her deep in the damning cup of a sweeping desolation, and to annihilation itself.— Under the pretext that the wounds he had previously received unfitted him for the arduous duties of the field, he preferred receiving the command of West Point, the Gibraltar of the young Republic. Could he but sell this, all others would naturally follow or be thrown (as he thought thereby) into the bargain. This was his hellish scheme, his diabolical purpose of blackness of darkness and nothing less.

Washington and some of his brother Generals (among them General La Fayette,) were engaged in the examination of some parts of the outworks of the fort. The aid of General Washington had called at the residence of Arnold, and happened to be there when Andre's note was handed to Arnold. The report that the aids made was, that Arnold became pale, retreated precipitately from the room, and made known to his wife the perilous situation he had plunged himself into, at the news of which she swooned. The condition of his wife could not restrain him from becoming a fugitive from justice, he mounted his aid-de-camp's charger and dashed away requesting ere he started that General Washington might be informed, that he was gone to West Point to make arrangements for his, (the Commander-in-Chief's) reception at that post.

Arnold directed his course towards the river, to which his spirited horse in his fleetness soon conveyed him. By the means of a canoe, he was enabled to reach the British vessel the *Vulture*, that laid beyond the distance of long shot on the opposite side of the Hudson. When

the aids-de-camp of Generals Washington and La Fayette, Colonels Hamilton and McHenry informed Washington of Arnolds having gone to West Point for the purpose of making arrangements for his reception, it was natural for Washington to think nought else than it was really so. But reader picture the astonishment of Washington, the fluctuations of his patriotic bosom between hope and fear when he was informed that General Arnold had not arrived. On receiving Colonel Jameson's despatch his conduct lost its strange face and stood forth *basso rilievo* in all its fearfulness and damning consequences.

The Commander-in-Chief lost not a moment of time, but set him about to strengthen his works and put all in a more effective state of defence at West Point.

General Washington in the manliness of his patriotic soul, requested one of his aids to inform Mrs. Arnold that her husband, (although no exertions or pains had been spared in efforts to capture him) was safe. He suffered her to go on to Philadelphia. He sent Arnold his clothes and baggage in accordance with the request he had made of him by letter. He then conveyed Mrs. Arnold to her husband in New-York under the protection of a flag.

I have stated that these circumstances filled the minds of many with gloomy apprehensions for the future, but if they did, it was a source of great joy to very many that the plot was so timely discovered.

“ When the probable consequences of this plot, had it been successful, were considered, and the combination of apparent accidents by which it was discovered and defeated, was recollected, all were filled with awful astonishment, and the devout perceived in the transaction the hand of Providence ; guiding America to Independence.

Major Andre's case was referred to a board of general officers, among them was General's La Fayette and Steuben, General Greene presided over this Court. The court after a labored investigation of his case, arrived at the conclusion that he was justly considered to fall within the pale of the laws of nations, which characterized

him as a *spy*. They were of opinion also, that "he ought to suffer death."

On the day after this sentence was rendered, it was executed.

However much that same board and other officers of the army, soldiers and people might have sympathized with Andre, still, they could say amen to his sentence and execution, believing that his execution as a spy was highly demanded. There was a great degree of sympathy manifested in his case; his appearance was very prepossessing, being what was generally termed a very handsome man. It is true Major Andre had exhibited a great degree of frankness and manliness in his conduct of honor and feelings of humanity as well before his capture as after. But honorable and humane as he was esteemed to be, he it must be recollected was a spy from the camp of an open and avowed enemy—but brave and fearless as he was considered and exhibited himself to be, he it must be remembered was a British officer, who had engaged in a dishonorable transaction—a transaction although far too low for so lofty a nature as he was acknowledged to have possessed, yet had by all usages of war forfeited his life. Whilst our own admirable Captain Nathaniel Hale of the revolutionary war, who perished as a spy in a British camp on Long Island, is forgotten by American citizens, Andre to this day has (unfortunately for the memory of many of the martyred spirits of my Columbia's exalted glory,) a much stronger hold than Hale upon the sympathies and affections of many, very and by far too many of the American people. A course which is as shameful as it is ungrateful and unjust. Laud a perished life-forfeiting enemy to the skies, and never name as he ought to be named, this our own perished patriotic American son of thunder. Captain Hale gave proofs of bravery strong as ever Andre did, proofs as undoubted as those evinced by Leonidas of the Spartan band at the pass of Thermopylæ, and his conduct was far more in accordance with his, having first sat down and counted the cost of his expedition,

than that of Major Andre. Hale, the Columbian SON with a LION'S HEART and a soldier's HONOR never strove to bribe his captors as did Andre the three virtuous, brave, unbribed, unbought and free, uncorrupted and incorruptible militia men, Paulding, Williams and Van Wert. No! He was prepared to yield the forfeit and bowed in resignation to that fate which awaited him according to the usages of war.

When Captain Hale (after his capture) was conducted into the presence of the haughty and supercilious Gen. Howe, the British Commander, he quailed not, and when that imperious General with a look that carried the knowledge of an irreversible judgment within it, asked Hale as follows; "young man do you know the reward of your temerity? Do you know your doom?" Answered laconically "I DO. DEA'TH."

SYMPATHY.

"O smile to those that smile on thee;
For there is nought on earth so sweet
As when the heart is full of glee,
A look of kindred glee to meet;
The evening star, that shines alone,
Can scarcely through the shades be known;
But when her sisters all arise;
How brilliant are the midnight skies!

O weep for those that weep for thee;
For there is nought on earth below
Like mingling tears of sympathy,
For drooping hearts of care and wo:
The flowers of pleasure rise again,
Like blossoms wet with summer rain;
And hope returns to light the eye,
Like sunshine when the clouds go by."
But Hale, poor Hale no hope's for thee,
No helping hand's in sympathy.
Die thou must, help, it can't extend,
Die manly, firm, Columbia's patriot friend.

“I do. Death. This expression upon the part of this thrice noble son, betrayed no sacrifice of principle or honor. Where are they that love their country and the memory of the martyred spirits of my country’s exalted glory, who will dare to attain his memory by making him to suffer loss in contrast with Andre—that shall dare to attain his memory by saying that his conduct savored, on this occasion, of cowardice? Who are they? They that are in possession of tory principles now, as they were then.

“What can we find in Major Andre to admire—to cherish, that we cannot find in Captain Hale? He possessed a soul as sincere as it was guileless, and as fearless and undaunted as it was guileless, honorable and free. If Andre’s erect and manly form drew forth the admiration and love of the gentler sex, who think you, reader, was the manliness, beauty and stately steppings of a noble Hale to be compared with, or by whom was his magnanimity, courage, honor, qualifications and handsome personal mien as a citizen soldier to be measured? Hale! for whose lifeless body the young, lovely and loving Sarah Easton could and did risk her life to recover, that that body might be restored to friends and be buried near the homestead of his parents.

There stood the bold youth with bosom bare,
His noble life suspended on a hair,
If brave in life, he was brave in DEATH,
And on scaffold yielded bravely his PATRIOTIC breath.

“A Mary in the hours of darkness before the day had yet dawned was found at the sepulchre of Jesus her Lord and Master, in search of the body of that awfully butchered Master and immaculate God Divine.—“Woman, why weepest thou.” “Because they have taken away my lord, and I know not where they have laid him.” Her eyes were holden that she knew him not. She therefore said unto a risen Redeemer, when he appeared unto her at the sepulchre, “Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.”

Most exalted of all exalted earthly affections! A holy, loving Mary, at a sepulchre in search of the body of a crucified God, and alone in her search whilst the earth was yet completely wrapped in the sombre shades of night. This at a time, too, when the stoutest hearts had stood appalled with the most awfully alarming fears. But the day previous the sun had been darkened, and thick darkness had veiled the earth, and the sacred veil of the Temple had been rent in twain. But the day before earth had shook to its centre in its having endured the convulsive throbs of a mighty earthquake, and the graves had opened and many of the sleeping dead were called forth to ask, why nature thus “trembled, to the throne of” the Most High God?

Fearless Woman! Unchangeable Daughter of Faith and Faithfulness. Admirable Mary. Wonderful precedent of profound courage, sublime, high-souled and Heaven-born affection of loveliest resplendency.

That the noble of the gentler sex still retains a nature susceptible of this high order of affection of Heavenly purity—this courageousness of spirit in the dark hours of solemn and high duty and sore trial, when their pathways are beset with dangers upon every side, the following statement* in a note is offered, as an incontrovertible evidence.—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia.*

* The young, beautiful, accomplished and courageous Sarah Easton, the betrothed of Captain Hale, visited the British encampment of Gen. Howe under the protection of an American flag, denominated *a flag of truce*, for the purpose of procuring the dead body of Captain Hale, which had been buried three days. Womanly and with woman's true fortitude did she meet the *gibes and sneers* of the British officers, and requested of Gen. Howe in person, “the body of Nathaniel Hale for christian burial.” Howe rejected her petition, and informed her that her request could not be granted. A young, but magnanimous British officer who had been ordered by Howe to conduct her to the boat in which she had come, (to his eternal praise be it spoken) whispered to her at the moment of their parting at the shore, and at the same time pointing to a cove, bade her come there at the hour of midnight on the coming night, promising her to deliver the body to her. She did so, accompanied by the grey-headed father of Captain Hale, and procured the body and conveyed it to the home of that father for proper interment. Admirable daughter! A daughter who has since had a parallel of fidelity and faithfulness of affection, in the person of Sarah Curran (daughter of the Irish Barrister) the betrothed of the illustrious and patriotic, but butchered Robert Emmett, who was hanged for treason at Dublin in Ireland.

Hark ! hark ! sweet Sarah, the loud clarion sounde,
 ‘ ’Tis honor calls me to war ,
 Now love I leave, perhaps for wounds,
 And beauty for a scar.

But, ah ! suppress those rising sighs,
 Ah ! check those fast falling tears :
 Lest soft distress from lovely eyes
 Creates forbidden new-born fears.

My life to fame devoted was,
 Before my fear I knew,
 And if I now desert her cause,
 Shall I be worthy you.

It is not fame alone invites,
 Though fame this bosom warms ;
 My country’s violated rights,
 Impel me on to arms.’

Weep not then dear girl, if I leave thee behind,
 My love in life—in death shall ever endure,
 Though beauty will fade, yet the charms of thy mind,
 From Falsehood my heart will dear Sarah secure.

If fall I shall, my loveliest one,
 For the task has no fears for me,
 Forget me not, dearest, when I am gone:
 If I fall, then know—Hale died for the free.

J. S. Hanna.

“ Cold and unhonored he lies, whilst richly deserving
 of a country’s praise, gratitude, honor and monument.
 Noble son ! The conduct of thy betrothed—thy affectionate
 Sarah, has constituted the brightest and highest monument
 that earth can erect and consecrate to thy memory and thy worth.
 The proudest, most brilliant and lofty monument ! A monument
 of the sacred and devoted affections of a Sarah’s most faithful heart.”

Hanna’s Glory of Columbia.

Oh ! sound loud his name that sleeps in the shade,
 ‘ Where cold and unhonor’d his relics are laid :

Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the dew-drop that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.'

Could no sacrifice, love, be found but in thee,
Hard, hard was the lot, but oh! fault not the decree,
If Heaven ordained it, we're resigned to God's will,
We mourn thee, loved one, and shall mourn thee still.

Oh! Nathaniel beloved, what more can I say,
Could my sorrying heart's effusions repay
Thy fondness in love, both rich and sincere,
Thou bestowed on thy Sarah, who weeps o'er thy bier.

J. S. Hanna.

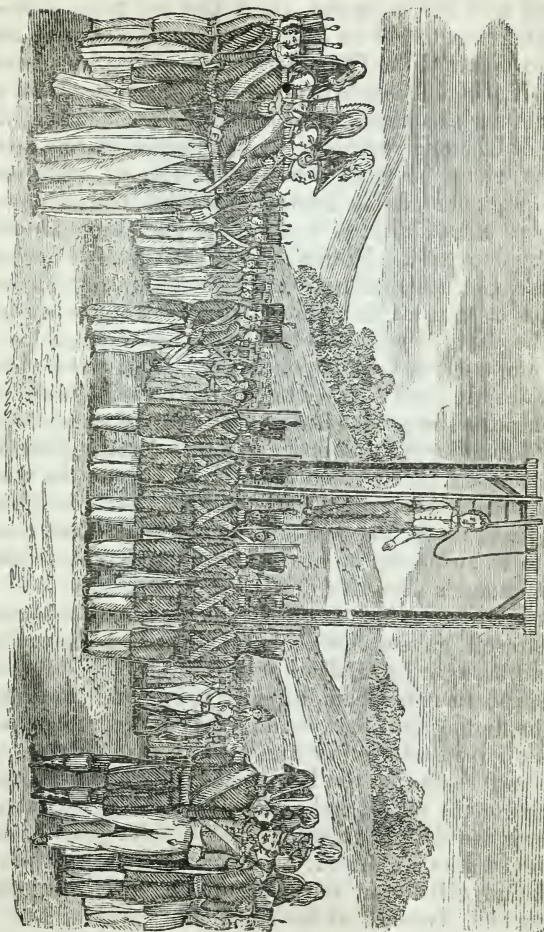
Great interest was manifested by many of the American citizens in Andre's case. Exertions were made in his behalf with Washington, and great threats and offers were made by Sir Henry Clinton, a commanding General in the British army, to whom Andre was particularly dear. Even Arnold possessed impudence and insult sufficient to address communications to the American head-quarters in his behalf, (these, however, were not replied to,) attempting to point out the duty of the commander-in-chief and his brother officers in the American army, with regard to Andre. The threats of Clinton possessed no weight. General Washington and his brother officers possessed too great a sense of the demands of justice, the undying interests, love and glory of their country, to suffer either persuasion or threats from any quarter to swerve them from the great duty they owed to their country, posterity and posterity's Almighty God, the God of battles and KING of PEACE.

General Washington no doubt would have been induced to have saved or spared the life of Andre, had Arnold been captured or given up. Andre was tried, convicted and condemned to death as a *spy*. He de-

sired a soldier's death—to be shot, but this could not be granted to him. He was at length ordered out for execution. It was a very solemn time. I (with other Fifers) was notified by my Fife Major (Alexander McKinley) to be in readiness to play the *Dead March*. On the day of his execution, the whole of the army at West Point were put in motion, and marched arms in hand to the gallows, where they were formed into a great circle at some distance around it. We (musicians) were then attached to the *provo guard* and marched off to the provo guard-house, where the guard received the prisoner (Andre) and conducted him within the circle and to the foot of the gallows, we playing the dead march all the way from the provo guard-house to the gallows.

After he arrived at the gallows, a considerable time lapsed before his execution took place. This time was spent in conversing with the American officers.—The officers sympathized greatly with him, and great sorrow pervaded the whole army. Officers and privates were to be seen shedding tears. One great regret was manifested by all, this, that one so brave, frank and honorable should have been sacrificed through the perfidy of Arnold. At length the fatal moment arrived, and he ascended the ladder. He was resigned to his fate, but not to the mode, but intimated that it would be but a momentary pang. He was then asked by the officers if he had any thing more to say. He answered: “Nothing, except to say that he was very sorry for the ladies of England, for that they would all be in mourning for him, after the news of his melancholy exit would reach them; nothing, but to request that you will witness to the world that I die a brave man.” He was at this moment standing up, upon the ladder. All things being then in readiness, the signal was given, the ladder was turned over from under him, and Andre was launched into an eternal world, there to endure an untried reality, and to receive the sentence of condemnation or the award of life everlasting at the hands of that Supreme God, who is commander-in-chief in the countless armies of Heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the whole earth.

Execution of Major Andre.—See page 220.



“General Lee laid before General Washington a plan for the recovery of Arnold. Washington was highly pleased with the ingenuity which Lee exhibited in it.—The plan was to get an American soldier well tried and true, to desert to the British, and through the instrumentality of accomplices, to capture Arnold and bear him off to the American lines. Lee chose out a sergeant of the name of Champe possessing experience and daring courage, to whom he made known his design. Sergeant Champe, immediately made known his conscientious scruples entertained with regard to his taking an oath of allegiance to the British crown. General Washington and Lee satisfied him that he could not in his endeavors to succour his country in the days of her extreme peril be charged with criminality in that transaction.

Champe at the time appointed, mounted upon a fleet horse deserted and directed his course towards New-York then in possession of the British. General Lee was informed by a number of soldiers of Champe’s desertion, and for the purpose of giving him time to get beyond the reach of pursuit, delayed giving an order for his capture until he believed that delay would betray himself, or cause him to be suspected of having some agency in furthering Champe’s design of desertion.

General Lee at length with a reluctance known to none but himself, gave orders that Champe should be captured and brought back, dead or alive.

The pursuers of Champe gained upon him in his flight, and he finding that he was likely to be taken, dismounted his horse and leaving him behind, plunged into the river and swam for the British shipping. The British beholding the chase, and perceiving Champe swimming towards the shipping lowered a boat, picked him up and conveyed him on board. Champe went on to New-York and enlisted in the division of the British army over which Arnold had the command.

Generals Washington and Lee were very happy at learning from Champe’s pursuers his good fortune in escaping to the vessels, and at that intelligence their

hopes of noble Champe's ultimate success were very much brightened indeed.

Champe upon enlisting in the British service in New-York, immediately set him about executing his bold design. Arnold's nightly habit was to walk in the garden attached to his quarters. Champe removed several of the palings from off the garden fence, and replaced them again in such a manner as that he could displace them at pleasure. His design as he formed it upon his arrival at New-York was, to catch Arnold and gag him at once, and through the aid of his friend, to thrust him through the fence, and one under each arm convey him past the guard saying that he was a drunken grunting soldier whom they were conveying to his quarters, then to hurry him along to the river where a boat would be in readiness to convey him to the opposite shore, where General Lee was to be in waiting with horses convey them to the American camp. But faithful and noble Champe was to be doomed to a disappointment, and that at a moment too, when his patriotic bosom was swelled with brightest hopes of a certain success.

Champe had found means to inform General Lee of his plans of operation, and requested Lee to be in waiting (upon a certain night) with horses at a designated spot, opposite New-York.

On the day preceding the night appointed, Arnold's division with himself, was ordered to change quarters and were removed to another part of the city, which was altogether destructive of Champe's design.

Lee and his attendants repaired to the spot pointed out by Champe, and waited until the dawn of day, but no Champe. The sorrow of Generals Washington and Lee was inexpressible, as both believed that poor Champe had been immolated upon the sacred altars of his country, and his high and noble duty in his first attempt, nor were they aware that any thing else was the case until years had rolled away.

Champe had been a well beloved in camp, and none of his companions or those of the army that had known

him previous to his desertion, ever doubted of his patriotism for a moment. His sudden departure for the British was a confounding mystery to them, and many a meaning curse was heaped upon his absent head, for his seeming treachery to, and sacrifice of his country.

It appears that when Arnold and his division were ordered and carried to the Southern States, Champe was in no way able to extricate himself from his unhappy situation and was carried along, and had to endure a painful servitude of nearly three years, ere he was able to join the American armies. As soon as he was able to get out of the British army he travelled a considerable distance, and reported himself to the Commander-in-Chief and to General Lee, and expressed his desire and determination to again join his own regiment. The Commander-in-Chief and Lee were overjoyed indeed when they had it in their power to take the hand of a bold and country-loving Champe, whom they had never expected to see. If the American soldiers had loved Champe before his desertion, their love towards him was unbounded when informed by Generals Washington and Lee of his patriotic and thrice nobly daring conduct.

Washington and Lee would have been happy to have had this noble son in the army with them again, but were unwilling to put him in a situation of such imminent danger, for had he again joined the American army and been captured by the British afterwards, would have been hung up as a dog. They could not think of such a fate for a patriotic and faithful Champe. They advised him to withdraw from the American army. Champe did so, and went into the interior of the country where he settled. He did not however live very long after, which had he done, no doubt remains, but that the Commander-in-Chief would have had a governmental provision made, and liberally for him. Some years after his interview with Washington and Lee, Washington made inquiry for Champe with the view no doubt of rewarding him for his faithfulness and fidelity to his country, but to his sorrow learned that Champe had been dead some time.”—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia*.

"To the sages who spoke—to the heroes who bled—
 To the dark days and noble deeds—strike the harpstrings of glory,
 Let the song of the ransom'd remember the dead,
 And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story.

O'er the bones of the bold,

Be that story long told,

And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enroll'd,
 Who on Freedom's green hills, Freedom's banner unfurl'd,
 And the beacon-fire rais'd that gave light to the world.

'Twas for us and our children, to conquer or die,
 Undaunted they stood, where the war-storm burst o'er them;
 Each blade drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,
 Till the foeman turn'd pale, and was wither'd before them.

Then from Liberty's band

Went a shout through the land,

As the rainbow of peace their fair heritage spann'd;
 Where the banner of Freedom in pride was unfurl'd,
 And the beacon-fire rose that gave light to the world.

They are gone—mighty men ' and they sleep in their fame,
 Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!—
 Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
 And the anthem send down "Independence forever."

Wake, wake, heart and tongue!

Keep the theme ever young—

Let their deeds thro' the long line of ages be sung,
 Who on Freedom's green hills, Freedom's banner unfurl'd
 And the beacon-fire rais'd that gave light to the world."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sometime after the execution of Major Andre, I was again ordered by Colonel Humpton to Van Zandt's.—Here was the last place and last time I recollect of seeing Miss Elizabeth, the Colonel's Niece.

From Van Zandt's, I was transferred by the orders of the Colonel to Princeton, where I remained until about the close of the year 1780.

When the mutiny took place in the Pennsylvania and Jersey lines, although (and as will shortly appear,) I was not of the mutiny party, I claimed a discharge at the hands of Colonel Humpton. I thirsted for a more noble theatre of action in times of high and heaven-approbated duty than that of truckling at the heels of, and to the will and mandate of a woman. This, I state with due deference to the sex, and I think I will be considered as doing so in all sincerity when my readers are informed, (as I intend they shall be,) that I have been many years blessed with the presence and companionship of the fourth woman with whom I have lived in the capacity of husband, for I have had four wives.

I had been disappointed in being in many enterprises, skirmishes and battles in which my whole soul was enlisted, and once patriotically fired thus, it was gall to me when I was not suffered to participate in the conquests and the glories pertaining to them. When I claimed a discharge of Colonel Humpton, it was not for the purpose of getting out of the army, and abandoning that post it was glory to me to fill. No! But it was in order that I might get properly into the army and follow its destinies. Notwithstanding I was left by the Colonel with his niece, I was at many military posts. With her I fared very well, I had enough to eat and was better provided for in this respect and for cloathes than I was when in the camp, but a soldier's glory was my delight, even with the *pinchings* of hunger as its accompaniment.

When I claimed a discharge of Colonel Humpton at Princeton, he refused to grant me one, but gave me a furlough to go on to Philadelphia. He had drawn all my pay, a part of which he paid me when he gave me a furlough. This however he refused to do too, until I declared in a peremptory manner that I would leave him. The Colonel (I may state) had always treated me very well. But in this instance, I believed I had cause to complain, for he had promised me my discharge. This promise he had made to me before the soldiers had gone, but after they had departed he refused it, saying, that I

was better in the army than out of it. Had I obtained my discharge, I could and in all probability would have done as thousands did—enlist again.

At the instance of Major Greer, after my arrival at Philadelphia I joined (I believe) the 10th Regiment.—Major Greer having tendered me an invitation to come and live with him in the capacity of a waiter, and I being destitute of friends and having but a small sum of money in my possession I readily accepted it, and commenced at once the labours incident to my new department. In a few days after attaching myself to him, we rode up to Carlisle, Pa., where the Major was in attendance at all balls given in Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg and at other places. I was favored with (as I and others considered) the best horse, and enjoyed myself very well. The Major would attend a ball in Chambersburg on one evening; ride back to Carlisle on the next day, and be in attendance at another on that evening in Carlisle.

I was always in the habit of carrying different kinds of liquor at his instance to the room on these occasions, and always had an opportunity of taking my *toll, interest* or *freight-pay* before starting with my loads. Apple toddy was a great drink in those days, and I was no way backward in tasting as much as I considered necessary, or it pleased me to drink, my will in this matter was my only sovereign.

From Carlisle we were ordered on to Lebanon to join our Regiment. Here I was regularly attached to the regiment in the capacity of fifer. Major Greer complimented and commended me highly upon my performing so well, and when we drew our clothing he carried out his preference for me in his action, for whilst the rest of the young musicians drew their coats of coarse, red cloth, he drew for me a fifer's scarlet coloured fine cloth coat.

I was not in the capacity of waiter to Major Greer whilst in Lebanon, except when he went upon fishing excursions, then he was sure to call for me and press me into his service.

Whilst we lay at Lebanon, a circumstance transpired worthy of notice, and which I here record as a prelude to the horridly great tragical event, of which the individual now bearing a part was one of the number that was made to suffer the awful penalty annexed to their crimes, if crimes they may be said to have committed. A Sergeant who was known by the appellation of Macaroney Jack, a very intelligent, active, neat and clever fellow had committed some trivial offence. He had his wife with him in camp who always kept him very clean and neat in his appearance, she was washerwoman to a number of soldiers, myself among the number. She was a very well behaved and good conditioned woman.

The officers for the purpose of making an impression upon him and to better his conduct, ordered him to be brought from the guard-house, which done, he was tied up and the drummers ordered to give him a certain number of lashes upon his bare back. The intention of the officers was not to chastise him.

When he was tied up he looked around and addressed the soldiers, exclaiming at the same time, "dear brother soldiers wont you help me." This in the eyes of the officers savored of mutiny and they called out, "take him down," "take him down." The order was instantly obeyed and he was taken back to the guard-house again and hand-cuffed. At this time there were two deserters confined with him. On the next or second day after this we were ordered on to York, Pa., where upon our arrival we encamped upon the common below the town. Upon our arrival, our three prisoners were confined in York jail. In a few days after we arrived at York, a soldier of the name of Jack Smith, and another soldier whose name I do not now remember, were engaged in playing *long bullets*. Whilst thus engaged some of the officers were walking along the road, where they were throwing the bullets. The bullets passing near to the officers they used very harsh language to Smith and his comrade, who immediately retorted by using the same kind of indecorous language. A file of men was imme-

diately despatched with orders to take Smith and his comrade under guard and march them off to York jail.

In three or four days after these arrests were made, a Sergeant of the name of Lilly, who was also a very fine fellow and an excellent scholar, so much so, that much of the regimental writing fell to his lot to do, and for which he received a remuneration in some way. This Sergeant having become intoxicated had quarrelled with one or more of his messmates, and upon some of the officers coming around to enquire what the matter was, found him out of his tent. The officers scolded him and bade him to go into his quarters. Lilly having been much in favor and knowing his own abilities and the services rendered, was (although intoxicated) very much wounded, and could not bear to be thus harshly dealt with and used language of an unbecoming kind to his superior officers. The officers immediately ordered him to be taken to York jail.

On the next day in the morning we beat up the troop. After roll call we were ordered to beat up the troop again. The whole line was again formed, and I think the orders were, for every soldier to appear in line with his knapsack on his back, I suppose that at this time there were parts of three regiments, in all 800 or 1000 men laying at York, the whole of which was commanded by Colonel Butler. The whole body (sentinels, invalids, &c. excepted,) when formed were marched to the distance of about half a mile from the camp, and there made to stand under arms. Twenty men were then ordered out of the line and formed into marching order and all the musicians placed at their head. After remaining a short time in a marching posture, the order of forward was given. We were then marched direct to the jail door. The prisoners six in number were then brought out and their sentence (which was death) was read to them.

At this time it was thought, that none in the line save the officers knew for what the provo-guard was detached, but it appeared afterwards that previous to the firing

which was the means of launching four out of the six into eternity, the matter of rescuing them was whispered among the soldiers, but they did not concert measures in time, to prevent the awful catastrophe which they meditated, by an act of insubordination upon their part.

After the sentence of death was read to the condemned soldiers at the jail door, we then marched them out and down below town, playing the "dead march" in front of them. We continued our march full half a mile and halted on a piece of ground (common) adjoining a field of rye, which was then in blossom. 'This was sometime in the early part of June 1781. After a halt was made, the prisoners were ordered to kneel down with their backs to the rye-field fence. Their eyes were then bandaged or covered over with silk handkerchiefs. The officer in command then divided his force of 20 men into two platoons. The whole was then ordered to load their pieces. This done, 10 were ordered to advance, and at the signal given by the officer (which was the wave of his pocket handkerchief,) the first platoon of 10 fired at one of the six. Macaroney Jack was the first shot at, and was instantly killed. The first platoon was then ordered to retire and reload, and the second platoon of 10 ordered to advance. When the signal was again given, Smith shared the same fate, but with an awfulness, that would have made even devils to have shrunk back and stood appalled. His head was literally blown in fragments from off his body. The second platoon was then ordered to retire and reload, whilst the first was ordered to advance and at the same signal fired at the third man. The second platoon then advanced and fired to order, at Sergeant Lilly, whose brave and noble soul was instantly on the wing to the presence of that Supreme Judge, who has pledged himself that he will do that which is right. The arms of each had been tied above their elbows with the cords passing behind their backs. Being tied thus, enabled them to have the use of their hands. I ventured near and noticed, that,

Macaroney Jack had his hands clasped together in front of his breast, and had both of his thumbs shot off. The distance that the platoons stood from them at the time they fired, could not have been more than ten feet. So near did they stand, that the handkerchiefs covering the eyes of some of them that were shot were set on fire.—The fence and even the heads of rye for some distance within the field were covered over with blood and brains. After four were shot, we (musicians) with a portion of the twenty men were ordered to march and were then conducted up to the main line of the army. After our arrival there, the whole line was thrown into marching order and led to this horrid scene of bloody death.—When the troops advanced near to the spot they displayed off into double file and were then marched very near to the dead bodies, as also to those still on their knees waiting the awful death that they had every reason to believe, still awaited them. The order was for every man to look upon the bodies as he passed, and in order that the soldiers in the line might behold them more distinctly in passing, they were ordered to countermarch after they had passed and then marched as close to them upon their return.

The two deserters that were still in a kneeling posture were reprieved, the bandages taken from their eyes, then untied, and restored to their respective companies.

A number of men were ordered out to dig a large grave. The bodies of the four dead soldiers were then wrapped up in their blankets and buried together therein. This last sad duty performed, the soldiers were all marched back to their quarters in camp.

My readers may imagine to what a pitch this sad scene was heightened in sorrow when I state, that, on our way from the jail to the place of execution, those sentenced, were crying, pleading and praying aloud, women weeping and sobbing over the unhappy fate of the doomed to death, and the wife of Macaroney Jack screaming and almost distracted. On the way she attempted to run into the line, or provo guard, to where

her husband was walking, but was hindered by an officer who felled her to the ground with his sword, he having struck her with the side of it.

The execution of these men by Colonel Butler and his officers, was undoubtedly brought about by a love of liberty—the good of country, and the necessity of keeping a proper subordination in the army, in order to ensure that good ultimately. Mutiny had shewn itself at many of the military posts within the United States.—The conduct of the Pennsylvania and Jersey lines in the revolt at Morristown in Jersey had occurred but the year before, and fresh in the memory of all having knowledge of the operations of the army. Still, the destruction of these men seemed like a wanton destruction of human life. The soldiers at York were afraid to say or to do any thing, for so trivial appeared the offences of these men that were shot, that they knew not what in the future was to be made to constitute crime. I recollect for myself, that for some considerable time after this, if I found myself meeting an officer when out of camp, I would avoid coming in contact with him if I possibly could do so by slipping a short distance to one side, not that I was afraid of an officer more than of a private, whilst I done my duty, but fearing lest they might construe my conduct in some way or other into an offence.

All disposition of mutiny was entirely put down by these steps of cruelty. There were (no doubt) many times during the Revolution that such executions were called for and highly necessary, and perhaps there was an evidence as well as a conviction before the minds of the officers composing the Court Martial in their case, that we know not of, and that demanded the punishment of death, but to state in a word, it was a mournful day among the soldiers, and hard and stony indeed, were the hearts that were not deeply affected in witnessing this distressing execution of their fellow-soldiers.

In the course of a few days after this melancholy occurrence, Colonel Butler received orders to join General Washington somewhere towards the South, but I think

it was in the vicinity of Yorktown, Virginia. When the main body moved on, I with five or six Drummers and Fifers with some invalids and raw recruits, were left at York. I was billeted at a public house near to the Court House, which was kept by one Zeigler. I drew my rations and handed them to the family. I lived here (I may state) at home, for I ate at the table with the family, and was treated as one of the family. Having nothing to do as duty, except to practise some in playing the Fife, I done many little jobs of work for the family. I remained at York until sometime in January, 1782, when orders were received for us to march on to Lancaster, Pa. In obedience thereto, we set out on the march immediately. Our detachment consisted of a Sergeant, ten or a dozen of privates, Fife Major, Drum Major, and five or six musicians other than myself. When we arrived at the Susquehanna river opposite to where Columbia now stands, we found the river full of drifting ice, and were compelled to remain on the York side of the river until next morning. We billeted at the old Ferry tavern house. It was a very cold and keen freezing night, so much so, that against morning the river was shut, and we were enabled to cross it upon the ice.—Each man carried a long pole in his hand, and all gained the Lancaster side of the river in safety.

We did not remain very long at Lancaster, being ordered about to different military posts. In the course of these changes, I do not recollect any thing that transpired of any great importance until I again returned to Carlisle barracks, nor can I recollect at what post I separated from Major Greer. Some persons have an idea that the post of a Fifer or a Drummer is a very easy one. This is altogether an error, and founded on ignorance. A Fifer or Drummer has to fill the orders issued, and he may be detached in time of war in twenty different directions in a month. When upon the march in an expedition against an enemy, a musician occupies a more dangerous post than any officer in the detachment, save the commander, and when in line of battle his posi-

tion is not to be envied. In a word, the whole duty of a musician is therefore not only a laborious one, but one of the greatest hazard and danger.

My memory at one day could have kept, and did keep pace with all these movements or changes from place to place, but not having at any time in my life penned any thing with the view of publishing a history of my life, and besides having entered the army when young, it cannot be expected that I can be as explicit in my statements as I might otherwise be at this late day. I have been (as before stated) at a very great number of military posts or encampments during the war, the names of which, when I hear them, I know very well that I was once quite familiar with them and their locations too, but now, their locations, the time of repairing to them and the objects for which I was detached to them, are like shades, or as imperfect or indistinctly remembered dreams, and of course my recollection of such places, the times of visiting them, and the objects of those visits cannot be other than vague within my mind; this much, however, is established (in my recollection) beyond a doubt, I have been sent to play detachments off to different places, and again I have been sent to play detachments from recruiting posts and other places into the different encampments where we laid.

I recollect of marching through Baltimore, and then to some military post a considerable distance to the South, but where I am unable to state now. It must have been pretty far South. The place where we were encamped was near to a very deep and still-water, and it seemed as though there were great freshets there sometimes, for there had been great quantities of drift-wood, such as large trees, logs, limbs and brush swept out to the land and heaped up together into huge piles.

Alligators were very numerous there, and the soldiers were forbidden to go into the waters for the purpose of bathing and swimming. At night the Alligators would lie on the top of the water with their jaws open or rather with their upper jaws laid back towards or resting

upon their backs, and when their mouths or jaws would become covered with flies or musquitoes (which abounded in that place) they would slap their upper jaws down upon their lower ones, making at the same time a very great noise. This, they would continue to do during the whole night, first one, then another, and often very many within hearing all at the same time.

Crocodiles were talked of also, as infesting those waters. Perhaps it was to deter the soldiers from venturing into the waters, that caused this to be said. I was one day strolling along the water's edge, and something very large dashed into a great heap of this drift of brush and logs. Before I could see its shape, it was all in among the rubbish, except about three feet of its hinder part, the thickest part of which was fully as thick as the thickest part of the thigh of an ordinary sized man. At the moment I heard it, I remember very well that I thought of Crocodiles, and jumped to one side or back, and then made myself "*scarce there*" in the shortest time possible. I never knew what it was, nor could I rightly conjecture. Sometimes I thought it might have been a Crocodile, at other times an Alligator, and at other times I thought that it might have been a very large snake or water serpent of some kind.

Having returned to Carlisle, a number of us that had known each other before, met together at that place. I remember of having been told by some of them of a melancholy circumstance that had happened sometime after Colonel Butler had marched to the South. One of the soldiers that belonged to his command, and who was quite a young man, had deserted and was flying to the British. He was pursued and caught near to the British lines. He was brought back, and instead of being placed in the provo guard-house as soldiers are (generally) that are to be tried for their lives, for those whose punishments were not death were generally placed in the custody of the camp guards. This deserter was "tried by the Drum Head." It was done in this manner generally: a circle was formed and the Drum placed upon

the ground as a table upon which the writing necessary and the sentence were written. This deserter was tried after this manner, and his sentence was, that he should be shot. A certain number of men were ordered out with loaded pieces, and he was blind-folded and made to kneel down. The signal was given to fire, and eight or nine balls penetrated his body, and instead of his being killed momentarily by them, as would be expected, to the astonishment of all present, he begged (poor fellow) that they would but let him live until next morning, in order that he might pray for himself. Whilst he was imploring for this at the hands of the officers, an officer stepped up to him with a loaded pistol in his hand, and made an end of his cries and sufferings by shooting him through the head. The soldiers who had witnessed this sad affair and from whom I received the account, said it was the most revolting spectacle they had ever witnessed during the Revolutionary war.

I will now inform my readers of the cruel usage meted out to many of the soldiers at Carlisle barracks—meted out by some of the most cruel of officers that could be found any where in the armies of my country. The names of these officers I cannot give at this late day, but in order to show that those officers differed from the generality of the officers in the American service, I now state, we had to “*flog*” more at the barracks of Carlisle, than at any three or four military posts that I was ever at during the Revolution. We had to flog more or less every evening after roll call.

Myself and three other musicians (Drummers and Fifers) received at one time 12 lashes each upon our bared buttocks. The cause of this was as follows: we were engaged one day in washing our clothes at the (“spring”) creek, and they, it must be admitted, were very full of *lice*, a statement at which many of those in the enjoyment of the liberties gained by a patriotic army, would “*now-a-days*” feel a deal of fastidious squeamishness at hearing made in their presence. Thank God, that the perpetuation of my country’s liberties is not

dependent upon the exertions of such. If they were, where could be found their full flow of an undying patriotism? Can blood be extracted from a stone? No! Neither can patriotism be found in the ungrateful bosoms of such tory-disposed "*things*." It is true, they have the shapes of men and women, but the question necessarily arises: Are they such? Ingratitude is a crying sin, and it is often committed by those too, who are to be justly styled dandy or tory gentry, possessing often a name to live, and are dead—dead to all and every manly, womanly and honorable emotion and principle of heart.

As I have stated, when we were engaged in washing our clothes at the "spring," a soldier came and began to abuse one of our Fifers. We ran to the support of our comrade, and gave the fellow a kind of a "rough-and-tumble" flogging, and tumbled him down into a ditch which was near by, and put one of his knees out of joint. Apart from this we did him no great injury otherwise. We daubed his face over with soap or white clay, and rolled him about a little. It was rough treatment it is true, but we did not meditate to injure him materially.

The next day as we were outside the camp, practising in playing the Fife and beating the Drum, we beheld our Fife Major and the Adjutant of the regiment coming towards us. Noticing that the Fife Major had something under his coat, I began to "*smell a rat*," as did also others of our company. It was not long until I found that my apprehensions were (feelingly) correct. We were all called up and our sentence read to us, which was, that we were to whip one another, and I was the first ordered to strip and prepare to ride a sort of a jockey race. A large Drummer was ordered to take my two hands and arms over his shoulder and hoist me up upon his back. He did so, and the cat-o'-nine-tails handed to another, who was ordered to give me twelve lashes. I thought when I had theory alone as my guide, the receipt of twelve lashes would be nothing—the

veriest trifle, but when theory was reduced to practice, and I the object by which it was to be tested, I found out that it was a serious matter. When I was made to take the first lesson or rather to receive the first cut, I thought it could not be less severe than the receipt of boiling lead would have been upon the part affected, and I began to kick and sprawl like a cat, and to bawl out lustily. I threw the big Drummer off his feet and "broke for the mountains," running for life. The officers called out aloud "come back," "come back." I yielded and came back, but it was because I could not do otherwise. I returned begging for quarters all the way, but begging was in vain. The big fellow shouldered me again, but if he did, I threw him a second time, and broke away again. They caught me and mounted me upon my stumbling charger a third time, and gave me my allowance of twelve lashes and three in addition to make the count good and for my kicking against my judges, executioners and the cat-o'-nine-tails. Another was then hoisted, (it was the one that whipped me) and as I had received more than I wanted, I had no idea of receiving the Major's rattan upon my back for remissness in duty, I am fully persuaded that I gave him 12 lashes as hard as he gave to me. The two others had to lash each other as my comrade and myself had done. This was law, and we had to abide by the decisions of that law, and call it justice and equity, or at least we had to be satisfied therewith.

Our officers had a whipping post erected on the centre of the parade ground. Near to the foot of the post a wooden peg was drove into the ground, the top of which stuck out of the ground about ten or twelve inches, and was as sharp as the tip of a persons middle finger.— Sometimes the soldiers, after being flogged, were made to stand on the tip or point of this peg ten or fifteen minutes each, with one foot, and it bare; the other foot raised up and held in one hand, whilst the other hand would be tied up to the whipping post. This was called "picketing." They had also a large face and hollow

head made, upon which they fixed a large pair of horns, which made the head and face (to use the phrase) to look like old Nick himself. This head and face was lined inside with sheep skin which had the wool on, the woolly side of which was out and made to fit or lie against the face of the wearer, when it was put on him. The woolly side they covered over with grease and lamp-black. They also had a large buffalo skin for a body. When a soldier would become intoxicated or commit crimes of a more trifling nature, the officers would order out the "Buffaloe Daddy," and clap it on him, and girt it around him with a rope. This rope they brought down and fastened to one foot or leg, and the other end was used as his tether, and was about ten or twelve feet in length. He would be kept in limbo-mask thus, for hours or more. The musicians were required to play whilst he was kept moving about to make him sweat. During these fantastic exercises, it was sometimes so hot in the sun, that we would be ready almost to faint, but it was fine fun for the officers lying in the shade—fun, yes, and they enjoyed it well.

After the hour thus occupied would expire, the Buffaloe Daddy was taken off. The lamp-black and grease having by that time fastened themselves completely to his sweaty face, they caused him to look like a teaze-major* to a congregation of black-smith's shops. The moment his mask was pulled off, tremendous loud laughing and huzzaing were raised by the soldiers, who would assemble to witness this humorous sort of camp fandango. His appearance, as a matter of course, would have justified a priest of Bramin in laughing heartily. After this, our duty was to play him several times down and up the parade ground, in order to show him off to the best advantage to the officers and soldiers occupying the barracks.

We generally carried the laugh and huzza from the

* Teazer is the name given to the man employed to keep up the fires (by feeding them with coal or wood) in Glass Houses, where glass of all kinds is manufactured.

head to the foot, and from the foot to the head of the parade ground.

At one time a Drummer of ours, whose name was Robert Mitchell, was in town (Carlisle,) and stole a shirt which belonged to a gentleman of some note in the place. Next day a search was made in the barracks, and the shirt was found in poor Bob's knapsack. Bob was immediately conveyed to the guard house. He was tried and sentenced to be whipped. In a few days thereafter we (musicians) were ordered out to the woods to collect "*hickories*"—rods 3, 4 and 5 feet in length. Sometimes we have cut and brought bundles of them on our shoulders tied up like sheaves of wheat. Upon our return to camp with our rods, the long roll was beat up, and the soldiers, amounting in number to about 500, were formed into two rows, leaving a space like a narrow lane between them. The soldiers were all faced inwards, that is, facing each other. We then carried our bundles along this lane and distributed them, each man pulled a rod out of our bundles. Poor Bob then had "*to strip off to the buff*"—his coat, vest and shirt, and all ready, he had to run the gauntlet. He ran down, up and down again, which was three times through. Each time, each man struck him once or more on his bared back as he passed. The duty of all was to strike at him, and hard too, but some perhaps were not able to do more than touch him. Supposing 500 men to give three cuts each, would equal 1500 lashes. They cut the poor fellow so severely, that splinters an inch long were pulled out of his back with pincers.—After the splinters were pulled out, his back was washed with salt and water, this was a severe cure, but was of great service, notwithstanding its severity in its application.

There were many soldiers detected at times in a very merciful kind of fraud, that of cutting or nicking their rods so that when in the act of striking, they would fall back and often to pieces in their hands, and do no injury to the runner. Such as were at any time caught at

this, or in striking lightly, in order to not hurt the prisoner, were dealt with in a harsh manner, even to the receiving of (sometimes) a number of hard lashes themselves. It was highly necessary that a proper subordination should be established in every department of the army, and should all have refused to obey the orders, as to inflicting punishment, no punishment could have been inflicted, and consequently no subordination would have existed. That the punishments were more cruel, and greater in amount than necessary in many instances, I think I can safely assert. It was thought however, that the exigencies within the country demanded it. Very many good men sanctioned the course. The good and humane Washington himself had to double steel his heart sometimes against mercy, and forget to be merciful when darkness brooded over the destinies of the country, and examples had to be made in inflicting the summary punishment of death upon soldiers, who had set military law and discipline at naught or defiance.

Some time after Mitchell received his severe castigation, there were two soldiers (brothers) deserted, they were taken up and lodged in Carlisle jail. They were tried for desertion and condemned to death. Upon the day of their execution the troops were formed and marched out fully a mile from the barracks. The dead march was played from the time we left the barracks until we arrived at the gallows. They were both hung up at the same time, one died in about the usual time, but the other could not die, and in order to cause death, the soldiers whose duty it was made to hang them, pulled his feet and legs until the rope was lengthened, and it was thought that the rope would have broken. Still, they could not cause him to die. The one already dead, they cut down and buried, but they left the other hanging. A guard was left at the gallows, and we then marched back to the barracks. The guard did not return until it was near night, in consequence of his not having died until it was nearly sun-down. This was one of the most painful sights that I ever witnessed.—

It was about 10' oclock when he was swung off, and he had hung in a dying state until almost sun-down.

CHAPTER XV.

News having arrived at the War Department, that the Indians were butchering the inhabitants, up and along the Juniata river, and the valley of Qhish-a-quo-quillas,* in the more remote interior of Pennsylvania. A detachment of between three and four hundred men composed of the remains of several regiments at Carlisle barracks received marching orders.

To this detachment there were five Fifers and five Drummers attached, (myself among the former.) Our march was what was called a "forced march," we having to march night and day until we entered the "wilderness." After several day's marching through the wilderness we arrived at a settlement. We halted one rainy day at an old waste-house and barn. Here we encamped. The day was quite a wet one. We were ordered to run or mould bullets and make cartridges. As soon as we had finished this job, we had to commence the march again, although it was raining heavy. This the officers were induced to do, in consequence of their having received intelligence that the Indians were murdering the whites not very far ahead of us. We had both flankers and scouts out, constantly. We at length came across the Indians, or rather they came across us. Notwithstanding all the precaution used in detaching flankers and scouts, the Indians would give us a shot (from their ambuscades) and a yell, and then be off unseen like snakes in the grass. They popped off one of my comrades, a Drummer, close behind where I was marching in front of the detachment. We made a halt long enough to bury him, or rather a portion of the detachment moved on in pursuit whilst this duty was per-

*Pronounced *Kish-ah-ko-quillas*.

forming. This done, we closed up again and pursued our march in the same regular manner as before. There were not any of the Indians killed at the time of their attacks upon us that I recollect of.

After we arrived at the settlements, at the mouth of the valley of Qhish-a-quo-quillas, our scouts brought in some Indian scalps, and after we had ascended the valley some distance and formed our camp on the Qhish-a-quo-quillas Creek, our scouting parties came in occasionally with a few scalps.

The Indians in the course of a few weeks, finding us too strong for them, retreated westward and left the settlers in the peaceful possession of that section of the country. We laid in the valley, from three to four weeks. Our loss at the hands of the enemy was but three men killed. Here I must state, that besides the narrow chance I ran when the Drummer was killed near to me upon the march, I ran a seemingly narrower chance for my life whilst we were encamped in the valley.

The officers would not allow any of the men to stroll to any distance outside of the camp. There were piquet guards stationed at the out posts, which were established at a short distance from the camp-guards. Being very fond of fishing, I would occasionally venture out some two or three hundred yards from the *camp-line*. Dividing my fish always with some of the officers made me somewhat of a privileged character, and they would suffer me to *steal* out when they would not suffer others to do so. They always cautioned me, however, by telling me to be upon the alert, and to "*break*" for the camp the moment I should hear, or behold any thing that might cause me to suspect that Indians were about.

I was busily engaged in fishing at the distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards above the camp in Qhish-a-quo-quillas creek, a stream something in size like (as near as I can remember) to the "Yellow Breeches creek, in Cumberland county, Pa. I had caught some fish, among them some very handsome mountain trout, and fortunately happened to think that I was ven-



Captain Dewees surprised by an Indian.—See page 243.

turing too far, when looking up, I espied a very large Indian at some distance from me. At the instant I beheld him I dropped my fishing rod, and left my fish and being unarmed, I became very much frightened and "*heeled it for life*" until I reached the camp.

Being young, strong and active, I soon left him in the distance and gained the encampment. There was a scouting party despatched immediately, but it returned without beholding or capturing him. He thinking perhaps as I did, that it was most safe to be off: I being unarmed am free to confess, I did not wait to see whether he was armed or not. Some of the officers and myself went with the scouting party as far as to where I beheld him, and then I recovered my fishing tackle and the fish I had caught. In our passage thither we found that I had leaped over lying trees four and five feet high, bounding from twelve to eighteen feet at a bound. In proof of this, I observe that after the revolutionary war was ended, I have often jumped a stake and ridered fence six feet high in harvest times with a sickle in my hand, and at a running jump I could clear an eighteen or twenty foot pole with all ease. This may look full as a statement, but it must stand as truth with those acquainted with jumping, when I state that I could at a standing jump on a floor, clear a ten foot pole at any time, standing with my toes to it at one end, and clearing it with my heels at the other. When running from the Indian I can safely assert that I jumped from two to four feet higher, and bounded farther by several feet than I ever knew myself to do either before or since.

It had been the delight of many of the officers at various military posts before this happened, to start me as a fox. After I would start off to personate Reynard, they would send out a dozen or two other soldiers to personate hounds in the chase. I was swift of foot and could always elude my pursuers, and could return to camp before them and without being caught. I was always called the young quaker, owing to my saying THEE and THOU. Oftentimes when the officers wanted me

to gratify them in bearing a part in fox and hound sport, they would call out "Quaker," "Quaker;" I would answer, what does thee want? They would then sing out "Thee and thou, the quaker's brown cow," (I thought it quite a shame to say *you* to any person, it was all thee and thou with me, instead of sir,) we want you to be fox, for we have some fast hounds to send out in pursuit to day. I knew I could run fast and was therefore ready generally to turn Reynard.

Indians are full of stratagem, the point where danger may be most apprehended is not the point chosen by Indians at which to attack their enemies. They are extremely wary as well as ingenuously cunning. During the revolutionary war many were the instances of their being found lurking near to the piquets or outposts. In some of their designs thus cunningly devised they have succeeded; in many others however, they were completely frustrated.

"In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the English army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was at times in the most wilderness parts, rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of General Washington, "that the English soldiers had to contend with little else." In consequence of the British having brought hordes of Indians to their aid as allies, the Americans with a retaliatory spirit "had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks committed daily waste upon the British army,—surprising their sentinels, cut-

ting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to pursue them. In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so little honor, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outpost to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard around the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels whose posts penetrated into the woods were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their station without communicating any alarm or being heard of after. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves that covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid" said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!" The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every

four hours, and at the appointed time, the guard marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprized of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The course of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty" said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man" said the Colonel "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive" said he "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter, but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery. The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he

would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when upon a sudden the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied as before by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, he appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honor" said the man, "I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance ; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes ; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees : still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, I hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig ! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated, I took my aim ; discharged my piece ; and the animal

was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin* of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a "dagger" or scalping knife "and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped and tomahawked them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves."

"No being acts more rigidly from *rule* than the *Indian*. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general *maxims* early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, are, to be sure, but few; but then, he conforms to them *all*;—the *white* man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners; but how many does he *violate*. No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of *death* and the fortitude with which he sustains its *cruelest affliction*. Indeed, we here behold him rising *seperior* to the white man, in consequence of his peculiar education. The *latter* rushes to glorious death at the *cannon's* mouth;

*The author recollects to have heard when he was a boy, of Indians practising the same art on the piquet guards of General Harrison's army near fort Meigs. They were enveloped either in hogs or in bear's skins, and committed their destruction in the night, they being armed with bows and arrows.

the *former* calmly contemplates its approach, and triumphantly endures it, amidst the various *torments* of surrounding *foes* and the protracted *agonies* of *fire*." Thus circumstanced, "he raises his last song of *glorious* triumph breathing the defiance of an *unconquered* heart, and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness that he dies without a *groan*."

Great care was at all times manifested by the officers of the detachment whilst it laid in Qhish-a-quo-quillas valley with regard to the planting of piquet guards, and with regard to their hailing whatever might be looked upon as approaching them, and received strict order, also, with regard to their firing thereat, or of sounding the alarm. They were also, (as I have before stated) very strict with the men with regard to their strolling outside of the camp or piquet guards in any one direction.

The officers well knew they had a wary and wiley foe to contend with or to defend against.

At another time I ventured to the distance of 300 or more yards down the stream and below the camp for the purpose of fishing. I had not been long engaged in fishing and had just caught a trout, the largest I ever saw any where, when all at once a terrible noise issued from the top of a high knob of the mountain opposite to where I then was, and before I had properly secured my fish, a huge rock which seemed to be about the size of an out-door bake-oven came whirling and leaping down the precipice in its fearful majesty, riving and smashing the trees that stood in its course with tremendous crashings until it dashed headlong into the creek below where I stood; causing a smoke or vapour to ascend like a cloud or fog all around where it entered the stream.—Whether it was that it had acquired a heat in consequence of the great velocity with which it descended from the top of the high knob of the mountain that caused such a cloud of fog or steam I know not. When I first heard it, I thought it best to watch for what was coming. As I beheld it coming I waited until I saw it leap into



The Falling of a Huge Rock.—See Page 251.

the water. Then the idea of Indians was more forcibly impressed upon my mind. It had been but a few days before, that I had encountered one and concluded they were not very far from me. With fear upon me on all sides and believing myself encircled with dangers I immediately secured my large fish (trout) by putting my fingers through its gills and "*took to my scrapers*," saying in my own mind (as I bounded away) to the Indians in accordance with the old Indian saying, "No catchee, no habbee," and soon found myself in camp again.

I had not ceased running after I entered the camp, when I was met by an officer who said to me, "fifer, will you let me have that trout," "yes, Sir," was my reply; well knowing that being the indulged, I dared not to say no. "Well fifer (said he) you are a clever fellow." He then took the fish, and I started towards my quarters. "Stop my good fellow, (said he) go and fetch your canteen and then come with me to my quarters." I went and got my canteen and he then took me to his marquee and filled my canteen with "*good stuff*," which pleased my messmates more than all the fish in the creek would have done, for we had not had a drop of liquor to drink for the space of two weeks previous. A good drink at this time helped us to forget our cares, particularly the Indians, that were skulking around us in the bushes and among the rocks of the mountains.

It was the opinion of the officers and men in camp that this was a stratagem of the Indians. It was believed that the Indians supposed that the rock they sent down the mountain side would have dashed through the camp below and cut its road by killing all that might be in its way. They having supposed (no doubt) that the camp was immediately below in a line with the direction which they had given to the rock when they started it in a *heave, yo heave* down the steep sided mountain. Scouting parties were sent out in several directions, but they returned without becoming possessed of any intelligence relative to the Indians.

Here I insert an address delivered at "Camp Warren"

near Hollidaysburg, in Huntingdon County, Pa. at which eighteen companies of Pennsylvania volunteers had assembled, the whole of which were reviewed on Wednesday, 18th of October, 1843, by his Excellency David R. Porter, Governor of Pennsylvania.

The address is full of thrilling incidents and will no doubt find acceptance with my readers to interest them, particularly, as they are reminiscences of the early settlement of that portion of the country in the struggles of the whites; with the almost unconquerable savages of the wilderness.

CAMP WARREN.

“There is no spot of land beneath the canopy of Heaven that may not have its interesting reminiscences, could it but tell the scenes it has witnessed from the time the “Lord said let there be Earth and it was made.” Some events have had their historian, others have had none; it was Homer gave immortality to the siege of Troy—without him its story would long since have been forgotten, and left not a wreck behind. That such be not the fate of “Camp Warren” we shall use our feeble pencil in recording not the battles lost and won, not the heroes slain or victors crowned, but the memories of those who on this (from this day) classic soil, learned in Peace, to prepare for War.

Citizen soldiers, the ground on which you have pitched your tents, and from whence you now look forth on the busy scenes of life, was not long since the “abode of savage beasts or of men more wild than they.” These have given place to the onward march of commerce and of civilization, which has turned this once howling wilderness into a busy mart crowded with life and hope.

On your right lies (land locked) the harbor of Hollidaysburgh, in which unanchored ride the navies, not of hostile nations, but of peace loving commerce. In front, you there see the *master work of modern art*, propelled by steam, dragging its lengthened train of cars burthened with freighted boats, bounding up the heights of the

Alleghanies, over whose cloud cap't summit, the "sons" of Noah securely sail their freighted arks, where four thousand years ago this ancient Patriarch would have left his boat to rot. Underneath your feet lies mouldering the remains of those who, once like you "lived and moved and had their being," some of whom fell as falls the withered leaf touched by the frosts of age, others were cut off in the prime of life ere their high wrought hopes had learned reality, the fate of some of those, an aged matron of now four score years and ten, learned to me, that I might give to fame and you, that when fond memory recalls the associations of this day, your thoughts might wander back to "*the time that tried men's souls*," and give you cause to thank Heaven who cast your lot in a land of peace, of order and of law, in whose defence we know you all would freely peril life, and for your country's honor bravely die.

A few months after the close of the war of Independence, some twenty-five families returned to their former homes, in what was then considered the Back Woods, and resumed the occupation of their farms, erection of houses, &c. &c., and for some two or more years remained unmolested, when suddenly a large band of Indians surprised the white inhabitants of this settlement, murdering the inhabitants, burning their dwellings, &c. Some fled on the first alarm, others collected at a fort which once stood where now stands James A. McAhan's Mill, (then Ulrich's) which you can see from where you now stand. Amongst those who fled were the parents and family of our informant, and fourteen other families—these had barely time to quit their dwellings ere the Indians arrived, the flames of their burning houses served to light their steps through the horrors of a night's march. On their first day's journey, when within two miles of the Raystown Branch of the Juniata, they met five hunters going west to hunt, whom they advised of their danger and urged them to return. The hunters not believing that there was danger so near continued on their route, but had not gone more than two miles

when they were all shot dead by the Indians, who were in pursuit of the retreating families (who were totally unarmed) and consequently must have fallen an easy prey to their savage pursuers.

Of those who took refuge in the fort was a Wm. Moore, who wishing to visit his farm and look after his horses left the fort accompanied by a boy named McCartney, then only thirteen years of age. Those two had gone less than one-fourth of a mile from the fort when Moore was shot at by an Indian, who lay concealed behind a thorn bush which he had cut down to hide him from observation—the dead body of Mr. Moore was found with his feet in the water, on the opposite bank of the Juniata river, where you now ford the stream, on the farm of Mr. Robert Thomson. The boy, McCartney, seeing Moore fall, hid behind a tree—the Indian made signs shewing how he would cut off the scalp of the boy. McCartney placed his hat on the top of his gun, and holding it partly past the tree, which the Indian (supposing contained the head of the boy) fired at, and McCartney at the same instant letting fall the hat—the Indian dropped his gun, ran forward exclaiming, “*Pooh, Pooh, a dead man.*” At this critical period young McCartney fired, killing the Indian, and immediately dropping *his* gun, fled to the fort yelling and screaming at every bound. On arriving at the fort he fell into fits, and it was many days ere the excitement of that trying hour was erased from his memory so as to allow him to sleep in repose. Often did he, in his sleeping hours, seem to re-enact the scene of the Indian’s death and his own flight to the fort. Young McCartney’s name is yet held in fond remembrance—his noble daring is the subject of just encomium. The Indian’s gun and tomahawk, together with a purse of \$50, were given him. Some years after this young McCartney moved to the yet farther west, settled down and prospered well. The body of William Moore lies interred on the west side of the Hill, in front of Camp Warren, within drum beat of where you now stand—the sound of your martial music reaches not his ear, long

since has his body returned to its native earth, and his spirit to the God who gave it—hurried home by the leaden messenger of death shot from an Indian's gun, whose spirit at the same moment was ushered into eternity and together, white spirit and red, met where war's trade is forever ended.

“Eyes left, you see at a distance of some six hundred yards from you a cluster of Lombardy poplar trees, underneath whose conical shade lies the remains of three youths, two boys and one girl, children of William Holliday, *“the father of all.”* Their several names were Jane, Adam, and Patrick—these, together with their father, were making hay in this field some months after the first band of Indians had left this settlement, when they were surprised by Indians, and all three of them killed in sight of their father, who being at a short distance from his children escaped, pursued by an armed Indian, whilst the cries of his daughter rang in his ear, calling on him to wait for her—“Oh, dear father, wait for me.” But there was no time to wait, every instant was pregnant with danger—his death could not avert her fate, it was a trying moment for a parent's heart. He succeeded in mounting a horse which fell (not dead) shot in the grissel of the neck, by a rifle ball from the Indian's gun—ere the Indian could re-load, Mr. Holliday mounted a horse of Angis M'Donald, which had followed after, and made his escape, pursued by the Indian, to near Water street (some 17 miles.) Arriving at Huntingdon he collects some men, who returned and assisted in burying the children, whom they wrapped in a blanket and interred in one grave, around which lie the remains of their parents, brothers, sisters and relations, who have since died at or near this place. North of this, at a distance of two hundred yards from this grave yard, you see in good preservation the old mansion house of Mr. Holliday. Near this once stood a building called the Commissary house—this the Indians burnt at a subsequent period, together with a large quantity of grain, and attempted to burn the dwelling house, which during an

entire night and part of one day they besieged, frequently succeeding in setting fire to the same which those within as often extinguished. After they had exhausted their supply of lead, Mrs. Holliday melted her pewter-ware into bullets, and thus saved the lives of those within.

During the period this settlement was subjected to the inroads of hostile Indians, it was usual to retreat to the Old Fort referred to. Intelligence having been communicated that Indians were '*about*,' two companies were sent from the Fort, one of which unexpectedly fell in with a company of twenty-five Indians, who were preparing their victuals in a dense thicket. The Indians perceived the whites approach, ere they (the whites) were aware of their danger, having gone not over two miles from the Fort, the Indians concealed themselves behind a fallen tree until the whites came near enough, when the Indians fired, killing and wounding many of the company, which consisted of 25 men. On receiving the Indian's fire, the officer in command ordered the men to tree, some obeyed whilst others fled, and thus the entire company, with the exception of only two or three, fell an easy prey to the savage foe. Should you wish to visit the place where lay bleached by the storms of many years, the unburied bones of some twenty-three of the first white inhabitants of Franklin and Bedford settlements, you will go $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of this, on the road to Tuckahoe, near where once stood an old Fulling Mill, at what is called the Big Spring, on a farm late the property of B. O'Friel, deceased—near this was the scene of a tragic event, which brought sorrow and death into almost every family of the then infant settlement.

The Union Cavalry, Captain Bell, will pass this spot on their return home. To them, we would respectfully suggest, that at some not long distant day, they (the Union Cavalry) will set up a stone to mark the place where fell so many brave citizen-soldiers, and now when on your homeward march from "Camp Warren," we humbly crave that you'll fire one volley o'er their grave to appease the manes of slaughtered heroes, and to tell

that though cold in death their memories are not forgotten. Volunteers of Bedford, we would humbly suggest that when you pass the Big Spring, (now Spang's) some six miles distant from Camp Warren, that you mark the spot where Adam Houser, and his two sons, were slain, and their bodies nailed to the side of his house. And as our last request, we would ask the several companies from *Mifflin, Centre, Perry, Juniata* and *Huntingdon*, to mark the spot where Moses Donnelly's wife and five children (were taken from his canoe whilst he was absent for a few moments) and of whom no tidings were ever heard, save the remains of garments and whitened bones found many days after, which were believed to be those of Moses Donnelly's family—the exact locality Mr. William Donaldson, of the People's House at this place, will point out; it is some 15 miles east of this on the Juniata river. Thus one by one will the events of the early history of this country be handed down to succeeding generations. By the Washington Greys, and citizens of Hollidaysburg and vicinity, the reminiscences of Camp Warren will be gratefully remembered, and the past history of Frankstown settlement preserved.”

After remaining in the valley for the space of three or four weeks, the Indians having left that section of country and all was quiet again, we broke up our encampment and set out on our march for Carlisle. We broke up our camp this time without much (if any) formality. We returned to Carlisle by another route than that which we had taken on our passage out. We arrived at Carlisle in something like a week after we commenced our march homeward.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was a soldier of the name of Glenn, that had deserted from our detachment as we marched out to the

Juniata, and who was taken by some of our men as we were returning from the expedition. We had brought him on with us and lodged him in the jail at Carlisle.— He was soon afterwards tried for desertion, or as it was often termed “for his life.” He was found guilty of desertion and sentenced to run the *gauntlet*. We (musicians) were ordered out to the woods to collect whips. We cut and carried four or five large bundles to the barracks. The soldiers, amounting in all to near 600, were ordered out and formed into two rows and faced inwards, making a lane between the rows such as I have before described. Glenn was then made to strip off his coat, vest and shirt. He then started down this lane formed by the soldiers and as he passed slowly along (for he was not permitted to run) he was guarded by four soldiers with fixed bayonets, two before and two behind to cause him to walk instead of run.

He was forced to walk three times through in this manner. Every soldier “*cut and slashed*” at the poor fellow from one end of the line to the other, for three successive turns. After receiving this awfully severe flagellation, there were a number of splinters of a great length pulled out of his flesh with pincers, and afterwards his back was washed with salt and water; and a sore back he had too, the sight of it was sufficient to melt the heart of a stoic into tenderness.

After he recovered he deserted again, was caught and brought back, and lodged in Carlisle jail a second time. He was again tried for his life and sentenced to be hung. A gallows was erected at the distance of about half a mile from the barracks. When the day of his execution arrived, “we played the soldiers” out to the gallows, where they formed into a large circle around it. We then had to play the provo guard to the jail, in order to receive the prisoner. He and some more prisoners were brought out and placed in the custody of the provo guard. We then marched, playing the *Dead March* after them till we arrived at the gallows. An officer then read Glenn’s sentence to him. After doing of

which, he took a rope and stepped towards a soldier that was one of the prisoners we had brought from the jail, and handed it to him, bidding him at the same time to take it and fasten it around Glenn's neck, and hang him. This man, or as he was called—old soldier, sternly replied: "I wont do it." The officer then in a rage, drew his sword and dashed forward to where the old soldier stood. As he advanced, the soldier coolly and fearlessly opened his shirt bosom with both hands and bearing his breast, said "Run me through," "kill me," "shoot me down," "do any thing with me you please, but hang Glenn I will not." He repeated again, emphatically and with all the sternness and dignity of mien and fearlessness possible for man to possess naturally or by acquirement, or able to exercise in a just path, "I WILL NOT DO IT." The officer then called to the Fife Major and bade him to go to the barracks and bring the rope and the cat-o'-nine-tails. These were brought, and the old soldier was ordered to strip off his coat, jacket and shirt; as soon as this was done he was tied up, and we (musicians) were ordered to strip off our coats and to fall into line. The cat-o'-nine-tails was then handed to me, and I was commanded to "give him five lashes, well laid on." I did it, but with a heart bleeding inwardly for the gallant veteran. Glad, yes, greatly rejoiced would I have been, if I could have spared his back the gashes I had to assist in making, by striking lightly, but there was no flinching. I was not alone in possessing feelings of tenderness that could not be shewn or expressed. After I had given him the first five lashes, I handed the cat-o'-nine-tails to the next to me in the line, and he, when he had given him five, handed them to another, and so we proceeded until we gave him one hundred lashes. I remember well that when the old soldier was untied, he stepped towards the officer that had ordered him to be flogged, and said "Thank you," "Thank you." After this soldier was disposed of, the officer took the rope in one hand, a loaded pistol in the other, and stepped up to one other

of the soldier-prisoners, and commanded him to take the rope and put it around Glenn's neck and hang him, stating at the same time (his arm elevated) if he dared to refuse he would blow his brains out. The soldier replied, "I suppose I must do it." He then took the rope from the officer, and advanced to Glenn and fixed it around his neck. Glenn was then conducted up a ladder, and all things adjusted, he was now about to be swung off. A few moments more, and the silver cord would have been loosed, and the captive spirit set at liberty. But hark! what sounds are those that break upon the ear from the distance? Who is this, that is borne as it were with the speed of the winds?

A moment or two before he was, (or as I may state, as he was about) to be swung off, a horseman was seen coming as hard as his horse could come. This man was calling aloud, and waving a white pocket handkerchief in the air. This caused a suspension, momentarily, of the deathly operations in which all were more or less engaged.

As soon as the herald drew near, he pulled out a paper and rode up to an officer and handed it to him. It proved to be a reprieve for Glenn. It appeared that Glenn's father lived neighbor to General Washington, and the family was always in the confidence of Washington, and his father being a very respectable man, Washington was induced by these considerations and the pleadings of that father (and perhaps of his mother) to spare the son.

Do any of my readers believe in the efficacy of faithful and ardent prayer? Is it dealing in a speculative manner with the circumstances to ask, may not a fond, patriotic, faithful and prayerful mother of godliness have been engaged in secret prayer all the day before, night before and all that day to the Most High God—in fond and faithful supplications, put up to the Throne of his Grace for this her beloved son? Is it speculative I ask, to suppose that He who is the hearer of prayer and the answerer thereof, and the rewarder of them that diligent-

ly seek him, did so bring it about as His answers of faithfulness to this patriotic mother in Israel, that this patriotic and life-despising soldier-prisoner, had "the preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue from the Lord"—from Himself through his own spirit that enabled him to make so glorious a stand in refusing to act as executioner in executing a brother soldier. They both may have been brother Masons; if so, here was an exalted display of the fidelity of brother to brother, death to himself ere he would raise his hand against the life of his brother.* A mystic tie, a thread of life so closely and so dearly interwoven with his own—a mystic tie, offspring of the steller virtues enshrined in that Grand Order of ennobling sublimity. Be this as it may have been, it surely was a marked, signal and special providence of Almighty God throughout, and especially shown in the soldier-prisoner persisting with such unshaken firmness in his refusal as he did. Had it not been for this circumstance, the soul of Glenn would have been in eternity two or more hours before,—would have winged its flight to the bar of that Just God (before whom all flesh must come,) two hours or more before that the messenger arrived with his reprieve, for we certainly spent three hours (if not more) from the time we arrived at the gallows until we left it. After the reprieve was read aloud, Glenn was ordered down from off the ladder, and restored to his company. The line of march was then formed, and we were marched back to the barracks. When we returned again to the barracks, it was nearly roll-call in the evening. The soldier who so nobly refused to hang Glenn, was restored to his company also. The rest of the prisoners were ordered again to the guard-house.

* The author is not to be understood as meaning that a Mason or Odd-Fellow ought, or would, refuse to execute a just law against a criminal belonging to the Order with himself, but, as in this instance, where the will or caprice of an officer would alone depute as an executioner, he contends that it was a noble, a grand contempt of death,—offering to die, ere he would shed the blood of a brother under such circumstances.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far, beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.

Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errours through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a die more deep, while every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

CHAPTER XVII.

Shortly after Glenn's reprieve, we received orders to march on to Lancaster, Pa., to aid in taking charge of a great number of British prisoners that had been marched thither. After our arrival at Lancaster, I was again put under the command of Major Greer. The American soldiers at Lancaster erected stoccades for the prisoners. A large plot of ground was enclosed as by a garden fence. The palings were plank 4 or 5 inches thick, and extended in height about 30 feet. Inside of these stoccades, barracks were erected, and at every corner outside a house was built, one or two of which were oc-

cupied by Drummers and Fifers, and the other two were used as guard-houses. At the distance of about a half a mile stood the barracks in which the American soldiers were stationed.

The British officers (many in number) who were prisoners of war at Lancaster, were permitted to wear their swords. These officers were full of cash, and frolicked and gamed much. One amusement in which they indulged much, was playing at ball. A Ball-Alley was fitted up at the Court House, where some of them were to be seen at almost all hours of the day. When I could beg or buy a couple of old stockings, or two or three old stocking-feet, I would set to work and make a ball. After winding the yarn into a ball, I went to a skin-dressers and got a piece of white leather, with which I covered it. When finished, I carried it to the British officers, who would "*jump at it*" at a quarter of a dollar. Whilst they remained at Lancaster, I made many balls in this way, and sold them to the British officers, and always received a *quarter* a-piece.

Some of these officers (the British field-officers) had several very fine English horses, and that were good runners too. Our officers used to run American horses against theirs upon small bets, and would so manage it as that the English horses won the stakes. The American officers by a little management in this way, soon found out the bottom of their own horses, as well as that of the English ones. The American officers would get the English officers to run their horses against time on small bets, and when they found out the greatest speed of the English horses, they then went off some little distance where they would be out of the view of the English officers, and ran their (American) horses a like distance, and against the same time. After they had done this, they would know what the English horses could do, and what their own could do also. The American officers would then take on heavy bets and win them. At last they made up large purses to be run for. The British officers depending upon the bottom of their horses, which they

still thought could not be beaten, "forked over" their yellow-boys (gold) largely into the purses. I recollect that our officers, by their Yankee Jonathan management, were always able to beat John Bull with their American chargers. Major Varnum's (American) horse came out first, and won the first purse, and Major Greer's (American) horse came out second and won the second purse, whilst John Bull came out last and among the missing, or at least his shiners (guineas) were missed, and a good many of them too, they having *absquatulated*, and sought refuge in the pockets of the American officers (as the transferred captives of the captured,) to whom they were of signal service. This was fine fun for the American soldiers and the citizens of Lancaster, for they (the soldiers) laid claim to the merit of their horses in mettle and speed, as they were able to do to the merit of their own bravery upon the battle-fields of their country. If the American soldiers were proud of this, and exulted therein, it was a source of great humiliation to the British officers and soldiers that were possessed of a too boastful a nature at best. The British officers having been permitted to wear their swords, and to associate with the American officers, caused them to become haughty and turbulent. This very honorable indulgence extended to them upon the part of the American officers, they could not stand, they therefore became *saucy*, and this led to an end of such privileges. Whilst the game of ball was coming off one day at the Court House, an American officer and a British officer, who were among the spectators, became embroiled in a dispute. The British officer priding himself (and putting himself) upon the use of the sword, appealed to it, and instantly drew it. The American officer upon seeing this, instantly thrust his hand into his pocket, in order to draw out a pistol. The moment the British officer perceived this, he took to his heels, and ran. When the American officer was taking the pistol from his pocket, it caught in some way in the lining, and before he succeeded in getting it out, the British officer had gained the door of the public house in which

he boarded. Just at the instant he was entering the door, our officer drew upon him, and the ball struck the cheek of the door near to his head. An inch or two lower down and further towards the centre of the passage, would have laid him sprawling over his boasted weapon.

This caused a mighty uproar in the town, and this British officer, with several other British officers that backed him as their modern Don Quixote, (that found that he was not engaging a Wind-Mill,) were immediately arrested, disarmed and imprisoned in Lancaster jail. They were released, however, from confinement in the course of two or three days, and their liberties restored to them again, but with this exception, that they were not allowed to wear their swords. This, none other of the British officers was permitted to do again, whilst they remained at Lancaster.

There was a young Indian of the —— tribe of friendly Indians, who had a kind of straggling quarters amongst us; he was passionately fond of music, but good for nothing but to steal, lie and to do mischief of all kinds.— He came very near being the instrument to deprive me of my right arm all my life, if not of my life itself. I and another Fifer had gone into Lancaster one night and did not return until a late hour. As we were returning to our quarters, this Indian came running after us, and had a box of case-knives and forks, which he had stolen out of a gentleman's house in Lancaster. We knew they were stolen, and we began to scold him, in order to make him carry them back again. He went off from us, and we thought he had gone to do as we had bid him; but, it appeared, he carried them into the barracks and hid them under the floor. On the next morning a complaint was made, and at roll call a search was instituted. In making the search, the box was found hidden under the floor. This Indian was immediately arrested and put into the guard-house. We having had to pass the sentinel late the night before, were of course known by him, and he had named us as having come in

at a late hour the night previous, and about the same time that the Indian had returned. We were consequently arrested and placed in the guard-house also. We being put into the same guard room with the Indian, I began to curse him, and perhaps struck him or struck at him, for bringing us into the difficulty and for causing us to be thus unjustly dealt with, and unhappily situated. He snatched up his tomahawk and "*let slip*" at me, and sunk it into my right arm at the elbow-joint. Some of the prisoners caught hold of his tomahawk and wrested it out of his hand, or likely he would have repeated the blow. The prisoners pulled off my coat quickly, and when they stripped up my shirt sleeve in order to look at the gash, they found that he had sunk the tomahawk into the joint and severed it, and discovered also that the joint water was running out of the wound. A chain and a fifty-six was immediately fastened to one of his legs, and this he had to carry about with him wherever he moved to, within the room or out of it.

In the course of a few days we had our trial, and as nothing could be proved against us, and in consequence of his having confessed that he had stolen them himself, and said we had not been with him, we were both acquitted and discharged immediately. This Indian thief was then tried and sentenced to receive fifty lashes on his bared back and to be drummed out and away from the barracks. The first part of his sentence was executed, and then the guard, with Fifers and Drummers led by a Corporal, escorted him out and off some distance, playing and beating the Rogue's March after him.

I recollect that sometime previous to his having stolen the box of knives and forks, he had been caught stealing chickens from a man that lived in Lancaster. This man missed chickens often, and in order to detect and secure the thief, he had conceived the idea of doing so by the use of the following means:

He fastened the one end of a cord to the legs of one of the fowls in the hen-roost and passed the cord into his bed-room, and attached a bell to that end at the

head of his bed. Hearing the bell jingle very loud one night, he jumped out of his bed and ran to his hen-roost and captured our Indian, who turned out to be the thief that had so often borne away his chickens. As soon as he caught him, he commenced giving him a most unmerciful flogging, which he had to stand and take, after which he drove him off. In a few days after, the officers heard of it, and would have flogged him for stealing, but considering that the owner had constituted the whole court—witness, judge, jury and executioner, and had let him off and had not come to the barracks to complain against him they let him slip at that time. I saw this Indian after the revolutionary war was ended, in Philadelphia, where he was acting in the capacity of a boss or journeyman chimney sweep.

Having caught cold in my arm it swelled to an enormous size, and until it caused the right breast to be very much swollen also; the doctors ordered it to be poulticed often. They would come and look at it, but they did nothing for me. It became worse instead of better. They came one evening and consulted with one another, and the result of their conference was, that my arm must come off. They agreed to meet next morning for the purpose of cutting it off.

An elderly lady who was present, and who lived not far off, expressed her regret that a hearty young lad such as I was, should lose my arm, persuaded me to go home with her, promising me at the same time, that she would take care of me and do all that she could for me, stating also, that she knew she could cure it.

I went home with her that evening, which, had I not done, would have undoubtedly subjected me to the loss of an arm, on the next morning. The first thing she did was to get water, and filled a large kettle and brought it to a boiling heat with which she filled a large tub, and steeped a parcel of herbs in it and then placed me in a sitting posture over the tub, covering me well with blankets. After steaming and sweating me in this way for a long time, she then put me to bed.

She anointed my arm with grease or oil of some kind, and rubbed it well and then she made up a large poultice of leaven and applied to it. By the next morning the swelling had drawn down so much to my hand, that my fingers nearly bursted asunder. In the course of a short time, she scattered all the swelling and healed the cut at the elbow.

This good old lady, was a great blessing to me, through my after life up to the present time and this will but terminate with my life. It was providential that she was thrown across my way at that particular point of time, for (as I have before stated,) had she not visited me, the Doctors would have amputated it next morning as they had agreed to do.

Although my arm has been stiff ever since, it never has hindered me to play the fife, providing that I always placed my fingers over the holes of my fife before I would put it to my mouth. There was an old man, a camp Doctor at the barracks, who was passionately fond of music. Often after we would get done beating the reveille, he would ask us to go over to his quarters and play and beat awhile for his amusement. He took quite a liking to me, and happening to notice me one morning fixing my fingers upon the holes of my fife before I placed it to my mouth, and the difficulty I labored under of bringing my right hand up to my mouth, asked the Fife Major what was the cause of my doing so. The Fife Major told him all about it. The Doctor then observed to me, that had I informed him of it long before that, he could have done something for me and would have given me some stuff that would have made it supple, put that now, he could do no more than strengthen it. He said he would give me a stuff that would make it stronger than the other. He took me in, and placed a plaister upon it, some of which was still on it at the end of three months after he put it on. The old Doctor I believe made good his word, for my right arm, has been a great deal stronger, than the left ever since.

The British prisoners were sent off to some military

post not now recollected, as I did not accompany the detachment sent with them, I am the less able to remember to what point they were removed to.

After they had started, I frequently amused myself with a bow and arrows, in shooting at rats in the stocades. They were very numerous, and of an enormous size. This kind of sport I enjoyed very well. I one day shot at one which was nearly the size of a cat. I had shot my arrow through his body and he bit off the arrow. I followed him up and finally clubbed him to death. There were millions and tens of millions of fleas in the cellars. I have very often rolled up my trousers above my knees, and ran down into the cellars and up again as hard as I could "*heel it*," and my legs would be so covered as to be black with them. When I would run out of the cellars I would take my hands and push them down along my legs as a person would stockings, and then clear myself as fast as I could, to some distance from them. This besides, being sport for myself, was fine fun for lookers on.

On the return of the American troops (sent off with the British prisoners,) Captain Steake's company was ordered to march on to Reading to take charge of the Hessian prisoners that laid there, and march them off to Elizabethtown Point in Jersey, in order that an exchange of prisoners should be made with the British. Pat Coner, Drummer and myself, Fifer, to Captain Steake's company had to accompany them. All things being in readiness, we marched off with the *tune* of "*over the hills and far away*." When upon the march to Reading, we halted one day at a tavern about noon. Our officers they took their dinners and grog at the tavern, whilst we sat down and took a bite such as we had, out in front of the house. After we had finished eating our "*cold*" hunger "*check*," I walked out a little distance from the rest of the company. Whilst reconnoitering, I espied a fine looking Peacock sitting upon the top of the barn. Ogleing his beautiful feathers, I thought that I must have some of them. I could throw a finger stone

to a certain distance at a mark with almost as much precision as I could shoot a rifle-ball. I searched around and found a stone that I thought would suit my purpose exactly, so "*letting slip*" at him I hit him as near as might be to the spot I wanted to "*tap*" him, and he came tumbling down along the roof of the barn and fell to the ground. I ran and caught him before he was able to recover himself and pulled out his splendid feathers. These I doubled and rolled up as tenderly and nicely as I could, so as not to break them, and then stowed them away in my knapsack, I had but just finished my business of plucking, when I was called to "*beat up the long roll.*" We set out immediately on the march again and I never sent a Doctor back to see how the poor patient peacock fared in his short tail ailment. We marched to within three miles of Reading that afternoon, and there we remained until the next morning. Before we resumed our march in the morning, we were ordered each man to put on clean clothes with which we had provided ourselves before we started from Lancaster. I divided my peacock feathers with Pat Coner, and we decorated our caps in fine style with peacock plumes. They were much admired by the officers and men, but none of them knew where they had been procured, and I, not choosing to tell *tales out of school*, did not take the trouble to inform them.

All being in readiness we took up the line of march for Reading. When we crossed the bridge over the Schuylkill and was about to enter the town I struck up the air called "The Boyne Water." The streets everywhere were filled with people, and as that place had been my old home, I could over-hear some that knew me, say, as we marched through the town, "there goes little Sam Dewees." "Look here fellows there's little Sam Dewees," &c. At this time I must have been twenty-one or two but very small for my age.

After we had marched through the town we were led up near to where the prisoners laid and were billeted in a barn that night. As soon as we were dismissed, one

of my old comrades, who lived about three miles from Reading, stepped up and took me by the hand. He invited me to go home with him and stay all night, I told him I could not go. He insisted on my accompanying him. I then told him I durst not go without the permission of my officers, and that I thought they would not let me go were I to ask them. He went to Captain Steake and plead so hard with him, that he at length consented for me to go with him but told him that I must be back at the break of day to play the reveille and if not I should be punished. I then went with him to his home, where meeting with others with whom I was acquainted, I was quite happy indeed. I played the fife for their amusement a long while. Being quite merry, (girls and boys,) we enjoyed ourselves well and sat up singing and playing the fife until a very late or rather an early hour, for we did not retire to bed until it was nearly two o'clock in the morning. Owing to this, we all overslept ourselves. When I awoke it was "*broad day light.*" I up and ran as swiftly as I could and not without trembling with fear, for I thought of the punishments I had seen inflicted at Carlisle barracks, for trivial offences. Notwithstanding the haste I made, I had the mortification when I arrived at the billeting ground to behold the company in line and upon parade. The Captain brandished his sword about and gave me a few curses for disobeying orders and then told me to "*fall in.*" This was a signal to me that a pardon was granted, and that it was all over for this time. The order that of "*fall in,*" relieved me altogether.

We then marched to where the Hessian prisoners lay. Our company then divided and formed a line on each side of the road. The prisoners were then placed in the centre, a guard in front and another in the rear. The officers and music preceding the front guard. In this order we set out on the march, and continued to play until we were ordered to march at ease.

After this we had good times, for there was a "*band*" among the prisoners and our officers allowed it to play

during our march. Owing to this, we had to play but very little all the way. Nothing of any great consequence transpired from the time we set out from Reading until we arrived at Elizabethtown Point. We did not remain long at the latter place but returned back immediately to Lancaster rejoicing. When we arrived at Lancaster we found that the soldiers we had left there when we marched away had all drawn three months pay and their discharge too. Then every man went to his home, or to where he pleased to go until settlement day. The place appointed for settlement was in Philadelphia. I was among the first that entered the army in 1776 after Independence was declared, and now among the last discharged. As soon as I received my discharge I went on to Poplar Neck, within three miles of Reading, and hired with —— Lewis, who was a brother to my old master, and at that place I remained until the settlement day was approaching. I then set out for Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After reaching Philadelphia, I chose a man of the name of George Saval to act in the capacity of Agent or Guardian for me, giving him a power of attorney to receive all monies due me by the government. Saval went with me and I bound myself to one George Cooper, a skin dresser, who was located at the corner of Market and Fourth streets, Philadelphia. Saval drew all my pay and cheated me out of every cent of it. This practice is followed by guardians yet, and to speak without regard to truth it is highly creditable for them to cheat orphan's and widow's out of their all, especially out of that, hard earned by themselves, as this money was by myself. Of the Hessian prisoners captured at Red Bank below Philadelphia and at other places, quite a number of them staid in this country, took them wives, and settled in dif-

ferent parts of the United States. There were many of them that commenced business for themselves in Philadelphia. There was one who kept a Tavern in Market street, not far from Cooper's dwelling. One evening a journeyman belonging to our shop, asked the apprentices in the shop and myself to take a walk with him.— We did so, and in passing by the Tavern of the Hessian he invited us to go in with him saying that he would treat us each to a mug of beer. We went in with him. The Hessian's establishment was pretty well fitted up, he had a large bulk or bow window in front, which was very well stocked with liquors of different kinds. His bar was quite a large one at that early day in this country. When we entered, we found quite a company of Hessians seated in the bar-room drinking and smoking. The journeyman advanced to the bar and called for beer, the Hessian landlord then jumped up in a rage and ordered him out of his house, saying at the same time that he had no beer for him; the journeyman replied, I have come in civilly and what I call for, I will pay you for.— The landlord seized the bar of the door and played away at him, and we being few in number, of course retreated into the street, not relishing at all the reception we had met with. I thought that such barefaced tory injustice ought to be rewarded in some shape or other, and as the balance of power was altogether against us, there was no such thing as carrying the *fort* by storm. His surly, unjust and insulting conduct and wanton assault was too much for those to stand, that had stood in defence of the liberties and laws of the country. Not being able to whip with justice in law and by it, I thought I would try whether I could not take the law into my own hands for a moment or two and whip him in the use of physical strength well applied. So I looked around for a something and got hold of a *brick-bat*, with which I let “slip” at his bar or bulk window and happening to strike the sash about the middle of the window, I dismantled all the guns of Captain Alcahol and his would be, supreme foreign Commander. The cannons (bottles) that

stood charged and ready at the port-holes, (window) were knocked about so tremendously, bursted and were by my four pound carronade so that their powder and balls (liquor) were knocked out at the muzzles and at other places, and scattered every which way causing great destruction among bottles, glasses, &c. in the fort, and confusion among the Hessian ranks therein. For my own part I took care of number one, and heeled it home like a good fellow. The watchman captured the *jur* and marched him off to the watch-house where he was retained all night.

The next morning the other apprentices with myself were summoned to appear before a Magistrate. When we arrived at the Magistrate's office we found the Hessian landlord, our Master and the journeyman and a great many more that had collected to hear the trial and enjoy the fun. Said my master to me, "Well Samuel what have you to say for yourself." "What do you know about this matter." I told him I could tell something about it. I was then qualified. I stated that on the evening previous, our journeyman asked us (boys) to take a walk with him and that we had done so. That as we were passing the tavern of this Hessian, (pointing at the same time to the Hessian landlord,) in Market street.— At the word Hessian he jumped up in a great rage to strike me, but he had to sit down again. The magistrate told him if he did not sit down and "*hush up*" he would commit him to jail immediately. When he sat down I proceeded to state that the journeyman had invited us to go into this Hessian's Tavern and drink some beer with him. That when we entered we found a number of Hessians there. That they were drinking, smoking, &c. and stated that the *jur* called for a half a gallon of beer but that the Hessian landlord told him to "gleer ouse," and said "*I cot no beer vor yooz*," upon which the *jur* had replied that he came in civilly and intended to pay for the beer, and then stated that the Hessian landlord picked up the bar of the door and beat him out of his house, and that I afterwards heard a great rat

ting at the window and among the bottles, &c. over the floor of the bar-room. That I had also heard a great noise and confusion about the Hessian's tavern door, and that I was positive that the jur could not, and did not throw any thing at the house or at his window. If I could state this positively, I state as positively now, that I kept the knowledge as to who did throw the bat, to myself. The other apprentices stated in substance what I had stated.

The Hessian landlord had to pay all costs, mend his window, replenish it with bottles and glasses, and fill them with liquors at his own expense into the bargain.

There are "scrapes" in which men are sometimes caught, the results of which are often regretted very much afterwards, but this I have to regret yet. I have voluntarily engaged in every emergency in which my country has been thrown, and when its peace has been jeopardized, either by a foreign or domestic foe, I have raised my voice to assert her rights and the supremacy of the laws, and have always backed that voice by my presence and actions upon duty in the field. To be thus treated by a set of men, who had came as hirelings to fight against and butcher the inhabitants of my country—at the hands of a set of desperadoes, assassins and murderers, who, when they infested and marched through the Jerseys, (headed by their ignoble and inhuman coadjutors, king George's satellites* and demoniac Tories) acted more cruel than the wild savages of the forests, murdering men, women and children in an indiscriminate and unprovoked manner, for they paid no regard to age, sex or condition. They frequently picked up sucking infants upon their bayonet's points, and carried them

*"Perhaps some of my readers may think that the writer of this volume is rather severe at times. To all such censurers he would observe, take superhuman cruelty home to yourselves, as manifested towards his own by the British. He lost an uncle, who volunteered and perished during the late war in that modern and long to be remembered Hell of infernal inhumanity, Dartmoor Prison, in England. He shall be among the last then to wink at her hellish and hell-hound modes of warfare, and the last to believe that she possesses a tenth of the national honor she boasts of possessing."

about, dashing them headlong to the ground, as hunters would the wild vermin of the wilderness. I have passed through Jersey, and have laid (during the Revolution) near to where these horrid scenes were acted, and then they were but too fresh in the recollections of the people, and particularly of fond weeping mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, relatives and acquaintances. Desperadoes, whose inglorious hands were stained with the blood of the innocent, and their heads were covered with crimes of the deepest die. Murderers, who would claim in their state of *alienship* all the privileges due to the free-native born and *naturalized* citizens of my country, and beyond this, to bear down, and rule, and ride rough-shod over all, especially over those (myself included) who had stood cherishing and supporting their country from the first dawnings of liberty to its full fruition of Republican Glory and Independence in her glorious establishment of herself as a supreme, independent nation of freemen. Yes! By sacrifices that will scarcely gain for themselves a belief.

Descendants of many of those cruel hearted and bloody beasts I know very well. Some of them, in the language of the day, "are great men" in the country. It would be hard, it is true, at this late day to stigmatize the descendants of such by a personal identification, and by bestowing a knowledge of their close alliance by blood to such, especially if good republican friends to the institutions of my country. It would certainly be unjust to offer to saddle upon these the horrid crimes of their mean and despicable, bloody and blood-thirsty forefathers.

I staid with my master (Cooper) until he lost his health, and was forced to relinquish his business of skin-dressing. When he did so, he gave to me my indentures. I then went and bound myself to a boot and shoe maker, and continued to work constantly at the business for the space of —— years. When I became free, I went up the country to my old neighborhood, within three miles of Reading, and worked at boot and shoe making for some time.

“There’s a tear that falls when we part
From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;
There’s a tear that flows from the half-broken heart,
When we think he may never return—oh! never.

’Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we forever could dwell,
But, bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell—forever.

There’s a tear that brightens the eye
Of the friend, when absence is o’er;
There’s a tear that flows not for sorrow, but joy,
When we meet to be parted no more,—no never.

Then all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten our pain;
For sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we behold the lov’d object again—forever.”

I must have returned to Poplar Neck from Philadelphia sometime during the summer of 1785. The people of that neighborhood, believing that I was a kind of a no-scare fellow, and not afraid to stay by myself anywhere, earnestly solicited me to go out to ——— valley, (away beyond the broad mountain,) with a drove of hogs, and remain with them until they should fatten upon the *chestnuts* and *acorns*, with which the woods of that region of country abounded. I at length consented to go upon certain conditions, to which they all agreed. The neighbors then began to gather up all their hogs to one place, as a drover would preparatory to his starting with his drove of hogs to seek a market. Some owned five, some eight, others ten, others twelve, and some fifteen each. In all about seventy. Each man put a small bell on one of his hogs. They provided me with a good rifle-gun, and all other necessities for this hog *expedition* and *campaign*.

All things being in readiness for the move, we started and several of the owners accompanied me for the purpose of assisting me to drive the hogs to the valley, and to

assist me in constructing a *wilderness shantie* as a lodging or dwelling place.

We drove them across the ——— mountain, which was all a wilderness, and then over the Broad mountain (which was seven miles wide on the top) and down into the valley. We had to drive them through a number of pine swamps, which were deep and miry. We had no road, not even a path. I recollect we had to cross and recross the Schuylkill river eight or ten times in the short distance of one mile. At a considerable distance up the valley we halted, and about 300 yards from the great road that passed up the valley, they built me (by the side of the trunk of a very large lying tree,) a kind of a shed-fashioned house. They made a number of puncheons,* and with these they built my house in the following manner. They laid a log on the ground at the distance of eight or ten feet from the large tree and parallel with it, on these two they pinned puncheons, for a roof; they then closed in the sides with puncheons also, leaving a kind of a door-way for me to go in and out at. In this I homed, cooked my victuals, and I slept in it also. This done, the hog owners returned home, leaving me a kind of a Robinson Crusoe, or a Selkirk, “monarch of all I ‘could’ survey;” and besides, being now a hog-boss, I was like Crusoe, boss pretty much of the wilderness, going about to and fro, and up and down unmolested, like to old Nick when he was persecuting good old Job. Here I homed between one and two months happily and undisturbed, except by the wolves, &c. Almost every night whilst I staid in this wilderness, I could hear them at the distance of two or three hundred yards from my *hotel*, growling and howling as if a pack of hounds were on the chase after a fox. Bears will attack, kill and devour hogs, but wolves will not.

* Puncheons are a broad kind of rough plank made out of large timber by splitting. The logs are cut 6, 8, 10 or 12 feet in length and are then split up into broad pieces 3 and 4 inches in thickness. When floors are laid with them in *Cabins*, the upper sides are generally hewn somewhat strait and smooth. These are then called puncheons.

Had my charge been sheep instead of hogs, the wolves would have attacked them without any ceremony. I had, therefore, upon the score of my charge (hogs) nothing to fear, and as to myself, I only wished that they would come near enough to enable me to get a shot at them. Every morning after preparing and eating my breakfast, my duty was to visit my hogs. I called them to me, and after collecting them thus, threw them a little corn and then counted my flock. One morning I missed two that belonged to a poor man in the neighborhood from which I had brought my drove, and whom I had told to bring them in to the hog *rendezvous*, and I would take them out to the valley and bring them back again free of cost. After I missed these two hogs, I took my gun upon my shoulder and started off in search of them. I crossed the broad mountain, and at about ten miles distance from my quarters, I came to a tavern. Here I enquired whether hogs such as I described had been seen about there, and was told that none of the description I gave, had been seen. I staid at the tavern all night. There had fallen a snow during the night of about two inches in depth. I had beheld many Deer, but had never been able to get a shot at any but one. In the morning I told the landlord that I believed I would go out awhile in search of deer, that there being snow, I might possibly come across a deer-track, and that I should not stay out very long. It was not very cold, this I recollect, from the fact of my not having any stockings on. I had not gone very far until I fell upon the track of a buck,* which I followed slowly, thinking to come up with him, but it began to thaw, and the snow was then melted. I lost his track, and then gave up the chase. By this time a great fog had arose, and I thought to return to the tavern, but could not find the way. I travelled about until it was near night, and then heard a shot. This is a rule among hunters; when one is sup-

* Buck is a name given to the male deer, whilst the female is called a Doe.

posed to be lost, a rifle is fired three times in succession, the lost one, if he hears the shots, fires his gun in answer, and so they proceed, each continuing to fire as they near each other, until they shall be able to meet.

My rifle having got wet with the water still upon the bushes, I could not give an answer. I ran as fast as I could towards where the shots were fired, and blew loudly upon my *charger*,* thinking that the person shooting might possibly hear me. It seemed to me that in the midst of all my exertions I was getting further off from the reports of the gun. I stopped and tried to strike up a fire, but my strivings were all in vain, my tow being wet, I flashed away half of my powder, and was forced to give it up. It then began to rain, and the night became very dark. I went into a pine swamp, and sat me down at the root of a large pine tree. The night became that dark, that I could not see my hand before my face. I then covered myself up as well as I could with my coat, and sought a cure for all my troubles in sleep. Still ruminating, I found fatigue and hunger had no agency in lulling me to sleep. Owing to the crowd of thoughts with which my mind was filled, I got completely past my sleep. Sometime in the night I heard something coming at about three or four rods distance from me. As it trod upon the brush or sticks lying in its way, I could hear them cracking and snapping as when one would break sticks over the knee. At this moment I did not know what to do. I could not fire my rifle, or else I would have fired towards it. I then thought I would halloo, and did so, and very loud too. I then sat as still as a *mouse* and listened, but could not hear it move in any direction. Being very much fatigued, as well as hungry and cold, and the night far advanced, I began to doze in spite of my every exertion to keep awake. I at length fell asleep, and when I awoke for the first time, I found it was broad day light, and I do assure my readers that I felt extremely glad that it was so. In conversation afterwards with an old

* A tin tube or measure closed at one end, and of a size to contain powder sufficient for a rifle load.

and experienced hunter, I gave him a history of the affair. He was of opinion that it was a Panther. He described their conduct in exact accordance with what I had heard on that night. He said that by scent it had gotten on my track, and was following me. He said that when I heard it breaking the brush or sticks under its feet, it was then scenting or smelling around in search of what it had looked for as its prey, and that when I halloed, it had squatted, ready for a jump. He stated that had I halloed once more, it would have sprung upon me instantly, but that I having sat so still afterwards, it became intimidated and ashamed or shy, and in the course of a while thereafter had sneaked softly and quietly away.

From the place where I slept all night, I could not tell what course to steer. I climbed up into a tree, thinking that I might discover the road that passed by the tavern, but I was unable to see far in any direction on account of the great fog with which the whole forest was enveloped. I came down the tree again, and thought that my best plan would be to keep down the branch (spring rivulet,) for, as I thought it might run into the Schuylkill river, and by following the stream I might finally be able to get to a settlement, for I altogether despaired of being able to find my cabin. Upon a review of this design, I thought it would not do, as the rivulet, in its zigzag course, might run a hundred miles or more before it would (through deep creeks) empty itself into the Schuylkill. I travelled about for some considerable time, and could find no road, nor prospect of one. I then returned to the same place where I had left in the morning. By this time the fog began to break away, and I climbed up into the top of the same tree and looked eagerly in all directions, and thought I could see an opening or clear spot away in the distance upon the top of the mountain. I descended from the tree and pushed on as hard as I could for the opening I had beheld, and found that it was the opening through which the road passed. Having found the road, I was now as much perplexed as ever, for it

was near night, and I did not know which end of the road to take to enable me to reach the tavern. I reasoned the matter closely in my own mind, and resolved to take the end, which I did, thinking at the same time that if I missed the tavern I might find my cabin. After concluding thus, I set out upon the run and *heeled* it as hard as I could, which I suppose was not at a very fast *gait*, for I was almost exhausted with fatigue and for the want of food, having been now almost two days and a night without any thing to eat. I happened to take the right end of the road, and found myself approaching the tavern just as it was getting dark. After recognizing it as the tavern in the opening in the wilderness as I approached, I was greatly rejoiced indeed. The family was very glad to see me, as they all believed from the first that I was lost, and feared that I would perish. The landlord asked me if I had heard the report of a gun. I told him that I had; he then told me that the firing I had heard was done by himself, in order that I might have been enabled to find my way back again. I told him that I had done my best, and had ran as fast as I could to try to make for where I had heard the firing, but could not do it. I then told him that I was very hungry. The women hurried and prepared some victuals for me, and being very hungry, I ate as a starving man, so greedily and so much, that they made me cease, telling me at the same time that I would injure myself, and make myself sick. If I had never thought so before, I thought it now, that victuals were worth the trouble at least of eating them. Next day I pushed on for my residence in the wilderness, and found upon my arrival that all was safe as when I had left it. Upon arriving, I fell to eating and continued to do so until I completely satisfied my appetite; after doing of which, I went out in search of my hogs, and found all doing well. In a few days after my return, the poor man's two hogs which were lost, and which had also lost me, came back and joined themselves to the flock again.

One night, sometime after I had returned, I cooked

and ate my supper, and then retired to my pallet as hearty and well as I had been at any time during my stay previous. I may state too, that I slept soundly on that night. But when I awoke in the morning, I found one of my legs drawn up so much that the heel of my foot was almost touching my hip. I crawled up and out of bed as well as I could, my leg drawn up as I have described. What to do, I knew not. I crawled about and prepared me a little breakfast. After I ate my breakfast, with the use of a stick or sticks in my hands, I hopped over the three hundred yards that laid between me and the road. This journey, short as it seemed, consumed a good while in accomplishing. I then sat down by the road side, in order to wait until some person would pass by. And as good luck would have it, (Providence I should state,) two persons from the neighborhood in which my employers lived, came along. These men had been up at a place called Cattawissa, and were then on their way home. They alighted from their horses and examined my leg, but they could not tell what was the matter with it. They said it was very strange, the way that I was affected. They could not say what was best to do, it appeared like a very great risk to remain there in the wilderness by myself. I asked them if they would call upon some of my employers as soon as they should get home, and tell them of my situation, and that they should come and take me and the hogs home, as the hogs were already too fat. They promised me that they would do this the first thing after getting home. They were as good as their word, for in the course of three, four or five days at most, my employers arrived at my *mansion*. By the time they came, I had some little use of my leg, and was able to hobble about with more ease to myself. We gathered all the hogs together, having the same number as at first, less two. One of these had got its back broken by the falling of a limb of a tree. The other was quite a small one, and was killed and ate by travellers, (as we supposed,) for we found the entrails lying by the side of the road.

We then commenced our zigzag march on our return home, leaving our chesnut country, which exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever seen; for after a storm, I could have gathered, or rather scraped them up by double handfuls—leaving my *pavilion* for the wolves to billet in as their reward for the fine growling music they afforded during my stay in the neighborhood. We had to move very slow on our march homewards, in consequence of our hogs being so very fat; we arrived at home, and all safe in the course of five or six days. Being now at home, I set about to doctor myself, and in a short time recovered the perfect use of my leg again. I have never undertook such a *jaunt* and *job* since, and I am quite sure that I shall never undertake another such again.

It is true, I was very happy in my lonely abode. Although very fond of a social life, yet there is something so exquisitely peaceful and happy in the true solitude of deep woods, that the soul becomes spell-bound, and lingers in leaving; especially,

“In that sweet season, when the mountain sun,
Prepares with joy his radiant course to run,
Led by the graces, and the dancing hours,
And wakes to life the various race of flowers;
Our eyes are ravished with the sylvan scene,
Embroidered hills—venerable groves in living green,
Such was the seat where courtly *Horace* sung,
And his bold harp immortal *Maro* strung,
Amid sequestered bowers near gliding streams,
Druids and *Bards* enjoy’d serenest dreams;
Even “lovely queens” forsake their “shining” courts,
“For rural scenes and healthful sylvan” sports.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Having in the preceding chapter informed my readers of my return to Poplar Neck. I now state, that I continued to work at my trade (boot and shoe making) in

this neighborhood for about four years. A portion of this time I lived in the family of a son of James Lewis, and in the mean time took me a wife. I married a young woman of the name of Elizabeth Ettzel, who was the daughter of a Swiss farmer. This woman bore me two children whilst I remained in the neighborhood, Henry, born 28th of June, 1788, and Sarah, born 21st of July, 1790. -

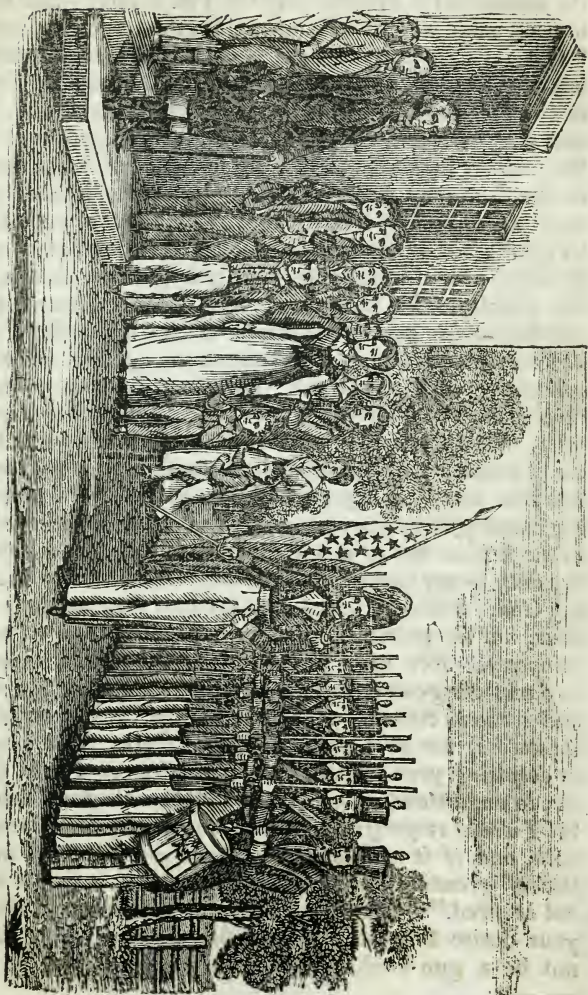
In the spring of 1791, I removed with my family to Wormellsdorff, then Berks county, Pa., and took charge (as foreman) of a boot and shoe shop, belonging to Conrad Stouch, to whom I was brother-in-law. Here I remained about a year. Then upon advisement I purchased a lot of ground, built me a house and commenced the Boot and Shoemaking business upon my own account. The people were better satisfied with my work, than they were with the work done by Stouch. This was the cause of my setting up the business for myself.

Although the revolutionary war was ended, and the benign blessings of peace were scattering themselves far and wide over the face of the country, yet with the end of the war, the patriotic spirit did not end—did not die. The young men of the infant Republic every where, were organizing themselves into volunteer military companies, with the patriotic and laudible desire of keeping securely that which had been gained at the expense of the blood and lives of so many of the patriotic brave—that had been gained by the father of his country, and his brave companions in arms in an eight year's war.

The young men of Wormellsdorff and adjoining country fired with the same undying spirit of true patriotism, organized themselves into a volunteer company, and chose me for their Captain. In 1793, if my memory serves me right, General Washington when President of the United States made a tour through the eastern part of Pennsylvania, passing through Reading, Lancaster, Harrisburgh, Carlisle, Chambersburgh, &c. After leaving Reading, he came to Wormellsdorff where

he stopped for the night. He arrived late in the evening, and put up at the public house of my brother-in-law, Stouch. Hearing that Washington had arrived, I ran around and collected about thirty of my men and placed them under arms, each man having in accordance with my orders, provided himself with a powder-horn containing powder enough to fire fifteen or twenty rounds, as a salute to President Washington, First Father and Saviour of his country. By the time we were in readiness it was nearly dusk. I had a capital Drummer, but no Fifer, and I could not think of marching my men to salute the great and good Washington, without having music as it should be. I resolved, that I would play the Fife myself. I therefore sheathed my sword, appointed my First Lieutenant Captain, in part, and myself Fifer *pro tem*. I then placed myself by the side of my Drummer, on the right of my company.—When matters were thus arranged, we marched up to Stouch's Hotel, then the quarters of President Washington, and drew up in line in front of the house. I then brought my men to an order, and as soon as President Washington appeared at the door of the Hotel, I quickly commanded my men to shoulder arms, and then ordered them to present arms. I then had to assist the Drummer (by playing the tune on the fife for him,) to beat the appropriate salute. It was common in those days, and I believe it is still done, when beating the salute, for the ensign or flag-bearer to wave the flag at certain rolls of the drum. By the time that the musical salute was ended, President Washington had gained a position on the steps in front of the door of the Hotel. He then asked for (or who was) the Captain of the company. I drew my sword, and stepped towards him and saluted him with the usual salute of the sword. I then stepped up to him and with my sword in one hand and my Fife in the other, observed to him as follows—Sir, I am both Captain and Fifer. I have a good Drummer sir, but no Fifer, and could not think of tendering military honors to you in a patched up or lame way, and concluded in

Captain Dewees tendering military respect to President Washington.—See page 288.



the absence of a Fifer to play the Fife myself—and told him my name was Dewees. Washington smiled and said, "*Captain Dewees you have been in the Revolutionary war.*" Yes, sir, said I. He then said, "*you have played the fife during the war.*" I told him that I had, he said that he knew by the tunes we had played, and by the manner in which they were played that I had been in the Continental service. He then complimented me upon my having sacrificed my station (that of Captain,) to gratify his ear with the well to be remembered *airs* so often heard during the Revolution in the camps of his country. He then observed "*Captain Dewees you are disposed to pay great respect to me, for which I am extremely obliged to you as also to the officers and men composing your company.* But there has been so much respect paid to me on my whole route, at Reading, especially, that I feel rather unpleasant when in the receipt of it. I know, sir, that it is earnestly done. Although I have not done less than any man, I have always tried to serve my country faithfully, fearlessly and nobly, whether when in the field or out of it and in doing this, I have but done my duty to my country and countrymen, posterity and to my God. Still, sir, I dont wish to damp your patriotic ardour, nor the patriotic ardour of a single member of your company. Nor am I to be understood, sir, as wishing to damp the generous and patriotic feelings of the men and women, citizens of Wormellsdorff, now present as spectators, nor do I wish, Captain Dewees, to be viewed as despising your tender of honors. Nor do I wish you, sir, to understand me as as forbidding you to fire a salute, but I would respectfully request that it may be dispensed with, and if it will be agreeable to you and your men, that of granting my request, I hope that a salute will not be fired.*" I replied, "General Washington, if it is your desire that we shall not fire a salute, there shall not be a gun fired." I then addressed myself to my

*He had been informed by the landlord that preparations were making to fire fifteen or twenty rounds, as a salute at the door of the Hotel at which he then stopped.

men and stated that not a man would be permitted to fire a gun.

President Washington then requested me to march my men into the house. I did so. He then ordered different kinds of liquor to be set out, and invited us to partake with him, of whatever kinds of liquor we should choose to drink. I then asked my men to come forward and partake of the President's *treat*, and observed, that they should take a civil drink, and for each, to do so, in a quiet and respectful manner. After all had drank, I gave them strict orders also, that no man should behave in an uncivil, rude or noisy manner; that we had called, out of respect, to tender respect and honors to his Excellency the President, and all things should now be conducted in a respectful and quiet manner.—The President told the landlord to charge the liquor he had ordered to his bill, thanked us in a kind manner for the honors we had done him, bowed to us, bade us good night and then retired to his room. I do not pretend to state, that the President's language was in the precise words I have used, but it was tantamount thereto.

As soon as the President retired, I then ordered my Drummer and I may add myself (for I assisted) to beat up the long roll, this done, the men paraded at their posts and formed ranks immediately. We then marched down to the lower tavern, in Wormellsdorff, kept by Wierech Seltzer, where we enjoyed ourselves in dancing awhile. We dispersed (I suppose) at a late hour, but the orders which I gave, that mirth and sociability should reign throughout the evening, were most happily obeyed. Nothing transpired to (not even the President's wish as regarded a salute, this of itself was not a disappointment for he was a lover of quiet, and every man yielded spontaneously what he so anxiously desired) mar the patriotic pleasure which each member of my company set out determined to enjoy.

"Bold chief, who stood nobly, on freedom's towering height,
 Battling fearlessly with Heaven's foes in gigantic might,
 Battling with implacable—cruel foes of man
 Throughout, even from when freedom's patriot war began.

Thou, all hail, first father of pure liberty here,
 Liberty! nought in thy heart was ever prized more dear,
 Liberty! its brightest halo around thee is shed,
 Liberty's laurel wreath still encircles a Washington's head.

Liberty's loud pæans bear upwards thy praise,
 Liberty's echo responds, loud and high let it raise.
 Liberty's sons will stand faithful and firm to their chief,
 In valley, on hill, plain, steep rock and reef.

Liberty's sweetest daughters all, all, to thee we shall bring,
 Liberty's sweetest daughters, in gratitude softly shall sing
 Liberty's loftiest chief's praises,—Columbia's noble son,—
 Our virtuous executive chief, noble George Washington.

As Liberty's pure streams shall flow over all lands.
 Liberty's bold echo shall spurn, all tyrants commands;
 Liberty's loud response from setting to rising of sun,
 Liberty shall be, God, Truth and George Washington."

J. S. Hanna.

Whilst I lived in this place (Wormellsdorff,) I went up to Seelin's Grove and from thence I rode out to Sunbury, Pa. I had an acquaintance living beyond Seelin's Grove, of the name of Himmelbrieck, whom I called to see. Whilst I halted at his house, he proffered to conduct me to an Indian mound that was in his neighborhood. I went with him to look at it. Its width, at its base was about fifty feet. This mound was as round as a *charcoal pit*, and something in shape like to a sugar loaf. Its height was from fifteen to twenty feet and was flat or level on top. There was a tree stood upon the top about sixteen inches thick at the butt.—This tree was dead. The top and perpendicular or rather conical surface of this mound, was overgrown with briars or blackburry bushes. It yielded a fine crop of berries that season. The bushes were covered with

them. The berries were ripe and very delicious, and I partook heartily of them. This mound must have contained a great number of Indian bodies. This could be discovered by forcing a stick into it, some little distance, and thereby breaking off some of its side, jaw and other bones could be seen. I recollect that some of the jaw-bones I saw, were filled with teeth that appeared to be very sound. Himmelbrieich stated to me, that if I could spare the time to do it, he would conduct me to another, about a mile farther down the valley, and which (he said) was a much larger one than the one I have described. The tradition (he said) in that country was, that one nation of Indians had fallen upon another one, and pursued it to the grounds adjacent to these mounds, that there they had a horrible battle, the pursuing nation cutting off the pursued one totally, and that those of one nation had been buried in one of these mounds, and those of the other nation in the other mound. Both of these mounds had once been much wider and higher than they were at the time I beheld the one I here describe. It is reasonable to suppose this, for heavy rains, snows and freezings for a great number of years would in time greatly reduce the diameter as well as the height of both.

CHAPTER XX.

In the fall of 1793, I disposed of my house and lot in Wormellsdorff, and in the spring of 1794, I removed my family to Harrisburg, Pa. I was not long at Harrisburg until it became known to some of the leading men there, that I could play the fife. Lawyers Fisher, Dentzell, Elder and a store keeper of the name of Reitzell and others of the citizens, were engaged in raising and organizing a volunteer military company. Lawyer Fisher was elected Captain, Lawyer Dentzell, Ensign, Reitzell, First Lieutenant, and ——— Second Lieu-

tenant. The company was a large one, and each member uniformed and equipped himself in handsome style. Captain Fisher found out the residence of a Drummer, of the name of Warriour, who then lived some two or three miles from Harrisburg. Warriour had been a British Drum-Major, but had at an early stage of the Revolutionary struggle, deserted from the British and joined himself to the Continental army and had beat the drum for it until the end of the war. Warriour was chosen Drum-Major in Captain Fisher's company, and I was chosen Fife-Major. Warriour was decidedly the best Drummer that I ever had seen or heard beat, during the Revolution. His music was not of the loudest kind, but it was sharp, clear, well-timed and rich in its spirit-stirring melodies.

About this time an insurrection broke out into an open rebellion in the western counties of Pennsylvania.

"The tax which had been imposed upon spirits distilled within the country, bearing heavily upon the people in the western counties of Pennsylvania, produced there disaffection and disturbance. All excise taxes, of which this was one, being considered hostile to Liberty; great exertions were made to excite the public resentment against those who should willingly pay it, and especially against the officers appointed to collect it. In September, 1791, a large meeting of malcontents was held at Pittsburg, at which resolutions, encouraging resistance to the laws, were passed; and subsequently other meetings were held, at which similar resolutions were adopted. Committees of correspondence were also appointed to give unity of system to their measures, and to increase the number of their associates." *Hale's United States, page 214 verse 47th.*

A tremendous meeting of the insurgents was held at Braddock's fields. They marched to and from there in organized companies, and with music and every demonstration of martial pomp.

About this time the insurrection was causing a great alarm throughout the country. President Washington

had issued his proclamation, but it was not regarded. Captain Fisher's company, in order to be prepared for an emergency, paraded every Monday and Saturday, and spent a long time each day in drilling themselves. Warriour, our Drum-Major, acted as *Fugleman* to the company. I had seen many a *Fugleman* previous, but none that I had ever seen upon that duty excelled him therein. He could toss and whirl his musket in any shape or direction he chose and as high he chose.— In the midst, however, of all his perfections as Drummer and *Fugleman*, he was like to many another bright genius, he had one fault, among faults, he could at no time (of himself) guard himself (if at all within his reach) against taking a too hearty drink. For my own part I can state, I have always used liquor and when I had it most at will throughout all my services in the Revolution (thanks be to him who gave me the power,) I was always able to use it in such a manner as not to abuse myself with it. I may have been somewhat overcome with it at times, but never from excessive fondness for it, but from being in company and becoming a little forgetful. I have always (and do now) believe its injury to be in the abuse of its use, and not in its use. I know that it has been as a sovereign remedy with myself in very many particular instances. I am now (as I always have been and intend to be) in the habit of keeping liquor in my house. I intend to use it in a proper manner as long as a glorious Master, the author all glorious of all Freedom, shall bless me with life from his bountiful hands; I state for myself. As for myself, I will never trifle with my sacred treasure. I never shall sacrifice my Freedom, nor trample my own services and sufferings as a soldier, nor my Liberty under my feet, nor trample underfoot the blood of the martyrs of Freedom shed profusely and freely, in defence of the eternal Liberties, Freedom and Independence of the immaculate God of Liberty.

Captain Fisher's company of volunteers organized in Harrisburg, was composed of the most patriotic, in-

telligent, respectable and wealthy young men of the town and vicinity, and prided themselves very much in exercising and perfecting themselves in the school of the soldier. When there were any (it is always the case in the formation of new companies) of the members slow in learning their *facings* and that could not *handle* their muskets, and *manœuvre* as well as others, or that were awkward in their file or platoon *marchings*, *steppings*, *wheelings* &c. These would be detached from the company, and to every *squad* of four men, one well, or better versed in military knowledge than themselves, would be detached with them to teach them. These would march to the distance of eight or ten rods from the company and there be schooled by their appointed military instructors.

As the formation of an "*awkward squad*," (as it was always called,) was a habit throughout the Revolution, Warriour and myself advised its adoption by Captain Fisher, and it was not long before it was acknowledged to be a superior method of conducting the school of the soldier. Captain Fisher on parade days always requested me to have an eye to Warriour—to act in the capacity of guardian to him, and if possible, to keep him from taking too hearty a glass. I always strove to obey him in this, and satisfy his wishes. Sometimes when Warriour would not hearken well enough to my counsels, he would make a stagger occasionally. I would say to him in a plain good humored way: "Warriour you are drunk now, you must not drink any more for awhile; if you do, Captain Fisher will be very much mortified, for you will be staggering wherever we march to." As soon as we would march and beat around to Captain Fisher's, Warriour was sure to lodge his complaint against me to the Captain, saying "Captain, what do you think, Sammy says I am drunk." The Captain and myself understood each other. The Captain would laugh and say "Why Sammy, Warriour is not drunk, why what do you mean? I think he is very cautious to-day. He is going to do us all honor, as well as him-

self to-day," &c. &c. He believed the Captain altogether sincere in what he said. The Captain's soothing manner towards him, and seeming upbraiding of myself, stimulated him to a more temperate use of liquor throughout the day, and had a far better effect than harsh upbraiding would have had.

"The insurrectionary spirit in the western part of Pennsylvania, north-western part of Virginia, and north-western part of Maryland, burst into a blaze and burned tremendously. It broke forth into a most daring revolt. The people were determined to resist the laws at all hazards. They attacked the house of the Collector or Inspector of the excise, who having received a small reinforcement from the Fort at Pittsburgh, defended himself resolutely for a short time against five hundred insurgents, having caused them to retreat for a time.— They fired the buildings. Major Kirkpatrick, the commander of a small number of regulars, marched out of the building and surrendered. The inspector succeeded in getting out of the house unperceived by the insurgents, and effected his escape. The Chief Marshall, when executing the duties of his office, that of serving processes upon the open and acting insurgents, and upon a number of distillers that refused to comply with the requisitions of the law, was fired at, but fortunately escaped injury. He was captured, but upon his pledging himself not to serve any more processes west of the Alleghany mountain, he was released. He, with the Collector and others were forced to abandon the country precipitately.

Whilst these scenes were enacting, President Washington was concentrating an army at Carlisle, (distant eighteen miles from Harrisburg,) and at ——— in Virginia, for the purpose of quelling this insurrection. The President had sought to restore order, and bring about a proper submission to the laws through the instrumentality of every other possible conciliatory means, but bold threats of defiance were openly made, and no course was left him but to employ a strong military force and

march to this scene of resistance to the General Government."—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia*.

Captain Fisher's volunteer company was called on, and it volunteered to a man, for the purpose going in the proposed expedition. It still remained, however, at Harrisburg until the time that the concentrated army of the east was about to move on from Carlisle westward.

During our stay at Harrisburg, there were a number of companies passed through that place on their way to Carlisle. I have gone out a mile or two often to play in escort, for companies coming in. I played the Fife for one company that came from Lancaster, commanded by Captain Keims, with whom I was very well acquainted. I played one or two (and perhaps more) companies in, that came from Philadelphia, and some from Jersey.

At the time the British had possession of New York, during the Revolutionary war, a Drummer of the name of Martin Benner, deserted from the American lines and joined the British. The American army laid on the opposite side of the Hudson from New York, or on the Brooklyn side. As soon as it was ascertained that he had deserted, a number of soldiers were despatched after him, with orders to bring him back "*dead or alive*." Being closely pursued, he plunged into the river, and commenced to swim across. The soldiers fired upon him without a single shot taking effect. Some of the soldiers that shot at him, told me that they had taken deliberate aim at him, as they had been ordered to do, in case he should not halt. He was a great swimmer, and could swim upon his back as fast as he pleased.—The moment he beheld the flash of their guns he would dive like a *loon*, and by his dodging in this way, he was enabled to gain the opposite side of the river in safety, and joined the British standard. Drum Majors have told me that there was not a better Drummer in the American army, and that he could beat the loudest drum of any musician they had ever heard beat. He was then a young man, very stout, active and strong.

One day I was sent for to play a company of regular

soldiers into Harrisburg, that was on its way to join Wayne's army in the West. The Fifer of this company I think had fallen sick. When I went out to where the company had halted, who does the reader imagine I found the Drummer of this company to be? It was none other than Martin Benner, who was then an enlisted soldier in the United States' army. When I first met him, I observed to him that I certainly knew his face, and asked him if he had not been in the regular service during the Revolutionary war. He told me he had, and asked me if I had ever known a Drummer at West Point of the name of Martin Benner. I told him I had known him very well, and observed you are he. He said he was. He then asked me not to say any thing about him, saying it is all over now. I promised him that I would not. He was going against the Indians, and I supposed could not do any injury to the army to which he was about to be attached. Taking this view of his case, I made myself the more easy or indifferent about him. But had we been at war with Great Britain, I would have forgotten old acquaintanceship, and would have informed upon him very soon, and would have had him taken up and dealt with in accordance with the laws of my country.

There was a company of Light Horsemen came into Harrisburg from Philadelphia and made a halt for a few days. There was a member of this company that was very much troubled in mind, and when the company moved on to Carlisle it left him behind at Bumbach's in Harrisburg, then a tavern kept by Boyer. This Light Horseman had his horse with him and hung about there for several days, until the fatal circumstance transpired which I am about to relate. I had an acquaintance by the name of Youse in Harrisburg, who called at my house about sun up one morning, and asked me to go over to Boyers and take a glass of bitters. I stepped over with him and after we had taken our drink we sat down in the bar-room. Whilst setting there in conversation, the Light Horseman came in and called for a glass of liquor.

After he drank his glass he stepped out of the room into the entry and entered a back parlor on the opposite side of the entry from the bar-room and closed the door after him. It being early in the morning, the window shutters were still closed. In a very few minutes after he left the bar-room we heard a very great noise. Youse jumped up, and exclaimed aloud "what is that," "I believe the back sheds have all fallen down." We all started to run out back, by passing through the entry.—Whether it was, that smoke came out at the parlor door and that caused Youse to stop and open it, I do not recollect, but upon his opening it the room was discovered to be full of smoke, Youse rushed in for the purpose of opening the back shutters, but had not proceeded far through the smoke and darkness of the room until he stumbled over the dead body of the Light Horseman; who it was discovered (as soon as the light of day was thrown into the room,) had blown his own brains out. He was a gun-smith by trade and had made his own pistols. These he had charged heavily. It was supposed (and no doubt justly) that he had held the muzzle of one pistol to one side of his head, and the muzzle of the other to the other side, and had discharged them both at the same instant. By this arrangement he had blown off the whole of the upper part of his head, and his blood and brains were scattered upon the ceiling and upon the floor in every direction. My readers may imagine, what the loads were like, when I state that the pistols had been thrown from his hands in opposite directions and with such violence against the walls as to break the cock from off one, and making quite an indent in the wall at the same time, and to dig a hole out of the wall when the other pistol struck against it.

We buried him on the hill, not far from where the capitol now stands. I think we did not bury him with the honors of war. I recollect however, that we placed his pistols crossways and his sword lengthways across them upon his coffin, and above or over his breast.—From papers found upon his person his name was ob-

tained. His horse, clothing, &c. were sent in the course of a few days thereafter to his wife at Philadelphia.—The person sent with them, found upon his arrival at Philadelphia, that upon the same morning and about the same hour this Light Horseman's wife had committed suicide also by drowning, she having thrown herself into the Delaware river at Market street wharf.

This singularly horrid tragedy in two acts, the scene of one laid in Harrisburg and the other at Philadelphia, with the distance of one hundred miles intervening between, and both performed in one and the same hour, made a deep impression upon the minds of all hearing thereof and was for a time as all other horrid affairs are, the whole talk among all classes.

It appeared (from a letter or papers in his possession or from information otherwise obtained,) that he had volunteered against the will of his wife who was much opposed to his joining in the expedition. This troubled him very much, and the farther he went from his home, the more it appeared had he been troubled and harrassed by it. On the other hand, it appeared that the farther he went from home, the more had his wife become troubled in mind until both had resolved on ending their own lives, which they did do, and rushed uncalled for into the presence of an angry God. “Oh! the thought, how horrible it is, when indulged in,—that of rushing uncalled for into the presence of angry God. Ye living, that are, or that may be goaded on by the tempter, can ye not summon resolution enough, to enable you to trust yourselves in the hands of a just God—that Glorious Being with whom your existence began. Can ye not trust him whose arm can be made bare to save—whose arm has been made bare to save, and whose arm he will make bare to save in the sad hours of deep trouble, proportionate to the faith and trust of the possessor, can ye not confide in him and “live ’til to-morrow,” to “the darkest day will have passed away.” “Beware” then “of desperate steps.” The sum and substance of which counsel is this, confide in the strong arm of the Most

High God, until the tempter shall flee away, and then ye shall be free. If Christ the good Shepherd shall make you free, you shall be FREE indeed. Pause! Reflect, Agonize in faithful prayer to him who cannot, (as he will not) turn a deaf ear to the voice of your plaint, or turn you empty away. His promise is an ample guarantee to you and is all sufficient of itself to beget a full confidence within you towards him who *cannot* and that *will not lie*."—*Hanna's Glory of Columbia*.

Captain Fisher's company being about to move on to Carlisle, I then broke up house-keeping. This was in consequence of the ill health of my wife, who at this time was rather sickly owing to her late confinement and the death of her infant. I put my household goods into the house of a French Barber of the name of Rongee, who accompanied us in the expedition to Pittsburg. I then sent my wife off by stage to her fathers, or at least by stage to Reading which was within three miles of her fathers.

Previous to our marching, His Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Governor of Pennsylvania, arrived from his farm near Reading and paid to each man in the corps, the sum of six dollars. This sum, each man was to leave with his family. Whether this was out of his own private purse, or on account of the State of Pennsylvania I do not know, but I recollect that it was said at the time that the Governor had made a present of six dollars to every man for the purpose above stated.

Captain Fisher received orders for his company to march on to Carlisle. We all got in readiness, paraded through the principal streets of Harrisburg, and then marched for Carlisle. When we left Harrisburg, we crossed over the Susquehanna river in *flats*.* The banks of the river on the town side were covered with women and children, and there were great weeping and mourning indeed. Our country called, and duty was clearly spread out before our eyes; we had therefore to *steel* our

*A kind of boats 20 or 30 feet long and 10 or 12 feet wide, with sides a foot and a half or two feet high.

hearts against the cries of mothers and children, and brave up against the tide of weeping and wailing, by playing and beating up merrily "Charley over the water." This, we continued to do until Harrisburg was partly lost in the distance behind us.

As my readers' tastes are as varied as a soldier's life, and a soldier's tastes and life as varied as the tastes of my readers, I must indulge a possessed spirit of levity upon the part of some of my readers, and amuse them occasionally. Those especially that are not too hide-bound to engage in a good laugh once and again.—Gravity proper, all will (or ought to) acknowledge is very becoming, but the personification of it unaccompanied by the reality, is not only *immoral* in itself, but *irreligious*. The wise man has said that there is a time for all things—a time to laugh as well as a time to weep. Taking this view, then, I do not apprehend that indulging in a laugh is as unpardonable a crime as some pharasaical persons would fain make people believe it to be. Cheerfulness is a very sacred bond in life. Cheerfulness will propel, when a frown is powerless. Cheerfulness is by no means sinful, and a hearty laugh, when occasions provoke to good humor, don't constitute a person as much of a *strait out* in the bonds of iniquity as want of charity, backbiting, slandering, cheating—exactng exorbitant prices, established through the instrumentality of *lying*, which is cheating in the worst sense, and falls within a *pale* other than that which is a right one. To profess the name of the only Messiah at the very horns of the altar, and do these, is by far, more injurious to the well being of society, and by far more staining to the soul than a hearty laugh is at any time.

About midway between Harrisburg and Carlisle, we pushed upon a lot of very fine hogs, belonging to some of the farmers near by. The hogs becoming scared threw off the reins of self-government, throwing themselves upon their own resources (heels) in an emergency, and dashed first one way and then another. Some trying to run round the soldiers on both sides of the road, whilst others opened lanes for themselves by run-

ning in a zigzag manner through the troops, which gave way on their approach. One there was, however, a very large, wild *Germany* boar kind of a chap, one altogether worthy of a generalship among the race of porkers, that threw himself upon his own adventurous spirit, agility, strength and heels. This fellow came direct to the charge, turning neither to the right hand or to the left. He dashed headlong amongst us, accompanied with his musical *booch, booch, booch*, and happening to run between the legs of a stout bodied, but short and bandy-legged little member of the company, he lifted him (the soldier) instantly from off his feet, and ran away with him. As he was borne along (musket, knapsack and all,) with great rapidity, it was a thing altogether impossible for our little soldier to turn himself in his saddle, and had therefore to content himself in riding with his face towards the hogs tail, instead of towards his head. This raised a fine laugh, but a much better or greater one was in reserve by *Mr. Porker*, and to be enjoyed at the expense of our little soldier, for after carrying him some distance, he plunged with him on his back into a deep mud-hole, carrying him pretty nearly into the middle of it, and then in his rearing and pitching efforts to *go ahead*, threw his military rider over his rump, upon the broad of his back *all fours* into the mud and water.

This piece of hog drollery afforded us fine sport, and was well enjoyed by us, although we had gravity pretty well seated upon our countenances, in consequence of our having so lately left our home's and our friends behind us. If it afforded us a lot of fun, it was enjoyed at *Tommy Thumb's* expense. Tommy, who often thereafter had to bear the jestings of his brother soldiers upon the subject. He was often inquired at if he did not wish to meet a drove of hogs, or if he did not want a ride,—a saddle, bridle and spurs, to enable him to have a hog gallop, &c. Sometimes when plagued about it, he became very much displeased, and wished that the devil would again go into the hogs, and drown them all

in the sea, and sometimes he would join heartily in the laugh against himself. All being provided with a change of clothing, the little fellow's appearance, was soon changed by a change of apparel, (as was our own also,) for when we found ourselves nearing Carlisle, every man uniformed himself afresh by putting on clean clothing, in accordance with the orders received.

Upon our arrival at Carlisle, we pitched our tents upon the "commons" beyond the "spring," and very soon after the camp was formed, ten or twelve men were detached from our company to join General Washington's Quarter-Guard. President Washington had arrived but that day or the day previous at Carlisle, he had been there, however, several times previous to our marching thither. Warriour and myself played the detached portion of our company up to the Court House, where the General's Quarter-Guard was stationed, and then returned to camp.

In a few days after our arrival at Carlisle, President Washington issued his orders for all to be in readiness to march. On the next or on the second day thereafter, in the morning, we were ordered to beat up the "General." This was a signal tune. As soon as we would commence to play it, all the men would set themselves about pulling up the tent pins, and arranging matters for a general strike. At a certain roll in this tune (called the General) all things being in readiness, the tents would be all thrown down in one direction and all fall at once, in the same moment or as nearly so as could be done. This done, some of the soldiers would then engage in rolling them up, whilst others would carry them to the wagons and pack them, camp-kettles, &c. &c. therein. For the amusement and use of my young readers I will here insert a part of two old verses, (now recollected,) which was set to the tune of the General:

"Come brave boys, it is almost day,
Strike your tents and march away."

"Dont you hear the General say,
Strike your tents and march away."

During the Revolutionary war I have seen all forms dispensed with, when upon the march; I have often known that in less than an hour after we have pitched* our tents or formed our camp, and before we could provide a morsel of something for ourselves to eat, hungry and worn down too, with fatigue at the same time, we have had to beat up the "General." At such a time as this, a herald would be seen flying on horseback through our camp, urging all to diligence in striking of tents and packing them up; this, without any regard being paid to ceremony, and then we would have to be off at what is called "a forced march." This, when intelligence would arrive to us, that the British were within a few miles, and were advancing upon us—this, when we were few in number, compared with our adversary, and therefore not prepared to give him battle.

After we had beaten up the General, our tents were all struck to the ground, at the signal, rolled up and they with all other camp equipage packed away in our baggage-wagons. When this task was accomplished the long roll was then beat up, and all formed into a line. The army then formed by regiments into marching order, then marched and formed the line in the main street of Carlisle. The regiment to which Captain Fisher's company was attached, was formed in the main line of regiments and upon the right of that line. Captain Fisher's company occupying the right of that regiment constituted the extreme right of the entire line, and rested in the main street opposite the Court-house. The rear of the main column or line rested at a great distance from town on the old Philadelphia road, and beyond the "Gallows ground."

This line, besides being formed, preparatory to the march, was also established for the purpose of passing the review. All the officers were at their posts in front of the line in order to receive and salute the Commander-in-Chief and suite.

*Pitching tents is putting them up in the formation of a camp, and striking them is to throw them down when breaking up an encampment.

President Washington, the Governors (of states) then at Carlisle, formed at the head of the line. The brigade and field officers that accompanied the President and Governors, took their positions in that line preparatory to the review.

All things being in readiness, the President and suite moved on to a review of the troops. The method of salute was, each regiment as the Commander-in-Chief and suite drew near, was ordered to "present arms" Field officers, Captains, Lieutenants, &c., in line in advance of the troops saluted by bringing the hilts of their swords to their faces and then throwing the points of their swords towards the ground at some little distance from their bodies on their right side. The musicians at the same time playing and beating a salute. The flag bearers at a certain roll of the drum would also salute by waving their colours to and fro. The musicians in this grand line of military, varied very much, in their salutes.—Some Drummers no doubt knew what tune was a salute, and could have beaten it well, but their Fifers could not play it, and some Fifers knew how to play it, but their Drummers could not beat it. An acquaintance of mine of the name of SHIPE who played the Fife for a company from Philadelphia could have played it, and well too, (for many a time we had played it together during the Revolution,) but his Drummer knew nothing about it. Some musicians played and beat one thing and some another. One Fifer I recollect (within hearing distance of us,) played Yankee Doodle, and his Drummer no doubt beat it well too, but it was not a salute.

When President Washington and his suite arrived at our regiment, I struck up and Warriour beat "the old British Grenadier's March," which was always the music played and beat, and offered to a superior officer as a salute during the revolutionary war. This tune had a great many *flams* and *rolls* to it. President Washington eyed us keenly, as he was passing us and continued to do so, even when he had passed to some distance from us.

After this duty was performed, upon the part of the soldiery, President Washington in conversation with the officers, asked Captain Fisher if his musicians (Warriour and myself) had not been in the Continental service, during the Revolution. Captain Fisher informed him that we had been ; upon which the President replied that he had thought so, from the manner of playing and beating, and observed that we performed the best of any in the army, and were the only musicians that played and beat the old (or usual) Revolutionary salute, which he said was as well played and beat as he had ever heard it during the Revolution. Captain Fisher was very proud of our having so far excelled as to obtain the just praise of the President, and said to us upon his return, "Boys you have received the praise of President Washington to-day for having excelled all of the musicians in the line in playing and beating up Washington's favorite revolutionary salute, for he says, not a musician in the whole army has played it to-day but yourselves." If Captain Fisher was proud of Washington's commendation of us, my readers may judge that we were not less proud of it than himself.

The troops of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were directed to rendezvous at Bedford,* (Pa.) and those of Maryland and Virginia at Cumberland, (Md.) on the Potomac. The command of the expedition had been conferred on Governor Lee of Virginia ; and the Governors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania commanded the militia of their respective states under him."

*These were the general orders issued from the war department, but owing to delays unavoidable and always attendant on the concentration of an army, the troops of New Jersey and Pennsylvania laid a much longer time at Carlisle than they did at Bedford. Nothing is remembered relative to that portion rendezvousing at Cumberland, or as to where the junction of these two armies took place, whether before or after reaching Pittsburg, but from the circumstance of portions of our army having been reorganized at Bedford when we arrived, I am of opinion that the junction took place at Bedford.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the course of an hour or two after the troops had been reviewed by President Washington at Carlisle, the order of "forward," was given. The whole army then took up its line of march westward, and in the evening of that day it reached "Mount Rock" and encamped. This place was about seven miles from Carlisle. The next day we passed through Shippensburg and reached Strawsburg at the foot of the mountain where we encamped. I do not recollect whether we remained at this place longer than a night or not, but think that we were a day and two nights encamped there before we began to ascend the mountain.

I remember that whilst we were at Strawsburg, a member of one of the Philadelphia companies stole a hog from a farmer. I cannot recollect, however, whether it was a living one, or a dead one, but believe it was a butchered one. Complaint was lodged against him, he was arrested and placed under guard, in which situation he remained until after we reached Bedford.

We broke up our encampment at Strawsburg, and set out upon the march up the mountain. It is nothing to travel over the mountains now to what it was then, the roads were both narrow and steep, as well as crooked, owing to the zigzag nature of the road, soldiers in the front could behold very many soldiers towards the rear, and the soldiers in the rear could behold many of the soldiers that marched between it and the front. This march not being a forced one, ample time was given us to ascend to its summit. Nature had strewn her moss-covered seats about in profusion upon its side, and we grateful to her for the favour, occupied them often in our laborious journey as well upon this mountain as others upon all the other mountains which laid in our way between Cumberland valley and Pittsburg.

When we were going down Sideling hill, one of our soldiers that had taken sick, and that had been placed

in one of the baggage-wagons, died. We made a halt, long enough to bury him. A kind of a grave was dug, but when we came to bury him it was found that a spring had issued forth, which had filled the hole more than half its depth with water. A quantity of bushes was then cut down and placed in it. On these, wrapped up in his blanket and without a coffin we laid him. We played the dead march to the spot and interred him with all the military honors that circumstances permitted us to bestow upon him. Truly, he found a soldier's lonely and quiet grave, or rather a grave in a lonely and quiet place. Although no wife nor children were there to wail aloud in their lament, the loss of husband and father—no woman there from whose eyes the tears of tenderness fall thick and fast. But if not, there were friends there. If no gushings of tenderness were there, there was sadness around, and many a heart was bowed in resignation to the will of God, and in the serenity of minds to which had been called home every wandering thought, we bore him in our sober sorrow for the dead, to his lonely and final resting place in the mountain wilderness, mid rocks and trees, and left him to repose in his long, long sleep mid the chantings of birds and the gurglings of mountain rills.

In marching over the first mountains I was taken with fever and ague, and upon its commencing to rain, I obtained permission from Captain Fisher to walk on ahead to a little town that lay in our way. Here I obtained the comforts of a roof, fire, &c. and was (I may state) at home in part, until the army arrived and encamped.

From here we resumed our march in the morning, and after a toiling march of several days over mountains and valleys in which we endured different kinds of hardships we arrived at Bedford.

Sometime after our arrival at that place, portions of our army were reorganized. Here we lost our Captain (Fisher) who was promoted to the rank of Major.—Lieutenant Retzell became our Captain and Ensign Dentzell became Lieutenant. After these changes were

made we had to hold an election for Ensign. A member of the company whose name I have forgotten, except that we always called him *Pete*, was very anxious to be elected Ensign. Pete was a rattle brained, good humored and good hearted clever sort of a fellow. He ran from one to another electioneering for himself, "Come Bill, you'll vote for me, wont you." "Dave's agoing to," "Tom you and Joe will make me Ensign, wont you, say." "Here, Sam, come along and give us a hoist, you may as well do it as Jim, he's agoing it to the nines." Seeing the fellow's industry in electioneering for himself we voted for him and elected him, and easily too, for he had no opposition.

There were many worthy, active and intelligent members of the company that might have been proposed, but there were not any in the company that wanted the office—Pete had all the benefits arising out of the exercise of the military franchise within the company. Lawyer Elder, a clever fellow and much beloved by the company could have had the office at a word had he but consented to have been a candidate.

One day whilst we lay at Bedford, I received a message with orders (I being then Fife Major,) to bring my music up to one of the officer's Marquees, I told the person sent to me to inform the officer that I had no fifer, but that I would go myself. Warriour and myself played and beat up to the officer's quarters. We were then placed at the head of two or three file of men and marched off by a Sergeant (who had his orders) to the jail.—When we halted at the jail door our Strawsburg *hog thief* was brought out and handed over to the Sergeant of the guard who had notified us, that when we should march with our charge we should beat the "Rogue's March." When our prisoner was properly positioned we received the order of "forward," and as we stepped off, we commenced to beat the Rogue's march after him. He was then conducted through the camp and out of town, about a mile. We then discharged him with several real huzzas loud and long, and then by three cheers

or long rolls of the drum. After he had gotten some little distance off from us (far enough to ensure his security providing his heels would prove true to him,) he threw out the challenge of defiance to the whole of us. To have judged of his strength by his words, he could have thrashed the whole army then at Bedford. Besides threatening to "maul" us all, he stated that he was very glad that he was that far upon his road towards home. He then bade us an extremely polite adieu in Billingsgate slang, and then heeled it until he was out of sight. The departure of this modern Goliath was even more sportive than his presence and conduct had been previous.

Shortly after this, there was intelligence received that the "Whiskey Boys" in great numbers were lying in ambush awaiting our approach. Some believed the report, others scouted at the idea. The whole army received an ample supply of ammunition. The rifle companies were ordered to mould a great number of bullets, and much preparation was made to repel any attack which the insurgents might feel disposed to make.—The orders to prepare to march upon a certain day were general. Each man drew a double or triple quantity of provisions and received orders to cook the same.

All things being in readiness, we then took up the line of march and pushed for the Alleghany mountain. I do not recollect any thing worthy of notice until we were descending the western base of the Alleghany mountain in our approach to the "Glades." Here we had a hard time of it. It was now November and the weather was not only quite cold but it was windy and rain was falling. By an oversight we were pushed on a considerable distance in advance of our baggage wagons and at length halted at an old waste barn that we supposed belonged to some one of the insurgents, for had it not been so, our army would not have been permitted to burn the fences thereon. We collected rails and built fires, but owing to the rain and the marshy nature of that section of country, the ground around our fires with

our continual tramping became quite miry. Tramping about in order to dry and keep ourselves warm, made our situation about the fires quite an uncomfortable one, for we were oftentimes shoe-mouth deep in mud and water. There was an old house as well as a barn upon these premises. These the officers laid hold of and *billeted* in; their condition however, was not the most comfortable one in the world, although they had the name of having a roof over their heads. The night was a very dark one and the weather was cold, and the rain was a remarkably cold one. It is true it did not freeze, but jack frost and his binding powers could not have been far off. I went out into the woods and groped about in the dark in search of a hollow tree or hollow log into which (had I found one) I was determined to crawl and quarter for the night, but I groped about in vain. The ground out from the fires was so wet (it being covered with water) that it was impossible to lie down, and the ground around the fires was so much like to a mortar bed, that it was impossible to lie down there. None of the soldiers then dared to lie down.

Our sutler arrived with his wagon sometime after midnight. A short while after his arrival, I espied a *fockle* or handful of straw, lying near to his wagon; this I went and picked up, and then hunted for a dry spot to lie down on, but it was Hobson's choice, mud and water or nothing. I at length spread out my straw upon the ground. When I had placed my knapsack in the baggage wagon, I had kept my blanket out and had carried it with me. In this I wrapped myself as well as I could, and laid me down upon my handful of straw to sleep. This was not long done, until worn out Sammy forgot all his sorrows, sufferings and cares, and fell soundly asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, my head was half buried in mud and water. My readers may judge of my resting place, when I inform them, that I combed the mud from within the hair of my head with my fingers. I had plenty of money, but here it was in a manner useless

to me, and not worth more than would be the stones of the field, for nothing of an eatable kind could be procured with it. Nothing of comfort kind could be procured except *hardware*, *alias* "good stuff." I took four canteens (my own among the number,) and went to the sutler's wagon, and had them filled. For the four canteens full (a little over a gallon) I paid the sutler four silver dollars, and was very well satisfied to get it even at that exorbitant price. Captain Alcohol in this particular instance was of great service to myself and mess-mates, as also to some of our neighboring messmates. In those days of hardships, sufferings and dangers, we did not single ourselves out, and drink behind the doors and swear "we didn't taste the creature," as too many of the people do now-a-days. In this instance we came up to Captain Whiskey with a bold front, in open day and acknowledged his potent spell, and superior worth in our proper use of him. This was a dreadful night's rest with us all, and had not each man had a bite of something to eat with him in his *haversack*, we would have been much worse off indeed, for our baggage wagons did not reach us until near 10 o'clock on the next morning. No blame could attach itself to our wagoners, for they had been at work all night in doubling, trebling and quadrupling their teams of horses in helping each other through the swamps, which were in a manner almost altogether impassable; but we did think rather hard of our officers for pushing us so far in advance of our baggage wagons. In this, however, we might have been wrong, as they could not have conceived any idea of the wagoners encountering such difficulties as they did in passing through the swamps.— Another thing was obvious, this, that our having entered them in our march on foot, no encamping ground could have been procured short of where we had halted, and miserable as it was, it must be viewed as excellent ground, compared with that which lay between there and the Alleghany mountain. My readers may judge of the land's surface, and of the state of the roads through the

glades, when I inform them that when some of the wagons arrived in the forenoon at where we halted the night previous, they had each from twelve to twenty horses attached to them, and the axle-trees, were sweeping or shoving the mud and water before them as they moved onwards. None but regular wagoners could have navigated these mud swamps, and none but regular teamsters or men acquainted with bad roads, or roads in their worst state, can conceive the impassable state of the roads through the glades in the year 1794. Those wagoners who drove the two mile lane near Pittsburg from 1806 to 1815 or 16, can form some conception as to the state of the glade roads during the fall of '94.

Upon the arrival of our baggage wagons, we were ordered to "beat up the Troop." This done, all the soldiers fell into line, the rolls were called, we stacked our arms, and were then dismissed.

The Quarter Master in our regiment then dealt out the provisions to each company. The meat which fell to our lot was the poorest we had drawn from the time we had started from Harrisburg. It was that of a cow, which he had procured, and which, in all probability, had but dropped her calf. This idea was strengthened by that of her having been a milch cow. This meat was so poor and clammy that, (in the language of soldiers respecting poor meat,) if it had been thrown against a board fence, it would have stuck fast. Poor as it was, we had to hurry and cook it, and poor indeed was that drawn by other companies, if poorer than that drawn by ours. After we had prepared and ate our breakfast (which was not until nearly or altogether twelve o'clock, A. M.) we placed the balance in our haversacks, and then beat up the long-roll. The line of march was soon formed, the word 'forward' was given, and we then resumed our march towards the Laurel Hill.

Owing to the late rain, the road was still very bad, and we were unable to proceed very far that day before night was setting in upon us. A halt was called, and our baggage wagons not being far behind us, we were not long

before we had our tents pitched, and in the enjoyment of all the comforts that our circumstances could afford us. Not having had any comfort or sleep the night previous, we were in a condition each, to make full hands at the business of sleeping. We laid down early, and enjoyed a tolerable night's rest.

As soon as we partook of breakfast next morning, we beat up the long-roll, and marched off in better spirits than we had the day previous. We continued our march until we arrived on the top of Laurel Hill mountain.— Here a halt was ordered, and each soldier seated himself and partook of a bite of cold victuals.

After we had finished our repast, an officer called out to me, requesting me to bring my Drummer along with me, and play him a few good tunes. Warriour and I then went to where this officer and others were seated taking their cold bite and "*good stuff*." They invited us to take a little of the creature with them, which we did without making any wry faces about it. They then asked us to give them some of our best tunes. We did so, and in doing it, we of course done our best. As we were thus engaged, some of them joined in a dance, and began to skip about, and trip it as orderly, lively and airy as if they had been in a ball room. These officers had their horses tied up to the bushes and trees near to where they then were. Among the horses, there was one that I had frequently noticed on the way. The officer that owned and rode him, would often jump him over large logs and limbs of trees. He would clear them always, and in doing so, would leap like a deer. Whilst we were playing and the officers dancing, this horse was prancing to the music with seeming delight. I heard the officers talking with each other about him. One said he was old, and another said he was not.— They then asked the officer that owned him if he knew how old he was. He replied that he did. He said that his father had raised him from a colt, and that he was thirty-three years old the last spring season then past. I believed then that this horse was the handsomest, most active and showy one in the whole army.

After the officers had done dancing, we were ordered to beat up the long-roll, upon which the men formed, and we moved onwards. We next made a halt at Greensburg in Westmoreland county, and the next halt that we made was not far from the "Bullock Plains," known by many as Braddock's Fields. When we arrived at Braddock's Fields, we formed our camp, and laid there a few days. Whilst there, the soldiers, many of them, amused themselves by climbing up into the trees for the purpose of cutting out leaden bullets, which had been lodged there in 1755, when General Braddock was defeated by the Indians in the campaign of that year.

From Braddock's Fields we moved on to Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburg) and encamped within a mile of the town.

Whilst we laid at Fort Pitt I obtained permission to visit the town every day or two. The old Fort (Du Quesne,) which had been built for the protection of this post, I do not recollect whether it was occupied by any of our troops, but believe it was not. It was so built as to command the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, above, and at their junction, as also the Ohio river below. The hills around Pittsburg, particularly those on the opposite sides of both rivers were very high. The hills above Pittsburg and between the two rivers were (some of them) quite high and were called by different names, as Grant's Hill, Scotch Hill, Forbe's Fields, &c.

Instead of being met as was threatened by a formidable foe, we saw nothing in the form of enemies. The disaffected, (those that organized themselves) had disbanded and gone quietly to their homes.

The insurrectionary spirit was every day growing weaker and weaker, and in proportion as this had manifested itself the insurgent force had diminished. Mustering from 7 to 10,000 men only, and they promiscuously and hastily drawn from their homes, young and old without proper leaders, proper discipline, military stores, &c. &c.; they had thought it altogether futile to attempt

to resist (or cope with) a well disciplined army of upwards of 15,000 strong.

After a number of the more active leaders were captured and handed over to the proper authorities to be dealt with according to the laws of the land, the expedition was considered at an end.

Governor Lee, believing that it was altogether necessary and loudly called for, left General Morgan with a strong detachment in the centre of "this disaffected country."

The main body of the army was then withdrawn from Pittsburg and the surrounding country, and were marched on their way homewards. Many who sought discharges obtained them, some of these enlisted in the United States regular service and marched on to join General Wayne who was then engaged in a war with the Indians on the Miamis, in Ohio. A journeyman shoemaker whom I had had in my employ and who was with us, enlisted then and I never saw or heard tell of him afterwards.

Others deserted and remained in the West, and a great many died and lie buried at different places within the country surrounding Pittsburg.

Whilst at Fort Pitt, my attention was attracted one day by a great crowd of soldiers and citizens. I drew near for the purpose of learning the cause of such a concourse of people. I perceived that the crowd was viewing a tavern sign. The tavern keeper had commenced the business but a short time before, and had put up a sign, upon which was painted "St. Clair's Defeat," which had occurred on the 4th of November, 1791.—The sign-board upon which this bloody massacre was painted was full twenty feet in length. On both its sides, whites and Indians were painted. Some of the whites were represented as bearing up against the tide of savage ferocity. Others, both whites and Indians, were represented as falling in death. Indians were represented as firing, scalping and tomahawking the whites. General Butler, (under whose command I had

been at York, Pa., during the Revolutionary war,) was represented as wounded and leaning against a tree, and an Indian before him with a tomahawk in one hand, and a scalping-knife in the other, springing towards him to complete the work of death. Indians were represented also as taking aim, and firing from behind trees and logs. Whites were also shown as falling, some one way and some another. On each side of this sign-board, I suppose there were two or three hundred whites and Indians represented. This sign must have cost the landlord a great sum of money, but I suppose our soldiers alone more than paid for it, for there were crowds of them to look at it whilst we were encamped at Pittsburg, and most of them spent their money pretty freely in patronizing his house.

CHAPTER XXII.

The weather had been very bad much of the time during our stay at Pittsburg. Rain and snow, with clear weather, would be seen twice or three times in one day; portions of the time, and the weather, I may state, continued bad for the most part until we arrived at home. I suffered more from exposure to cold, cold rains, chilling damps, wet and deep roads during this expedition, than I had at any time during the Revolutionary war. I was very unwell when we arrived at Greensburg, on our return homewards. At this place a horse was put into my possession, to be delivered at Strawsburg, situated at the eastern base of the mountains in Cumberland valley. After this good fortune attended me, I obtained permission to travel on ahead of the army. I started from Greensburg in fine spirits. Indeed, I went on my way rejoicing greatly. The thoughts of home, wife, kindred and friends, are of themselves sufficient to animate and buoy up the way-worn traveller's spirits under the most distressing fatigues.

Oh ! time is sweet when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them ;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them.
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather ;
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together !

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast Time flew,
Or, knowing, did not heed it !
Though grey each brow that meets us now,
For age brings win'try weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together !

The few long known, whom years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses,
A hand to cheer,—perchance a tear,
To soothe a friends' distresses :
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather ;
Oh ! this may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together !

After climbing and descending alternately for a number of days together the different mountains which laid between Greensburg and the Cumberland valley, I at length arrived at Strawsburg, where I delivered the horse that had served, carried and eased me so much on my return journey.

Setting out from Strawsburg, in Franklin county, Pa., it was not long until I reached Harrisburg. A number of days elapsed before Captain Fisher's (then Dentzell's) company arrived at Harrisburg.

This company broke up soon after, and I removed to Reading, in Berks county, Pa. Poor Warriour, our Drummer was drowned not very long afterwards.—Drowned and perished together. He was going home one night much intoxicated, and laid him down in a

little hollow or very low spot in a field, and fell into a (dead drunk) sleep, during which a heavy shower came on and filled the low spot in which he laid with water, so much so, as to drown him. Unfortunate end to poor Warriour, who otherwise possessed a heart in which much of the milk of human kindness had its abode.

Sometime after I went to Reading, I procured two horses and a sled, and set out for Harrisburg. I loaded up my house-hold stuff and conveyed it down to Reading, intending to make that place my home. I was not long a resident of that town before I joined Captain Keims' volunteer company in the capacity of Fifer.— This company was composed of the most respectable young men (mechanics, lawyers, store keepers and farmers,) of Reading and its neighborhood. Here, as before, I had a Revolutionary Drummer, one who had belonged to my own regiment during the Revolution. We called him *Daddy Jack*, indeed, I never heard or knew (as I recollect of) any other name for him. He was a very hard favored fellow, and had a mouth in size more like to that of a horse than a human. When he would laugh he was "all mouth," and opened it like an alligator.— Oftentimes he would laugh purposely to set those around him to laughing, and when he knew we were laughing at him he would join in with us and laugh heartily, and seemed to enjoy the sport very well. *Daddy Jack*, I may state, was a Drummer "in full," for he understood well the whole minutiae or science of Drumming.

At the time that John Adams, President of the United States, was authorized by Congress to augment the regular army, I was hired to play the Fife in a recruiting excursion by a Lieutenant Worrell, of the United States' service, who then rendezvoused at Reading. The Captain's name was Faughner, and resided in Easton, Pa. Lieutenant Worrell procured ——— to beat the drum. This Drummer (not *Daddy Jack*) was a very good one. As he and I had been employed by General Bowers of Reading, to learn some young lads to play the fife and beat the drum, I of course had a

good opportunity of knowing whether he was a good musician or not.

Lieutenant Worrell procured a horse and wagon, and took a Sergeant, a Drummer and myself into it, and started off towards the head-waters of the Delaware river. I think our place of rendezvous was somewhere in Wayne County, Pa. There was a large building erected for our use. We obtained some recruits while on our way thither. After our arrival at our station near to the town of ———, we gave the inhabitants good music, with reveille in the morning and tattoo at night. Owing to this perhaps, and the music we made when marching through the town (which we did daily,) we soon began to haul in recruits very fast. He that hath not music in himself, the poet says, is fit for treason, villanies and spoils. We were in great favor with the people of the town and the surrounding neighborhoods, particularly the girls, who were very fond of hearing us play some of our choice tunes. They, with their love-sick swains as their conductors, were no ways backward to visit our quarters during afternoons and evenings, and request a few of our best airs on our spirit-stirring fife and drum.— Having the ears of our youthful, pretty and innocent visitors hanging on our music, my readers may suppose our efforts to please were none of the most feeble.

We were not a very long while at that post until we had a company gathered together. Soon after our company was completed, we received orders to march off. As soon as reveille was beat on the morning of our march, we were ordered to hasten with our breakfast. This done, we received orders to beat up the long roll. The men then formed ranks, and the roll was called. It being known to the inhabitants of the town, that we were to march away upon that morning, many of them came and bade us farewell.

In the course of the morning, we were ordered forward. We marched down to Easton where as I have already stated, Captain Faughner lived. Previous to our entering that place, Lieutenant Worrell came to me and

asked me to play "Burns' Farewell," through the town. I did so, and never was music enjoyed better by the citizens of any place than ours was upon that occasion. At that time there were a great number of Free Masons resided in Easton, and it is known to most of my readers that Burns' Farewell is a masonic air. As soon as we struck up this favorite air, the streets through which we passed were crowded with men, women and children.

We marched on, down to the ———, and the men came to an order. After each man received half a *gill* of liquor, we then marched down to the barracks which were located near to the bridge. Here the men remained, but myself, Lieutenant Worrell took with him to his quarters. Whilst we laid in Easton (which was sometime) I had to go to the barracks night and morning, in order to play for the beating of *tattoo* and *reveille*.

I never was in a place at any time before or since, where the people were so fond of martial music as in Easton. Every morning when we would beat the *reveille*, there would be a crowd of men and boys collected to hear us, among them were many of the first men of the town. Some of these gentlemen spoke to our officers and obtained permission for my Drummer and myself, to go to their houses and play and beat the *reveille*, "Burns' Farewell," "Girl I left behind me," "Hail Columbia," "Over the hills and far away," &c. &c., for their ladies who were highly delighted with our music. We had several houses to visit every morning and evening. At these—our moveable musical rendezvous, the ladies of a dozen or more families would collect to hear us. This was a profitable as well as a delightful employment for us, for we were well paid for our services, as we received a dollar or two on every occasion. This was very well, for it answered us for spending money. We were no ways churlish with our music, and the ladies were as little so with their money. Besides, this and our duty at the barracks, we had to play and beat up and down the streets every morning, and we were always asked at some point or other (where we halted) to play Burns' Farewell.

Such pleasures as these, were very precarious, for in the midst of all our joy, we were ordered on to join our regiment at Elizabeth Town Point, in Jersey. The inhabitants of Easton were very sorry at parting with us, and we, having been used so well (for I never was treated so well at any other place,) were as sorry to part with them. When acting in the capacity of waiter to Major Greer during the Revolutionary war, I thought I enjoyed the "best kind of times," but those enjoyments were short lived beside the pleasures derived from so mutual an intercourse as existed with the people at Easton. The men were all like brothers, and the women all like sisters. If one family partook of our special musical *treats*, those of a dozen or twenty families were invited to be in attendance thereat, and we (musicians) had the good countenance of all, and great kindness shown us in the treatment we received at their respective houses.

The day appointed for our departure came. We paraded early and got in readiness for the march. Many of the ladies and gentlemen of Easton visited us. We played a number of their favorite airs, and then bidding them an affectionate farewell, we marched off to join our regiment at Elizabeth Town Point. By the time we arrived and joined the regiment at that place, my time had expired, and I wished to return home again, but the Colonel of the regiment insisted so much upon my staying one month longer, and he having offered me great wages, I was induced to accept his offer, and agreed to stay another month.

Colonel ——— had a double object in my detention. There was not a good Fifer in the regiment, and as there had been several lads enlisted but a short time previous as Fifers and Drummers, he wanted me to assist in instructing them. This, although a laborious task, yet, so far as I was concerned, I cheerfully contributed in perfecting them in the art of playing and beating.

Elizabeth Town Point! Who that was ever there in the harvest or in gathering of mosquitoes has or will ever forget it. I had been once on an expedition a good

ways, to the south, but I never met with a place where mosquitoes were marshalled in such formidable hosts, as at Elizabeth Town Point. Every morning at reveille, we had to have three or four boys with bushes in their hands to stand by us to brush off the mosquitoes whilst we performed upon the Fifes and Drums. A boy at a blacksmith's shop never plyed his *horse-tail* fly driver, whilst the smith would be shoeing a horse, with more faithfulness than our boys had to brandish their bushes about against these half grown *gallinippers*. When practizing, or when playing and beating tattoo, we very often burnt dry *cow-dung*. Between the heat and the great smoke (the greater the smoke the better,) because we were enabled to perform without their annoying us much.

Tere is quite a natural curiosity to be seen here when the tide is making from the sea to the land.

Not long after I had made my second engagement, I obtained permission to go to the city of New York to procure some note (music) books. I crossed over (I think it was then called) Staten Island, and after travelling about five miles I came to a tavern. Here, as I stopped to take a drink, the landlord asked me where I was going to. I told him I was bound for the city of New York. He then informed me, that there was a very great sickness in the city, and asked me if I was not afraid to go there. I replied that I was not afraid of catching the disease, but perhaps my ignorance of its awful ravages, and my own previous good health both conspired to make me more brave or stout hearted than I should have been. I asked the landlord how far it was to the city, he replied it was four miles to the crossing place. I then started on and reached the ferry.—This place was then called, “the watering place,” it being the place where the shipping took in their supplies of fresh water preparatory to their going out to sea. There was a very large building at this place, and perhaps a number of scattering houses. There was a tavern house here also.

There were hundreds of Ladies and Gentlemen here who had fled from the city for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the sickness. I was very hungry and asked at the tavern for something to eat, but I was not listened to, or rather was not attended to, and furnished with what I then stood very much in need of indeed.— Perhaps it was at this place as it is at too many taverns now-a-days. “TRAVELLERS REST” on the sign boards, but when there are what are termed fashionable people about, many of whom are known by the true appellation of *Dandies*—fashionable blackguards, who are very obsequiously waited upon, whilst the poor traveller hungry and weary is neglected. Gentlemen, back your promulgated principles of equality with better and more appropriate actions. One man’s money is just as good as that of another and he that asks civilly for what he stands in need of, and is ready to pay for the same, has an equal claim although covered with rags. No man puts up a sign and spreads abroad the intelligence that he intends to keep a house exclusively for those that shall appear to have much, although far less is their possession. A good man says, I will serve the public faithfully and shall not know any one man’s money from that of another. This is republicanism, and the principles of republicanism carried out faithfully, are the principles of justice.

At the watering place, there was a shed erected like to a brick-yard shed and over one hundred yards in length. This shed was filled with bales of cotton. I pulled a handful of cotton out of one of the bales in order to look at it and at the moment thought of some purpose to which I could convert it, and then put it into my pocket. I then went to the ferry and asked if I could get across to the city. I was told that the vessel was just then in sight. I do not recollect now where the ferry was located, but remember that I could see the city or a part of it. At this place, there were a great many negroes waiting for the boat. These (as I learned afterwards) were hired to bury all the dead bodies

landed there. As soon as the boat touched the shore, I saw one dead body thrown out with as little ceremony as if it had been a "beef's-pluck." The moment it was thrown "*wallup*" upon the ground, a number of the negroes hoisted it up and bore it away for interment.— This sight knocked me up to a stand instantly, and frightened me very much. I instantly beat up my retreat, gave up all notion of visiting New York at this time and determined at once to return. It was at this time nearly sun-set, but by "heeling it right smartly" in pushing for the tavern at which I had stopped, I can assure my readers that I was not long in reaching it.— The distance was (as before stated) four miles. When I returned to this tavern, I told the landlord what I had seen, and the cause of my return; and observed that I was very hungry, wanted my supper and lodging, and asked him if he would keep me all night. "To be sure I will," was his reply. This pleased me very much, for I was afraid he might be as saucily disposed towards me as the landlord at the Watering Place. I told my host that I was very hungry. He said I should have my supper in a short time. I then took a drink, and not long after I was called to supper. Being very hungry, I partook of the victuals not only heartily but with a relish. After I ate supper, the landlord and I fell into a conversation, and during which, I asked him the reason why such great quantities of cotton were stored up in the sheds I had seen at the Watering Place. He said, that all ships were prohibited from carrying any cotton into the city, for that the sickness was supposed to have been carried there by means of the cotton at the first. At hearing of this, I jumped up and went out hastily and threw away from me the handful of cotton I had in my pocket. When I returned to the house I said nothing about my having had any of it about me, for I thought if he had known that I had any of it with me he would not have suffered me to stay all night in his house. Being much fatigued, I retired to bed and rested very well that night, and started off for the camp again in the morn-

ing, quite grateful for the kind treatment I had received, notwithstanding, I had paid for all I had received.

After my return to camp at Elizabeth Town Point, I continued to play the fife for the regiment until my month expired. During this time, I spent a good deal of my time in teaching the boys (I have before alluded to,) to play the fife. Colonel ———, Lieutenant Worrell and several other officers were very anxious for me to stay longer with them, I told them that I wished to return to see my wife and children, and therefore could not think of staying any longer away from them.

At this time there was a young man enlisted in the regiment, who was the son of a very wealthy and highly respectable man. His father had bestowed upon him a very liberal classical education. On account of his intelligence, he was appointed a Sergeant in one of the companies comprising the regiment. The father and mother of this young man came to camp, with an expectation that they could buy him off. Their efforts however were all made in vain. The officers told his father if he could get me to stay in his son's place (which would have suited the officers very well,) they would then let him go home with him and his mother. The father and mother made a proposition to me immediately. They offered me the sum of one hundred dollars, all his pay, and his cloathes if I would but consent to take his place. I told them I could not think of doing it, as I had my own family that was as dear to me as their son could be to them to attend to. They plead very hard with me, but I informed them that it was not worth their while to ask me any more about it, stating I had been long enough an enlisted soldier in the revolutionary war and that I was determined never to enlist again,—that I now had a family that looked up to me for protection and support and must return to it again. Then, and not till then did their importunities cease. The officers then paid me off, and I procured myself a good horse and returned to my home at Reading. Although I had done very well, and had taken a clever little sum of money home with me I

missed my luck after all, in not accepting the offer made me by the Sergeant's parents, for in about a month after the army was disbanded—had I known that I could have had my discharge so soon and have had a hundred dollars (besides his pay,) more home with me in my pocket. But I found my family well and was then in the bosom of it, and was in all respects contented.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the fall of 1798, the spirit of resistance to the general government, began to show itself in many parts of the country, I believe it was in consequence of the Alien and Sedition laws, and the levying of additional taxes. There was a farmer of the name of Epply who lived about three miles from Reading who was an influential and wealthy man. Epply stood in the front rank of the "Liberty Boys," in that section of the country. The insurgents rendezvoused on his farm and erected a "*Liberty Pole*" in front of his house. There was a company of Light Horse, commanded by a Captain Slow* sent on from Lancaster with orders to cut it down.—When this company arrived on the farm of Epply and within sight of the liberty pole, Captain Slow was surprised to find upwards of one hundred Riflemen under arms and guarding the pole, and finding that he had too few men to contend against this force he retired without making any effort to fill the measure of his orders. He returned with his company to Reading and obtained a reinforcement and moved on a second time to execute his orders. When he arrived within sight of the liberty pole a second time, the insurgents finding that Slow's force was augmented, and too strong for them to contend against, gave way and dispersed in all directions.

*Pronounced Slou.

Captain Slow and his force then moved up to the pole, which was immediately cut down. These prompt measures put an end to the movements of the Liberty Boys in the neighborhood of Reading. After Captain Slow returned the second time to Reading a printer in town whom I knew very well, published an article in his newspaper derogatory to the character of Slow as a gentleman and as a soldier. Slow who was a large and powerful man no sooner beheld it, than he went and bought a cowhide and went to the printing office and took hold of the printer and dragged him across the street to the Market house, which was opposite to the printing office and cowhided him severely. There was not any person interfered, nor did any person say any thing against it for the printer was looked upon as the aggressor.

About this time another insurrection had broke out in Northampton County, Pa. which was known (as was the last above named) by the appellation of the "Liberty Boys."

There was a company of United States' regulars stationed at Reading, and was commanded by Captain Shoemaker. There was another, a volunteer company which was commanded by Captain Keim's, and to which (as I have before stated) I belonged. These two companies received orders to march on to Northampton County to aid in quelling the insurrectionary spirit that had broken out in that quarter.

On the evening before we marched, I was ordered to bring my drummer to the Court-House at an early hour next morning, and to then beat the reveille. We were up and in readiness long before day-light. Just as day began to break, we beat up the reveille, after which we went home and ate our breakfast. After we had ate our breakfast we went to our Captain's Quarters and received orders to beat up the General down and up the streets of the town, and then to beat up the Troop. We done so. The men then formed ranks and the rolls were called, after which, they were dismissed for an hour, with orders to be there at the roll of the drum, and all

to be then ready to march off. When the hour expired, we beat up the long roll down and up the streets. The men formed a second time, and at the word "forward," we marched off with "a merry double drag," so that we could not hear the crying of women and children, many of whom were weeping sorely.

I do not recollect the route by which we marched to Northampton, but I recollect we stopped at the town of _____ and encamped two or three days. I had played the fife so much at this place, I began to spit blood, and became very ill. Captain Keim, Lawyers Bittle and Scull took me to a house and procured a room in which there was a good bed, into which they put me. They then brought Doctor _____ to see me and he administered medicine to me. Keim, Biddle and Scull brought their blankets with them and laid on the floor in the same room with me and attended to me as brothers would have attended a brother. By the aid of the Doctor's medicine and the kind nursing treatment I received from the persons I have named, as also from the family in which I was placed, I was restored to health again in a few days and able to play the fife as usual.

We marched again and arrived at Millerstown, in Northampton County, and encamped on the common-ground near to the town. Captain Keims' and Captain Shoemaker's companies constituted all the foot-soldiers that lay at Millerstown. Here we had little to do as duty and less fighting, our military force was a vast one, and to use the phrase there was no end to Light Horsemen. It seemed as if there were more here than I had seen in all my life previous. Every day we could see Light Horse companies coming in with droves of insurgents whom they had captured. These prisoners as fast as the Light Horse captured them, were marched off to Norristown on the Schuylkill river above Philadelphia.

Captain Frees, the leader or chief of the Liberty Boys in Northampton County, was an extremely wary fellow. Some of the Light Horsemen were continually in pursuit of him. He being one of the most active and stout

men in the country, and very fleet on foot, he would shew himself frequently to three, four or more Light Horsemen, just in order to have sport with them. This it was said he often done, and after keeping them in hot pursuit of him for some time, would make good his retreat to his fastnesses or mountain thickets and thereby ensure his escape. To do this, was said to be play for him.— But well as he could imitate Sampson of old in escaping he was betrayed into the hands of his pursuers at last, by a woman. There was a woman in the neighborhood at whose house Frees and some of his men frequently rendezvoused, but with respect to his betrayal she came Delilah over him completely. At the time of his capture he had visited her house and as he had done previous in his confidence in her he did now, he threw down his pistols upon a table in one of the rooms in her house. He then walked about quite unconcerned, he having not the least suspicion of her possessing a treacherous spirit towards him. She was employed as an accessory in the furtherance of a plot which was being laid for his apprehension. No doubt, she was well paid for the part she took in the transaction, although for the good, the peace and welfare of the country, it was necessary that he should be captured, but in her yielding herself as an instrument to accomplish it, reflects no credit upon her as a woman in whom he had placed the most implicit confidence, and under whose roof (as regarded herself) he had always considered himself perfectly safe. What will not a woman do, who is base enough at heart to sacrifice affections at the shrine of her mercenary interests? Dear as the sex ought to be held in the estimation of every honorable man, it must be said however, that such women could not be controlled by the agency of any honorable or virtuous principle, and would stop at nothing.

When Captain Frees was quite at ease in his own mind, and perfectly at home within himself, she had a number of men concealed. After she had locked or fastened all the outer doors of her house, she cried out

to our American Sampson that the Philistines were upon him, and at her signal the concealed soldiery rushed into the room, sprung upon him, and secured him. He was immediately conveyed to prison to await a trial for treason.

After the capture of Frees, we were ordered to march to a place four or five miles off. It being late in the evening when we received marching orders, we did not get under way before dark. Shortly after night set in, we were marched off in silence. Soon after starting we commenced to ascend a mountain, and when near to the top of it, the officers called a halt, and ordered that every man should load his piece, stating that there was a body of the liberty boys but a short distance ahead of us, and for every man to hold himself in readiness for action.— We then moved forward until we gained the summit of the mountain. When we arrived at this commanding spot upon the mountain, we beheld a great many fires lighted up along the foot of the next ridge. Now was the time to tell who was a soldier—who was brave and who was a coward. Some became very sick, and others became very lame, some complained of one thing and some complained of another. The baggage wagons having arrived, these self-sick and self-lamed fellows were crammed into them, and we then began to descend the mountain. I smelt a *rat*, but said nothing. I believed it was all a sham, and just done to try the spunk of the men. We continued our march until we arrived at the fires, and there being no enemy about, the soldiers were ordered to stack their arms. Soon after our baggage wagons drove up, and then Surgeon Green, to whom the scheme was known, went to them with medicine, for the purpose of administering it to the sick, but finding nothing wrong with their pulses, legs, feet or stomachs, informed them that they were getting better very fast, and were all likely to do well. After pitching our tents, we took a bite to eat, and as it was now well on to morning, we laid us down and slept soundly until day break. We arose and beat the reveille. After the

men formed the line and the rolls were called, we then drew our rations. Our invalid soldiers of the night before were all upon the ground, and stood ready to receive as full a ration, each, as the most healthy, sound and able bodied man in the whole army. O cowardice! many are the enemies you conjure up in the imaginations of men.

We laid at this place perhaps a week. There being a general review of all the troops engaged in the expedition about to be held not far from Millerstown, we were ordered back to that place for the purpose of joining in the review. There were from 6,000 to 10,000* Light Horsemen present, and constituted one of the most grand and imposing sights I had ever beheld any where. It appeared to a person occupying the centre of the line, as though the right and left wings of the line were endless.

Shortly after we were reviewed by the commander-in-chief of all the forces in the field, (peace being restored, or rather the insurrectionary spirit quelled, and the Government having no more call for our services,) we were marched on our return towards Reading, where, upon our arrival, we were immediately discharged.

Captain Frees in the course of some time received his trial, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. His sentence was approved. A gallows was erected in Quakertown, not far from his residence. The day proposed for his execution having arrived, he was conducted to the gallows. It was said (for I was not present,) that he marched as bold and undaunted thither as a lion. He was reprieved, however, when on or under the gallows. Captain Frees was a fearless man, and in a better cause, his innate daring courage, would have shewn as conspicuous as it would have been eminently serviceable. He was of rather an amiable disposition, his deportment civil and obliging. I have often played long bullets with him in Quakertown since, and he was rather too much for me, and was the only man I could have

*The number of soldiers ordered out this time by Government, may have been a much greater one.

met with, out of perhaps five hundred, that could gain any thing from me in the game of long bullets.

The next event I have to record is one that was a mournful event, deep and heart-felt sorrow pervaded all ranks and conditions of persons in the United States, Tories excepted. It seemed as if the great fountains of tenderness were broken up and the gloriously bright ark of Republicanism was dashing tempest tossed in fearful hopings against hope (as to the future) upon its mighty bosom. A leader, a saviour, a founder, a father, a patriot, a cherished and loved head and protector of his Columbia was gone. News arrived at Reading that the great and good Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen was no more. The news seemed like a dream, although all knew that it was but too fearfully true, but such was the fact, it could scarcely be believed. Washington dead? He was mortal, he could not be retained in life, the wishes and prayers of millions could not have arrested the strong arm of the King of Terrors. Washington, although sincerely loved by a grateful people, had nevertheless to bow to the stern monarch of the grave, but in descending to his tomb, he carried with him in his death, the high and anguish wrought, sorrowful feelings and faithful affections of a distressed and mourning people.

Immediately after the arrival of this sad news, a public meeting was held at the Court-House in Reading, and arrangements made for a funeral procession. The Free Masons met at their Lodge, and made arrangements to join in the procession. A bright and exemplary brother had gone from a mystic Lodge upon earth, to join in membership with that Grand Lodge of transplendent and unconceived of brilliancy, holiness and glory above, and now, that the last funeral tribute was about to be paid, they could not be idle spectators. Two companies of volunteers, one commanded by Captain Keims, were ordered out. The procession formed in the following order: the military in front, then the coffin, then the order of Masons, then civil officers, and then the citizens.

The procession was fully a mile in length. It moved to a large church in Reading where the military, Masons and many of the citizens entered. The military moved in (preceded by the music) and placed the coffin in an aisle in front of the pulpit. There were from twelve to twenty ministers of the gospel present on the occasion. A funeral oration was delivered, after which the procession moved through Philadelphia street and through some others of the principal streets of Reading, and then to a grave yard where the coffin carried in the procession, was deposited with military honors in the tomb, and with as much solemnity as though the body of a beloved Washington had been enshrined within it. It was a day of mourning surely. His immense services were known, his worth was acknowledged, the Republic was in its infancy, and none could offer a guarantee that in an emergency, another Washington could be found to lay hold of the helm of the ship of State and steer her into the port of safety.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the year —— I removed my family to Peddlehouzer, a small town situated in Lancaster county. Here I was employed by one Philip Coplin to keep his race horses.

At one time we were returning from a journey, having two race horses (and a mare that I was then riding) with us. We stopped not far from Lancaster, and where there were two side or summer roads alongside of the turnpike. Said Coplin to me, "suppose we try the mare that you are riding, in order to see how she will run with the Crab horse." This horse had never been beaten. I told him if he wished to know her bottom, I would run her against his horse. At the time I had a blanket under my saddle, and entirely forgot to take it off. Our race rider gave us the word 'go,' and we started, the mare doing well, but whilst at full speed

(owing to the blanket) my saddle turned, and I was dashed head forward on the hard and stony turnpike. Coplin and our rider carried me to the fence on one side of the road. He stated afterwards that to all appearance, I was dead. The mare ran into Lancaster at full speed, with the saddle hanging under her belly. The rider staid with me, whilst Coplin mounted his horse and started post-haste to Lancaster for a physician. On the way, however, he met a number of persons running, who supposed some person had been killed. Among those he met, there was a Doctor, who was conveyed as quickly to me as possible. When the Doctor was engaged in examining my head, I possessed some little consciousness for the first time. Upon opening my eyes and seeing a crowd standing about me, I asked them what they were about. I then heard the Doctor say that the scull was cracked, but that there was no danger. He then sewed up the gash which had been made on the left side of the crown of my head. As he was doing this, I asked him what the matter was, but he told me to hold still a little while. After the Doctor had finished dressing my head, a number of them carried me into Lancaster, and on the next day Coplin took me to my home in Peddlehouzer. It was not very long before my head healed, but I had a continual head-ache for more than two months afterwards.

I lost my first wife, who died in ——— on the 4th of December, 1806. I had but one child living, (a son,) whom I bound, sometime after my wife's decease, to a Tailor of the name of Bumbarger, in Lancaster. I then made sale of my household goods, and set out to travel through old and new Virginia, and through ———. I was absent from two to three years.

After my return from Virginia I married a young woman of the name of Lydda Sprenkle, whose parents lived in ———.

When I lived in Lancaster about the year 1810, I owned a horse and chair, and there was a man sent to me, who lived in the town of Sunbury in Northumber-

land county, Pa., who wished me to convey him to his home. He offered to compensate me liberally, and I agreed to convey him thither. I told him, however, that I had just traded for a horse, and did not know whether he would work or not, but that I was about to try him in harness, and if he would work, I would accept his offer. I harnessed my horse and hitched him to the chair, and drove him up and down the street, and found that he worked very well, except that he was a little too spirited in harness. We immediately got in readiness and started for Sunbury, stopping that night at Harrisburg. The next morning we started on our journey again. We stopped and took something to drink at Coxtown, a small place five miles above Harrisburg on the Susquehanna river. The road laid on the bank of the river and quite high above the water, perhaps thirty or forty feet. The side of the hill below the road was exceedingly steep, and was covered with rocks and trees. I had no martingale on my horse. About one hundred yards from the shore of the river, there was an island where there were some wood-choppers at work. We happened to have our attention arrested somewhat, and were looking in the direction of the choppers, when all at once my horse took fright at the rattling of the chair on the rough road (as we supposed,) and sprang furiously forward. I could have held and managed him, but my passenger seized one rein or side of the lines next to the river, for the purpose of assisting me to hold him. This pulled him towards the bank, and over we went and down into the river. Had we gone over a rod or two further along the road, we would have been smashed to pieces upon the huge and ragged rocks, but as Providence would have it, where we struck the river beach, it abounded with sand. I clambered up to my feet the best way I could, and dashed in to save my horse from being drowned, but found that I could not lift my —— arm, for it was out of place. The wood-choppers having seen us dashing down the steep, and beholding our perilous situation at the bottom, jumped

into their boat and came in a very short time to our help. They lifted my horse up and brought him out of the water, and strange to relate, he was not hurt. They then pulled my arm into place. We were in a pretty pickle, my passenger grunting like a porker, and I scolding like a Xantippe's wife, and the wood-choppers swearing that they would not take the same ride and chance for the town of Harrisburg and the whole country around it. The wood-choppers took the horse and chair fully a half mile up along the river shore before they could ascend with them to the road again. They told the landlord at the tavern we went to, of the great accident that befel us, who said he never had heard of such a scrape in all his life. I was afraid to trust my horse in the chair any more, and so did not know what to do.—The landlord said that he had a good horse, very strong, and which would not scare. He observed that if my horse was a good riding horse, he would exchange with me until my return. He said he had to go but to ——'s town between that time and my return, and my horse would answer his purpose. I accepted his kind offer, had his horse hitched up, and away we then started and stopped that night at a town called Halifax. We were off next morning bright and early, as we were desirous to reach Sunbury early the next morning, in order to be in time for the races, which were to come off upon that day at Sunbury.

There was a poor man who lived near to the race ground, whose wife had been confined but the night previous. This man had to start down the river with a raft on the morning of the races. He had a little girl five or six years old. The nurse (whom he had left with his wife) arose early and kindled a fire in the kitchen, after which she dressed the little girl, and having occasion to go to a neighbor's house for milk, left the little girl alone in the kitchen. It being a cold morning the child (as was supposed) stood too near to the fire for the purpose of warming itself, and its apron took fire. The fire then communicated itself to its other clothing which were

composed of cotton. She then ran out of the house and the wind caused her clothing to burn faster and drove the blaze with more violence against her body which was burned (its outside) to a crisp. This caused her death. Most of the people of Sunbury ran to see this distressing sight. There was a collection made upon the race course and about one hundred dollars were raised for the mother. Next morning I started for home, and after passing through Halifax, I met with the father of the little girl that was burned to death. I asked him if he had heard from home, he said he had not, I observed you have not heard then of the sad accident which has happened, no was his reply, and asked me eagerly what it was. I then told him that his little girl had been burned to death. Upon hearing this, he hung down his head and wept sore. I thought it best to tell him, and seeing that it made such an impression upon him I felt very unpleasant myself, and was glad to part with him and pursue my journey homewards. When I arrived at the house of my friend, the landlord who had furnished me with a horse, I found he was very well pleased with my horse and I being as well pleased with his, we were induced to knock up a trade and make an exchange of horses for good, which we did, I then started for home very well satisfied indeed. When relating at home my great accident and miraculous escape, I caused quite a surprise.

CHAPTER XXV.

On the 1st of April, 1813, I removed my family to Manchester, situated on the turnpike road leading from Baltimore to Carlisle and in Baltimore (now Carroll) county, Maryland. As the second war was raging at this time, every nerve of the friends of LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE was braced in noble exertions to give countenance and support to the measures of the

general and States' Governments for defence. The declaration of war had been loudly and voluntarily (although reluctantly) sounded in the declaration of war on the 18th of June, 1812. It then behoved the friends of justice, Liberty, free trade and sailors' rights to rally around their dearest constitutional freedom, and stand ready to repel the invading attacks of a foreign oppressor.

As I have before stated, the war was raging when I removed to Manchester in Maryland, and it seemed like old times, there was that to defend and maintain, which I had contributed something towards gaining in the dark days of a severe Revolutionary struggle. I felt as though I ought to stand erect once more in defence of a waving Star Spangled Banner, my home and the free institutions of my country. Although considerably above the age of FORTY-FIVE, I hired to play the fife for a recruiting party in the town of Hanover in York county, Pa. At that place I remained until a considerable number of men were enlisted. I played the company off towards Carlisle barracks, and then returned to my home at Manchester.

Shortly after my return to Manchester Captain Hively's company of Volunteer Riflemen of ——— were called on to go to Baltimore. There were some of the members of this company that were trembling with fear and were willing to give a pretty fair price for substitutes, I engaged to go in the room of a member of the name of Stone Syfert. I would have gone in some capacity or other, and I thought that I might as well take his money and go in his place. Syfert was not a fifer, but I being such, was immediately called into that service, for which I received an additional sum besides his pay.

All things being in readiness, we marched direct to Baltimore (distant 30 miles) and were then marched down to North Point where we encamped. We were not many days at North Point. There being no call for us there, we were marched back and encamped at Chincuepin Hill. We were not long here however, until we

were discharged. We all returned immediately to our homes at and near to Manchester.

We were not very long at home, until a call was made upon the militia of Baltimore and other counties in Maryland. This draft caused another great bustle about Manchester, and substitutes were again in great demand. This time I engaged for one Andrew Schæffer, a member of Captain Kerlinger's Company. Schæffer was not a fifer either, but I was called as before to do duty in the musical department. We received marching orders and again set out for Baltimore. When we arrived at that place, we were marched out to Chinquepin Hill, where we pitched our tents. We did not lie here very long, until we were again discharged and sent home.

The next Spring (1814) my second wife died, and her decease was immediately followed by the death of one of my children.

After being subjected to these bereavements, I sold off my household goods, purchased a horse and started (intending to go) out to the State of Ohio to make search for my brother Thomas, who I was informed, had removed there. My horse becoming lame I was unable to proceed farther than Bloody Run, a few miles below Bedford, Pa. I put up at Moyers' Hotel. The landlord used me very well, and procured pasture for my horse. Finding that on account of the lameness of my horse I would be forced to abandon my design for a time, I set in to work at shoemaking. Here I remained until another "rumpus,"—another call was made upon the militia. I immediately "*packed kilt*" and started back to Manchester, Maryland.

Upon my return I found that the troops of Manchester and its neighborhood had already gone down to Baltimore. I mounted my horse immediately and rode down to their camp, which was situated above Baltimore and near to the "Fall's Road." I called to see Captain Showers of Dug Hill District. He desired me to come and play the fife for his company, but his not offering me as much pay as I believed myself entitled to, I did

not consent to stay. Still, if I had had my clothes with me and my horse at home, I would have staid. Thus circumstanced, I concluded to go home to Manchester and then return again to Baltimore. The troops returned to Manchester before I was able to join them, they having been again discharged soon after I was at camp.

The races at Bladensburg (for so was the retreating called) had commenced, the news of which, the burning of the Capitol, with the call and orders to march caused a great commotion throughout the country. At Manchester and surrounding neighborhoods there was quite a confusion—a gloom was cast upon the face of society generally. I again set out for Baltimore and attached myself to Captain Showers' company. The militia and volunteer troops were pouring in from all quarters. I had a son in Lancaster whom as I have before stated, I had bound out to learn the tailoring business. He was now free, and was among the drafted militia from Lancaster lying at this time at Baltimore. Here he remained until the war was ended.

Sometime after peace was established Captain Hook was recruiting in Baltimore, and William (my son) enlisted in the regular service. Captain Hook's company was ordered on to Pensacola, in Florida, and was then attached to Captain Wagers' company of Light Dragoons. When William's time had nearly expired, I received a letter from Captain Wagers which informed me that my son William Dewees for his good conduct as a soldier, would shortly be appointed Ensign of the company. But how short lived are our best hopes and brightest expectations. In a few weeks after receiving Captain Wagers' first letter containing this cheering intelligence, I received from him a second letter sealed with two black seals which informed me of my son's death, and that the whole camp was in mourning for him. My readers may now see what myself and family have endured for the liberties and prosperity of our common country.

But to return to my account of military operations on

and about Chinquepin Hill and Baltimore. Whilst we lay here I had to play for two regiments, and beside doing this, I had to play for some others, upon some particular occasions. I had to play the *reveille* at the break of day, at sun-rise the *long roll*, the signal for the men to *form ranks* and answer to their names. 'This is called *roll call*. After breakfast I had to play for the beating up of the *troop* down and up the parade grounds.—Then play the guards to their *stations*, and often the fatigue men when marched off to duty. Sometimes I had to play the *piquet* guards out to Bear Creek, and sometimes nearly to North Point. Then I (with my drummer) would have to hurry back and play the *long roll* again, a signal to summon the men on parade, preparatory to their going through with their maneuvers or military evolutions which generally consumed an hour or two. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had to play the *long roll* again for the *exercising* of the men with arms in hand—in learning the *manual exercise*. Then about sun-down I had to play the retreat, down and up the parade grounds for *roll call*. At nine o'clock at night, I had to play *tattoo* a signal for all to retire to rest. Sometimes I was sent for to play the *roast beef* for other regiments. At other times, I was sent for to play the *Rogue's March*. There were few musicians in the militia, and among some of the volunteers from different parts of the country that could play many of these tunes. I was almost every hour of the day upon *duty*. Whilst at Baltimore, I done double and treble duty and more. The time of the Western Expedition or Whiskey Insurrection, I had a great deal to do in the way of playing the fife, but at Baltimore, I played (at times) more in one day than I ever played in six at any time in all my life previous; Revolutionary war and all. So my readers may judge, whether I had good times or bad ones at Baltimore. I can state, however, that it was necessary and was therefore my duty.

The day of the battle of North Point, was a sore day for some poor fellows that stood their ground whilst oth-

er cowardly rascals ran off and cleared themselves for home, with all the speed possible for cowards to muster or call to their aid, to assist them in sacrificing honor, country, Liberty and all.

On the night of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, large fires were built by the British in order as was supposed to deceive the Americans. We could distinctly see them whilst they were walking around them. Whilst this was done at the British camp, a large body of troops was despatched on board of boats with muffled oars to enter the city by the Spring Gardens. The boats were discovered by the commanders of the batteries, who ordered a brisk fire to be kept up against them. After the first discharge of cannon, the cries of the British for quarters were loud and piteous indeed; but our brave buckskins had no time to listen to their cries for quarters, but gave it to them hotter and hotter until the whole detachment consisting of about twelve hundred men were either driven to the bottom, there to find a watery grave or retreated precipitately by descending the stream, as none were captured, and judging from the unprecedented numerous cries for quarters it is to be supposed and justly, that the whole body perished in its wild and hazardous scheme.

CHAPTER XXVI.

During the battle, bombardments and skirmishes, our regiments with many others, laid in waiting within the intrenchments. These were filled with mud and water almost mid-leg deep, for it rained much of the time and the nights were very dark and foggy. At other times, I could see a good many more company officers, as well as more field officers. I did not behold a single officer belonging to the county troops during those nights of suffering and danger, but Major George Timanus. I may do others injustice, but not willingly; he only min-

istered to our necessities and had it not been for this manly, kind hearted and brave officer, our men would have suffered much more than they did. He came along the intrenchments with baskets, containing bread and liquor and ordered the sergeants to give every man to eat and to drink. The Major always asked for me. I recollect that on one occasion, the Major asked for me, and was told that my Drummer and myself had gotten muskets and were standing in the intrenchments. He then called out Dewees! Dewees! I answered him. Coming along the embankment, opposite to where I was, he asked me what I was doing there. I told him we thought we could make music and fight a little too, if it should be necessary. He then bade us to come up on the embankment and take something to eat and something to drink, which I can assure my readers we very willingly did, for a more acceptable thing could not have been then offered to us. He then asked us to play, "Yankee Doodle." There was more danger in being up there than there was perhaps in being down in the intrenchments, but we did not care for that, so we went to work and played and beat the Major's favorite air in our best style, which pleased him very much.

There was a very lengthy rope-walk near to the intrenchments, this it was thought the British might get behind or into, and use as a kind of bulwark, which had they done, they could have annoyed us very much by their fires, and by its aid could have prevented us from playing properly upon them in return. This walk, was fired by orders of the commanding General at Baltimore. As soon as day-light appeared next morning, there was a great laugh raised among the soldiers in the intrenchments, one would say to another you look as black as *cuffee*—just like a negro, and that one would reply, and say, you are as black as the devil yourself. Properly speaking one could not laugh at another without laughing at himself. It is true we were a dark looking set of fellows. That we were thus blacked, was owing to the black smoke created by the burning of such great quan-

tities of rope, rosin, tar, pitch, &c. &c, deposited in the rope-walk. The very black smoke being swept by the current of air all along the intrenchments alighted upon our faces in its aerial flight, and caused the metamorphose as above stated. The burning of this rope-walk created a very brilliant light, whilst it lasted, and was the occasion (no doubt) of great alarm to many of the inhabitants of the city and surrounding country, that beheld it at a distance, and knew not the cause. And perhaps it gave accelerated speed to the heels of some great cowards too.

“The British meeting the reception they did when Ross fell—their reception by General Stricker and his men when Colonel Brooke led the British on to the attack—their imbecile efforts to reduce Fort’s McHenry and Covington by bombardment—the destruction of their barges and the British troops they contained—the complete failure in their attempt to storm our works and enter the city. In short, their failing in every attempt (by being opposed and foiled in every quarter in which they made an effort) so completely enshrouded them in the mantle of disappointment and gloom, that they shrunk back discouraged and disheartened, and with the deepest mortification imaginable, betook themselves silently to their shipping, and retreated gladly, no doubt, from the waters of the Chesapeake. But if they did, it was for a fate, if not more awful, full as certain to very many of them in the battle-field before New Orleans, (when beaten in an unparalleled slaughter by an unscared and well qualified Jackson, and his brave officers and companions in arms) as fell to the lot of their fallen comrades before the city of Baltimore.”—*Hanna’s Glory of Columbia*.

After the British had embarked on board the shipping, the farmers near to the battle ground at North Point, gathered up two wagon-bodies full of dead bodies that had lain scattered and unburied through the woods.—These dead soldiers had belonged to both armies. The farmers brought them to camp, and laid them upon the ground in the form of a ring. This, I think, was the

cause of a good many soldiers deserting the night after. I observed one of the Red-Coats that had a face as large as the top of a half-bushel; he had been a large bodied man when living, but now, by being so swollen, he was a much larger one. There were a number of women came to search for husbands, sons and brothers. There was one, as she neared the ring of dead bodies, recognized the body of her husband. She screamed awfully, and exclaimed "My God, there is the body of my dear husband." His bowels were lying beside his body.—Others were recognized by other women as belonging to them in different relations. I cleared myself, for I could not endure the heart-rending cries of the women when in possession of their insupportable grief. Some of these dead bodies may have been taken away by friends and interred in grave-yards, but most of them were buried immediately in "Potter's Field," that was close to where they had been placed for recognition by their friends.

There were a number of British soldiers that had deserted shortly after the British had first landed, who had came and joined the American standard. When the British prisoners captured at or after the battle of North Point were marched through the American camp, some of the deserters that had enlisted in the American service, either spoke to the British prisoners or were recognized by them. The captured British soldiers commenced to curse and damn the deserters in round terms for traitors, cowards, &c. "Oh you d——d *turn-coats*," "You treacherous cowards, let a man always stick to his country," "Let a man be a man, and not turn against his country and his fellow soldiers, and act the d——d coward and traitor," &c. &c.

Here I must relate a circumstance or two of rather a humorous cast, that transpired one evening when we were occupying the intrenchments. The whole of the men were made to go through their exercises of sham-firing. This was to drill them, and prepare them for receiving the British in their attack, which was hourly

expected. There was one company, whose Captain was really sick, (some officers only feigned to be so,) and had been for a week previous. In the absence of the Captain, the Lieutenant had the command, but was so terribly scared that he could not give the word of command. I believe he tried to do so, but could not be heard by the men. One part to be performed was to step up out of the intrenchments and go through with the motion of firing. Seeing such a coward, and also, that the men were in a very awkward situation, I stepped up and said to the men, "I will give you the word of command;" and the proffer was very readily accepted by the company. The arrangement was, that the front rank of each company was to advance, step up out of the intrenchment, and from behind a breastwork, go through the motions of firing. This done, the rear rank was then to advance and do likewise, whilst the front rank should retire to reload. This manœuvering was performed in a sham way, but for the purpose of perfecting the men in the art of firing. The company in accordance with my orders, had performed thus (the front and rear ranks,) alternately for some time, when Major Timanus, (who was passing along the line at the time) called out "Dewees, what are you doing here? Is there no officer here to command this company?" I answered "Yes, there is one, (pointing at the same time to the Lieutenant,) but he cannot speak, he is almost scared to death." "D—n him," said Timanus, then brandishing his sword, said "I have a notion to cut off his cowardly head." "No," said I, "I know that if the British comes, he will run, but never mind, I have a good pistol in my belt, and it has a good bullet and three buckshot in it, and so I shall watch him, and as soon as he offers to run, I shall shoot him in his rear." "No," said Timanus, "D—n him, shoot him in the head, for cowards that wont stand for their country in the time of her greatest danger ought to be shot down as dead as bullocks." I am not to be understood as giving this as the Major's precise language, but it was tantamount

thereto. Language, that was responded to by most, or all of the members of the company. My readers may judge of the pusillanimous *thing*, (for I cannot call him a soldier,) when I state that he stood like a marble statue, and never opened his mouth to the Major or myself, either to applaud or excuse his own cowardly conduct. This fellow I had known for some little time previous, and he was a bold, boisterous, bragging fellow among his men when immediate danger did not threaten us.—He was always bragging, boasting and brave, or at least wanted others to esteem him as such.

A piquet guard had been chosen a few days before, in the morning, and in the course of the afternoon was ordered to march down near to the mouth of — Creek. Syfert (Drummer) and myself were detached from our company to play them towards the place of their destination. Ceasing to beat, however, after being distant from the camp a mile or two.

A Captain whose name I do not now recollect, but who was a gentlemanly officer, a soldier, and a brave one too, was the commander of the piquet guard upon that occasion. This officer understood his duty well, for I had a perfect knowledge of what an officer's duty was, or should be upon such occasions, knowing this, I am the better able to make this acknowledgment for the Captain. When this guard was chosen, the Lieutenant I have alluded to, was appointed to bear a part in planting it as a piquet. We commenced our march downwards and arrived at a farm house near to the river and to where the piquets were to be planted. The inmates of the family were extremely glad to see us arrive and gave us a hearty welcome. The man of the house was a farmer, and was quite patriotic in spirit, kind and clever. He told the women of his family to put on their kettles and to bring some of the best of their hams, and boil them quickly, and prepare victuals for us. He then sent off some of his negroes immediately for a keg of *grog*. Some of the farmers of the present day were they similarly circumstanced would either choose to be caught

with a sheep upon their backs, each, or let the British in, rather than go to the same expense, or do the same "abominable act" as many of them would no doubt call it.

In good season, he gave us both to eat and to drink and then bestowed upon us the liberty of his house to billet in. After we had refreshed ourselves, the Captain marched off with half of our number in silence and planted it as a piquet-guard. The Lieutenant remained with us at the house with orders to march the other half off at midnight, to relieve the piquets which the Captain had set.

When twelve o'clock arrived, Syfert, my drummer, came to me where I was lying asleep upon a bench, in front of the house and awoke me. He told me that the Lieutenant had ordered him to bring me, and for us then to beat up the long roll. I said "My God," would he ask us to do such a thing as this. I told him to tell the Lieutenant that I would not do any such thing, and forbid him (Syfert,) upon the peril of his life, to beat it. The Lieutenant then came himself, and ordered me to play for Syfert. I told him plainly that I would not, stating at the same time that his duty was to form his men in silence, and for none to speak above their breath by the way. He insisted on me to play the fife, and I persisted in saying that I would not, and that Syfert should not use a drumstick upon his drum. He then formed his men, and went and brought a lighted candle and a fire-brand; this was to relight the candle with, in case it should go out. The candle he handed to Syfert and the fire-chunk he offered to me, but I refused to take it from him. I told him he should take neither candle nor a fire-chunk with him, but he persisted in doing so, saying that it was too dark to go without a light. I told him I would not carry it; he said I should do it. I at length took the fire-chunk, and we then started.— We had not gone but a few yards until I stuck the chunk of fire its whole length down into a mud-hole, and left it there. I then blew out the candle, which was in

the hands of Syfert. The Lieutenant stopped immediately, called a halt and asked me where my fire-chunk was. I told him plainly that I had stuck it into a mud-hole, and that he should not have any light at all, for that if there were British any where about, they could see a light a great way off, and that if they would behold our light, they would at once despatch a detachment to surprise and capture us, and told him again, that it was his duty to march his men off to their posts, and plant them with the greatest caution and in the greatest silence.

Whilst I was lecturing him thus in the dark, the Captain, who had seen the light, came running as hard as he could to meet us, and exclaimed, "In the name of God, why have you a light here?" I told him that there had been both a light and a chunk of fire, but that I had stuck the chunk into a mud-hole, and had blown out the light. The Captain was much pleased with me for what I had done, and stood behind my every act and justified them. I told him of his wanting us to beat the British an *index* tune, in order that they might know exactly our where and whereabouts, and come and take us prisoners. This (my refusal,) he justified also in a manly and soldierly manner. He was much displeased with the Lieutenant for his cowardly and imprudent conduct.

The Captain then lead us down, and relieved the piquet guard upon duty, by planting his men in their stead, and then returned with us and his relieved portion of the guard to the farm-house, leaving the Lieutenant (who had little or nothing to do) to hide himself and tremble until daylight.

On our return to the house, I found myself very weary and sleepy. I looked around for some place to lie down, or rather for something to lie upon, and found a kind of a *pallet* in the kitchen, which belonged to one of the *wenches*. On this, I laid me down, and in a very few minutes fell fast asleep, and slept soundly till the morning.

As soon as it was day, the piquet guard was brought off, and very soon after we marched for camp again, not

making any music until arriving well on towards our encampment. When we had gotten far enough from the house where we billeted, we then cheered our cowardly and "*all-scared*" Lieutenant's spirits, (for certainly they needed cheering,) by a *row, row, dow, did, dee, diddee, dow, dow, dow*, in our own style of performing.

It was said by some of our men in the morning, that when on piquet guard the past night, they had heard distinctly the muffled oars of the British barge-men in their passage over the river in the night. Piquet guards were always chosen after roll call in the morning, and were under the control of the "officer of the grand rounds," or "officer of the day." I frequently assisted in playing the piquet guards out some distance from the camp and in again, but never was called on to accompany them to that far point of their destination again.

I recollect of a very humorous incident occurring with one of the guard whilst we laid at Baltimore. One night two or three officers were going the "grand rounds," in order to try the guards. A young man, a Dutchman, was one of the guard, and he had been told by the Sergeant of the relief-guard, and perhaps by some of the soldiers on guard duty with him, that he being young and inexperienced, must take good care, or that those coming in the night, would coax or force him out of his musket, and would take it away from him. During the night when he heard the officers approach, who were going the "grand rounds," he ran to a kind of a ditch that was near by, and hid his musket. Upon their near approach, he hailed them with "who comes there," they answered "grand rounds," and advanced and gave the countersign. The officers asked him what he had done with his musket. "Ah," (said he) "*youz neet nod dink dil kits myne muzgit. I hiz hit mine muzgit.*"—The officers could not think what to make of the fellow and his conduct, for his language was strange, truly. They called for the Sergeant of the guard, and the poor fellow was then put under guard for his offence. His determination and conduct, although strange, was be-

gotten by a good motive, that of not suffering his musket to be taken away from him. Not like the Lieutenant, full of cowardice and no care as to what his duty was, he wanted to do his duty, and thought that he was doing it most faithfully when hiding his musket. His conduct was explained on the next day, to the satisfaction of all the officers, and he was released immediately. He was, however, often afterwards the subject of much sport at the hands of the soldiers, who knew him, for they would often plague him when they met him, with the expression, "*youz neet nod dink dil kits myne muzgit,*" &c.

I obtained liberty at one time, to go into Baltimore. I met with some companions who with myself stopped at Merkle's Hotel. We all got a little *tipsy* and returned to camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Believing that I would be put under arrest, I thought I would take the *whip-hand* of my officers and save myself from being escorted to the guard-house. When I went to the guard-house to surrender myself, the sergeant of the guard would not receive me, but watching my opportunity I *slipped* in and sat down. I was not very long there, until Major Timanus came and asked me what I was doing there. I told him. He then asked me to go to my tent with him, I told him I would not, that I should remain where I was. He coaxed me to go and I started with him. He took me to my tent, and told me to lie down on my nice little bed that was waiting for me. I then laid me down, but after he went away, I got up and went out again. The Major came after me a second time, and then took me to his marque and made me lie down there, which I did, and my *spree* ended therewith.

One day previous to the landing of the British at North Point, the commanding officers at Baltimore, took it into their heads (which was all right) to fire alarm guns (cannon) on Federal Hill. Upon hearing the first gun, Syfert my Drummer and myself, got in readiness. The second was fired and caused a terrible *splutter* among some of the soldiers in the different camps, and among

(I may state) cowardly officers too. A soldier belonging to the company to which I was attached, came running and enquiring "where is my tent," "where is my tent." He was so scared as not to be able to recognize his where and whereabouts. I told my drum-Major, Syfert, who was not very well experienced in camp matters that if the third gun should not be fired there would be no danger to be apprehended, but still, for him to hold himself in readiness to follow me instantly in beating "To Arms," "To Arms" should the third gun be fired. In this instance not very far from where I was, there were Drummers and Fifers that would have beat any other tunes than the proper one, and some officers would have had this done, had I not pointed out to them the duty of musicians upon such occasions.

During our stay at Chinquepin Hill, I was sent for, from another camp. I immediately repaired thither, and found that the officers wanted me to play the Rogue's March after a soldier.

The soldiers of that camp were ordered to form a ring, which they did. There were three prisoners then brought out of the guard-house and conducted into the ring. The sentence of one was read, he was a soldier pretty well advanced in years. He was told that his punishment was death, by the law, but that as he was up in years, he had been dealt with in a lenient manner—that he was forgiven and therefore restored to his station in his company. He thanked the officers for the merciful manner in which he had been dealt with, and then left the ring to go to his quarters.

The sentence of a second was read. He was a little fellow and then a soldier, but was habited in a sailor's wide' pantaloons and roundabout. His sentence had been death by the law too, but had been changed to that of having to receive five cobbs upon his buttocks. This sentence he appeared quite satisfied with, for he expected to receive a far greater punishment, if not death itself. One of the corporals or one of the musicians observed, that a barrel must be brought to lay him across,

in order that he might be properly cobbled. General Stansbury observed "O ! I suppose he can stoop down long enough to receive that number of cobbs." "O yes, sir," "yes, sir," "yes, sir," (said the sailor) "you need not trouble yourselves to go for a barrel for I can stoop down that long." The Drummer to whom this duty was assigned, was of the name of Blufford, and beat the drum for a company from somewhere about Reisterstown, in Baltimore county, and not being much of a Drummer, his knowledge of these matters was very limited. When the cobbing board (a kind of paddle such as boys use in playing *cat-ball* at school, made out of a piece of thick oak, but perforated with holes) was placed in his hands, he stepped up to a Drummer belonging to one of the Baltimore companies and asked him, "how shall I strike him, hard or light." The Baltimore Drummer replied, "you must strike him as hard as you can, for if you dont you will play the devil with yourself." Blufford was left-handed, and when the little sailor stooped down to receive his five cobbs, he struck him with all his might and knocked the little fellow from off his feet and forward some distance and on his head, throwing him almost upon his back by way of a summerset. The little fellow soon regained his feet, and scratching the part affected, with a very rueful and expressive countenance, exclaimed, "d—n my eyes."—"Come, come," said General Stansbury, "no swearing," "no swearing," The General then turned himself to Blufford and said, "Drummer dont strike him so hard." Blufford then gave him the other four much lighter.—This done, the little sailor was then told, that he was at liberty, and was restored to his station in his company, so he moved off, laughing heartily among hearty laughs, for the execution of his sentence had created great laughing among the soldiers.

The sentence of the third prisoner, was then read to him. He was then informed, that his sentence was death by the law too, but that it had been commuted to that, read in his hearing, which was that he was to ride the wood-

en-horse for fifteen minutes, whilst it would be borne upon the shoulders of two stout men, and have a musket tied to each foot, and then be drummed off and away from the camp, with the Rogue's March beat after him. The crime he had committed was of the same kind of the little sailors, with this difference, the little sailor had taken the bounty twice, but he I think had taken it three times. Muskets were then fastened, one to each foot, and he was then placed on the wooden-horse or *rail* which was very sharp edged indeed. Two stout soldiers then hoisted the rail with the prisoner upon it, to their shoulders and moved along with him. He was not more than cleverly up, until he began to quake like to an aspen leaf. General Stansbury, who was a very kind and mercifully disposed man, observed to his brother officers, that it was "too hard," and cried out (when he had not sat more than four minutes) on his wooden-horse, "let him down," "let him down." They did so. We were then ordered to beat up the Rogue's March, but the little sailor's clobbering match had so affected my risible organs, and so completely stored me with laughing propensities, that it was some time before I could commence to play. The word forward, was given and we moved off, our *rail rider* ahead of us, and guarded by a file or two of soldiers. The little sailor popping afresh into my mind frequently, as we marched along, I would as frequently make a balk through a rising laugh, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself. We marched out to the extreme of Chinquepin hill and sent him off with three cheers and three rolls of the drum. He then gave us (as was usual on all occasions of the kind,) a parting blessing and a polite farewell.

Soon after this, we were all discharged and sent home. This last expedition to Baltimore, I suppose, put an end forever to my soldiering upon this earth. On my return from Baltimore, I kept my home at Manchester. After sometime I married my third wife, whose maiden name was Susan Stevor. This wife brought me two children, a

son and a daughter, whose names are Andrew and Mary. They are still living. My third wife, Susan, has been deceased about twenty-four years. About five years after her decease, I married my fourth (present) wife. Her maiden name was Julian Fowble, but when I married her, her name was Julian Kelly. She was then a widow, with one child. This wife I obtained within a few miles of Manchester.

With this wife I now reside in the neighborhood of Hampstead, and distant about two miles therefrom. Hampstead lies on the Turnpike-road leading from Baltimore to Carlisle, and is distant from Baltimore twenty-six miles.

I have two wives, two father's-in-law, two mother's-in-law, one child, one grand child, and a great many of my three wife's relations lying in the grave-yard at Manchester, and expect that ere long myself and fourth wife will be laid in the same burying grounds, and pray a Merciful God, that we may all rise at the last day, to Life everlasting, and to the Praise of the Eternal God, the Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

RECOMMENDATIONS.*

Certificate from Colonel George Timanus, of Baltimore.

I do certify that Captain Samuel Dewees was under my command at Baltimore in 1814, and was regularly attached to the 1st Battalion, 36th Regiment of Maryland Troops, composed of the Volunteers and Militia of Baltimore County, Maryland—that he Samuel Dewees did stand in the intrenchments with arms in hand during the nights that the troops stood therein, and so regular and attentive was he to his duties as a musician, that at all times when Dewees was called for he was at his post, and ready to perform the duties assigned him in Camp faithfully and fearlessly.

GEORGE TIMANUS,

*Major in Command of the 1st Battalion, 36th Regiment M. M.
stationed on Chinquepin Hill, near Baltimore, September, 1814.
Baltimore, October 20th, 1843.*

Certificate from the Rev. Jacob Geiger, Manchester.

I do hereby certify that I have been acquainted with Captain Samuel Dewees about 26 years, and do cheerfully certify that he is a regular member of the Lutheran Church in Manchester—that wars and their rumors have now no more charms for him, reclining as he is upon the bosom of a

*The Westminster Certificate (No. 7) and others have been unavoidably crowded out for want of room.

Redeeming God as a devout disciple of that meek and lowly but despised Potentate of earth's broad domains and Heaven's boundless realms of unconceived of glory. That in the profession of the religion of Jesus Christ he exhibits a strong desire to possess his soul in patience until his great, certain and final change shall come.

To the devout lovers of the Gospel, of country of good, to whatever divisions of the Church of Christ they may belong, and to the patriotically just not attached in membership, I state, that I feel desirous to contribute my commendatory *mite* in aidance of his very laudable design, that of writing, publishing and disseminating a history of his life and services as a soldier of the Revolutionary and last wars, and hope, that a generous public will remember this now aged veteran in the bestowment of its patronage liberally upon him.

His history no doubt will be a very interesting one, and will be well entitled to the credence of its readers.

JACOB GEIGER,

Pastor of the German Reformed Church in Manchester.
Manchester, Carroll County, Md., January 22d, 1844.

Certificate from the Methodist Episcopal Preachers on the Westminster Circuit.

We the undersigned, living in the vicinity of Captain Samuel Dewees, appreciating as we do, the glorious liberty which we enjoy, as well as the Patriotic spirits, made the instrumentality by Almighty God in procuring this inestimable boon for us, feel willing to contribute so far as our humble ability may justify, to the temporal and eternal welfare of the aged Captain; and hence believing, that in view of his military services he possesses strong claims upon the patronage of a generous and patriotic public, would with great pleasure and cordiality recommend him to its generosity. Real worth wherever it is found, and in whatever station it is developed, should be appreciated and rewarded. That the present effort of his respected Biographer, may be successful in encircling his brow with the wreath of "literary fame," and of imparting a solace to his heart, and that it may also smooth the declining years of the aged veteran, that the sun of his earthly existence may set cloudlessly bright, and of his future existence may rise and shine with eternally increasing splendor amid the beauties of Heaven, is the earnest desire of

HORACE HOLLAND,
ELIAS WELTY,

Preachers on the Westminster Circuit.
Hampstead, Carroll County, Md., Jan. 27, 1844.

Certificate of the Rev. Jacob Albert, formerly Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Manchester.

I do certify that I had an acquaintance during my residence in Manchester with Captain Samuel Dewees, and can cheerfully state, that he was a regular member of the Lutheran Church in Manchester, then under my pastoral care—that his deportment was very unobjectionable, and his character amiable and excellent. With respect to his having been a soldier of the Revolutionary and last wars, I never heard it doubted by any person. He has drawn two small pensions for a number of years past, one from the U. States Government, and one from the Government of Pennsylvania as a reward for his services in the Revolutionary war. Of his having been a soldier at Baltimore, as one of the Defenders thereof in 1813 and 1814, accompanying certificates will show conclusively. With regard to his patriotism it has always been considered of the same cast of that possessed by our brave and unconquered galaxy of revolutionary veterans who established in the strength and glory of their might this our glorious republic of Freedom.

That his history (no doubt full of incidents) may receive that patronage and credence which it will undoubtedly merit is the sincere wish of the undersigned.

JACOB ALBERT,

Pastor of the Lutheran Church in Hanover.

Hanover, February 4th, 1844.

Certificate from Col. John Lammott, Captain Wm. Houck, Captain Jacob Ebaugh, Joseph Ebaugh, (Merchant, Hampstead,) Henry Lammott, Samuel Lammott and George Richards, Esqrs. and others who are neighbours to Captain Dewees.

We the undersigned having a personal acquaintance with Captain Samuel Dewees, (our aged revolutionary neighbor,) do certify, that we have the fullest evidence of his having served his country during the revolutionary war, and to many of us it is also known that he stood one of the Defenders at Baltimore, in 1814, for some of us were there at the same time in the capacity of volunteer soldiers of our country.

That Captain Dewees is still, one among the few remaining unconquered heroes of the revolution, who adheres firmly to the principles of republicanism, and to the free institutions of his country, and that he is as patriotic in spirit now, as he was in the dark days that tried men's souls, is manifest.

He is aged, and may ere long be gathered to his fathers, there to sleep the long sleep of the grave.

That his history which has been gotten up (in part) to benefit him in his few remaining years may obtain for itself the patronage of an enlightened, discerning and generous public, ought to be the ardent wish of every spirited and patriotic lover of his country.

His history written and published by John Smith Hanna, is (we understand) full of incidents, and will be well deserving of a perusal, at the hands of the friends of liberty, who are not Gallio like, and cares not for the things that savor of Freedom, of Liberty and Independence.

Jacob Ebaugh,*	Tobias Woods,	Henry Lammott,*
Thos. W. Wells,	Joseph Ebaugh,	William Houck, Sr.*
John Syfert,	Jetson L. Gill,	Wm. T. Hammond,
Joseph Shearer,*	Abraham Miller,	Ulrich Z. Buchan,*
Samuel Lammott,	John Lammott,*	Wm. Knott.

Those marked thus* were Defenders of Baltimore in September 1814, and were there in camp on several occasions previous.

This is to certify that Mr. John Smith Hanna my Biographer, has written in substance the detached portions of the history of my life, obtained from me at various times. That the language being changed alters not the sense, and I can safely assert that what he has written (and which is now in progress of publication,) as a history of my life as a soldier of the revolutionary and last wars, stands as I wished it, and conveys the sense which I intended when the relations were given him by myself. As regards the quoted matter, I hope that those acquainted with a history of the revolutionary and last wars within my country, will do him the justice to believe, that he has been governed by the desire of making a history of my life useful among the citizens of our happy republic, particularly among the youth, and also, that they will find that the extracts inserted from his own and other historical works possess morality, patriotism and truth in the main. With this recommendation for Mr. Hanna who has struggled onward in his efforts (in poverty) to befriend me without having had the use of a dollar growing out of the publication as an advantage to himself, I respectfully submit the present history of my life to an enlightened, discerning, patriotic and generous public.

Signed, SAMUEL DEWEES.

Present, MOSES MYERS.
Manchester, May 15, 1844.

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